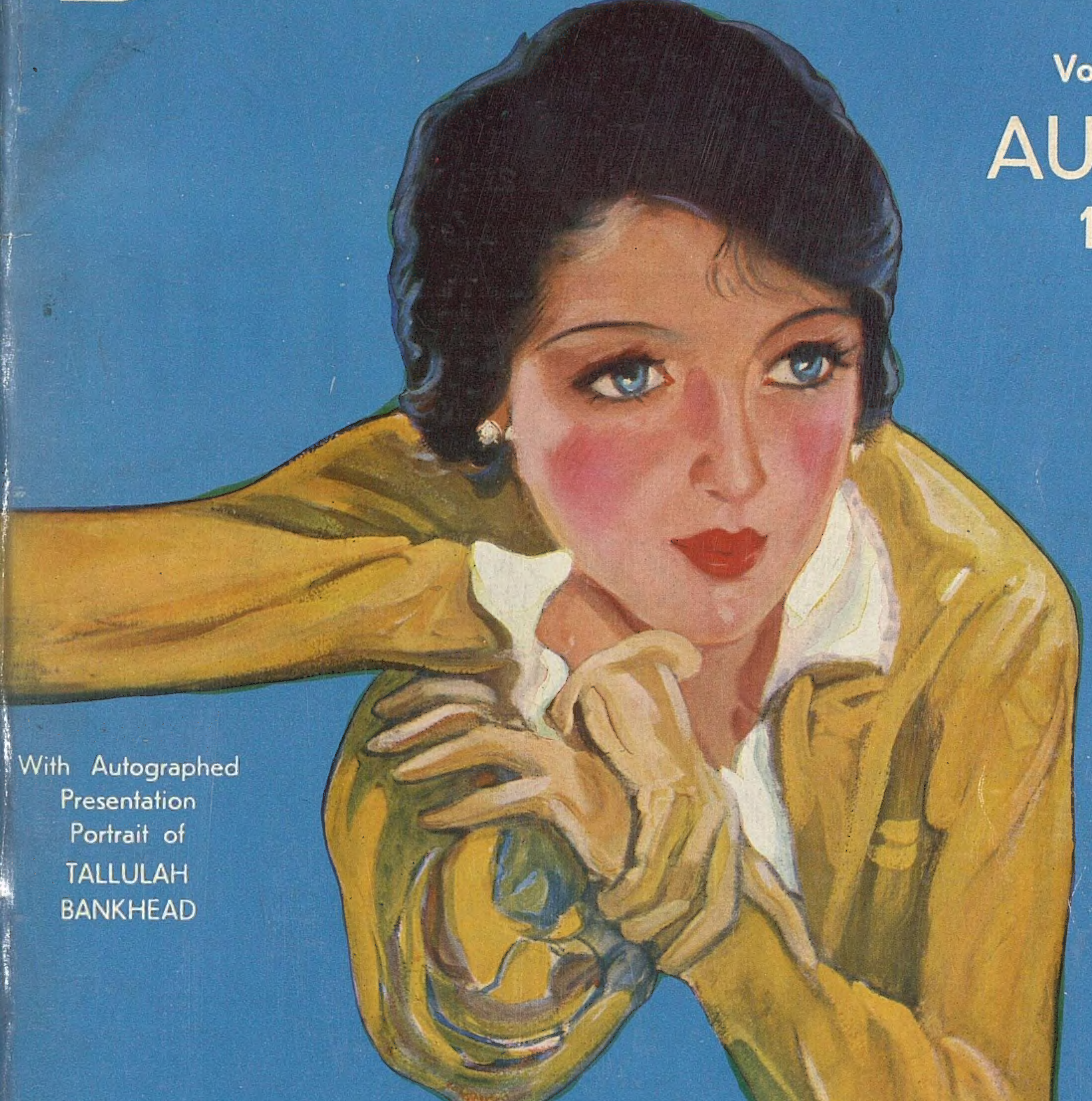
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5 No. 2
AUGUST
1932



With Autographed
Presentation
Portrait of
TALLULAH
BANKHEAD

1/-

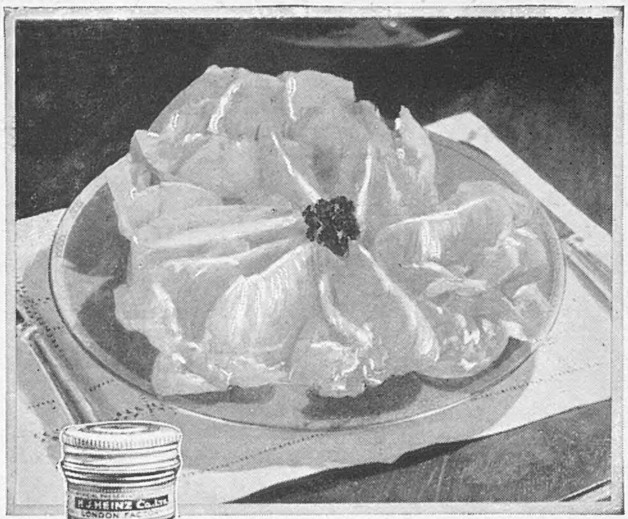
"THE LAST LOVER of MATA-HARI"
By HENRY BAERLEIN

MARGERY LAWRENCE

HANNEN SWAFFER SHAW DESMOND

J. F. DWYER C. FOX SMITH TALBOT MUNDY GORDON BECKLES

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. MATANIA, R.I.



To be fit is fashionable

—and these new health-salads are very definitely *'à la mode'* to-day

HEINZ
SALAD CREAM
HEINZ

Grape-fruit, lettuce and walnut salad

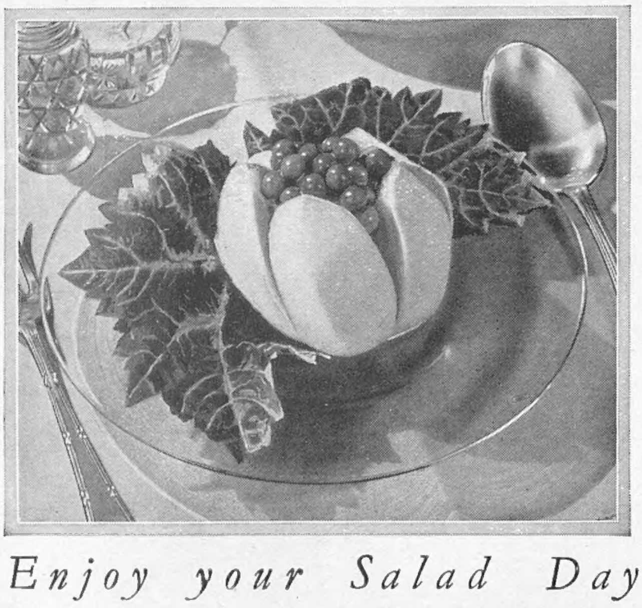
INGREDIENTS — *Grape-fruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel grape-fruit like orange. Remove pips and "quarter," keeping each section as a whole. Arrange pieces of grape-fruit like petals of a daisy on washed and dried lettuce. Put a few shelled walnuts in centre to carry out idea of a flower. Serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

Pear and green-pea salad

INGREDIENTS—*Pears (one for each person), cooked green peas, tomatoes, foliage and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS — Peel pear and remove core from stalk end (do not pierce other end). Now slice top and cut sides to resemble a tulip. Mix pear pulp with peas, chopped tomato and Heinz Salad Cream (if desired chopped cooked beans and carrots may be added). Fill pears with mixture and arrange with foliage on small plates (coloured glass for preference). Serve very cold.



MODERN woman's insistence on physical fitness does not stop at fresh air and exercise — it invades the kitchen. Never before in history has so much attention been paid to healthful diet. One's meals to-day are lighter and tastier, fruits, vegetables and salads striking the modern keynote.

And how surprising, how delicious, some of these new fruit-with-vegetable salads are! Here are three that you can make cheaply. They look so tempting and they taste so good, but — to add that fascinating "tang" that these new salads demand it is essential to dress them with HEINZ SALAD CREAM. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d., and 1/1½d. a bottle.

Send postcard to H. J. Heinz Ltd. (Dept. Ha), Harlesden, N W 10 for a FREE Copy of our new 1932 Booklet of delicious Salad Recipes.

Tomato, prune and watercress

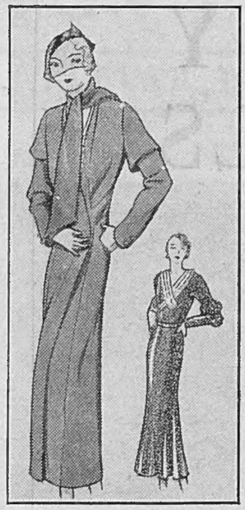
INGREDIENTS—*Tomatoes, stewed prunes, sweet almonds and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Plunge tomatoes into boiling water. Skin and allow to cool. Stone prunes and insert blanched almonds. Cut tomatoes in rings and arrange on watercress. Pour salad cream over each ring of tomato and place prune on each. Serve very cold.

Enjoy your Salad Days—these three new ways!

corot models by instalments

come to corot for your holiday outfit . . . . choose your new travelling coat or ensemble, afternoon or evening gown, sports frock or suit from the wonderful range of new designs shewn in the delightful showrooms. and, at this time when you will need all your money for holiday expenses, take advantage of the famous corot plan and pay for anything you select, by instalments, without extra charge. post the coupon below for the beautifully illustrated corot fashion guide and full particulars of this system.

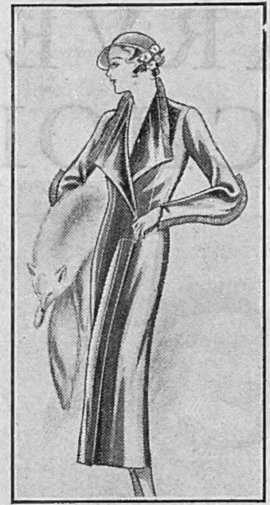


" sunny hours "

the frock of this particular ensemble is printed crepe-de-chine and the unlined light-weight mousse coat carries double sleeves and a scarf collar. frock in various prints, and the coat in plain toning shades

24/- monthly

cash 8 gns.

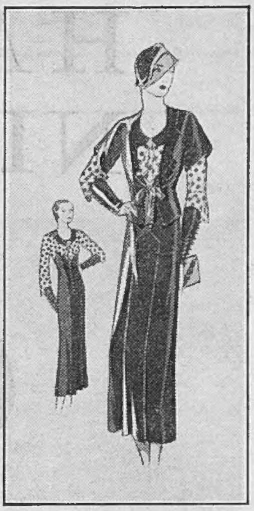


" berkeley "

a summer coat of black su.tan, cut on distinctly simple lines, and suitable for either a slim or a full figure. the collar and sleeves have been fetchingly emphasised by pleatings of self material. may be copied to your measurements in brown or navy blue if you do not wish black.

15/- monthly

cash 5 gns.

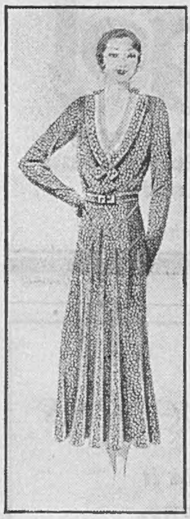


" le domino "

the smartness of black and white is an assurance of chic in a suit such as this. the long-sleeved frock of black morocain has a spotted silk top while the moulded matching jacket adopts a new half sleeve and a front tie. also in other colours.

12/- monthly

cash 4 gns.



" contract "

a printed silk frock cleverly combining style and slimming lines. the double inset on the bodice and piping on the cuffs are of georgette. in front are two ties of the print. several patterns and shades.

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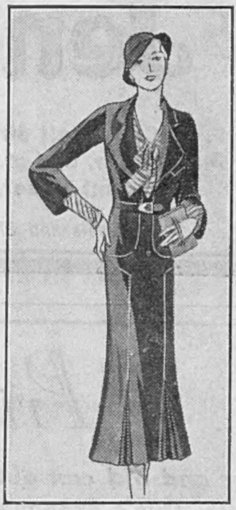
cash 6 gns.

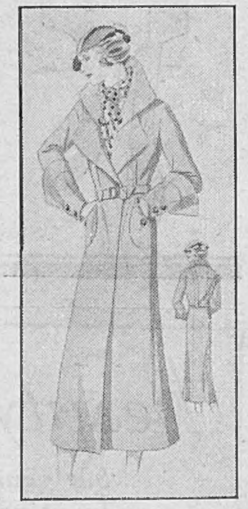


" ace high "

a jacket suit in a novelty woollen takes a blouse in an effective printed crepe-de-chine, and allows its long sleeves to show beneath the bell styled sleeves of the coat. in a few exclusive shades.

19/6 monthly

cash 6½ gns.

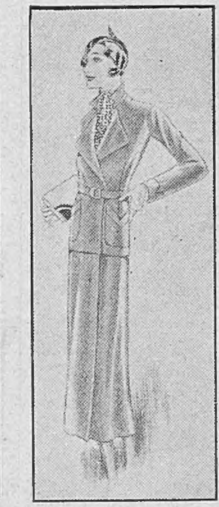


" as you say "

novelty woollen coat has flattering broad revers in the latest manner and an entirely new collar. cuffs and pockets are both button decorated, of course. lined throughout and in a wide range of colours.

12/- monthly

cash 4 gns.



" see you later "

a cardigan type of suit, made of a fine woollen material, departs from the ordinary with its effective stand-up collar and wide revers, and shows a skirt with stitched wrap. many new shades.

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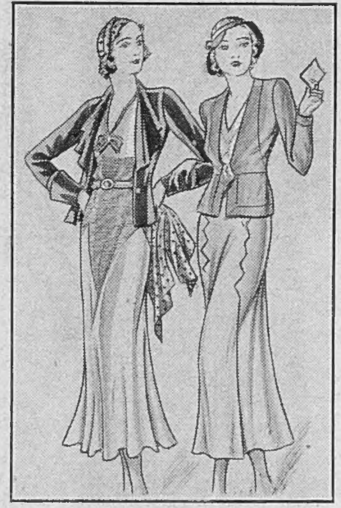
cash 3½ gns.



" mediterranean "

the sleeveless and full skirted frock in art silk shows an unusual trimming in stitching to match the jacket. many shades.

13/6 monthly

cash 4½ gns.

" billet doux "

ideal for a holiday cruise is a tailored type frock of white art silk, with a jacket in a contrasting colour. many new shades.

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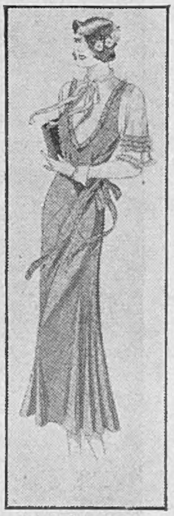

" joie de vivre "

frock in simulated pinafore style, combining silk print with a plain silk " blouse " effect. new prints and shades.

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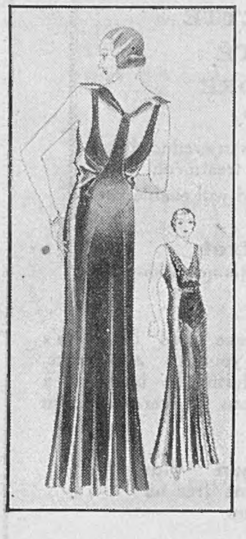

" l'imperatrice "

a distinctive evening gown with an unusual decolletage is designed of supple satin. the clever line of the back, and the leaf design of the diamante and bugle bead trimming on the neck front relieve its simplicity. in new shades or black.

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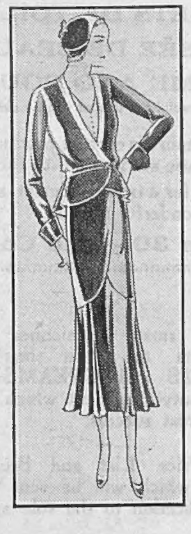

'sometime soon "

three-piece suit, fashioned of a heavy quality suede crepe. fitted jacket and the flared skirt with the sleeveless blouse to contrast. many new shades.

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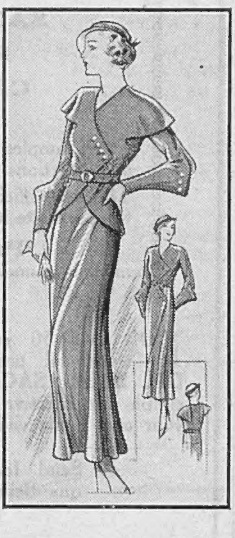

" casanova "

very chic and very new is this ensemble comprised of a sleeveless jacket and a deeply cuffed frock. flat buttons are the bright trimming of this novelty woollen two-piece. only one or two colours.

19/6 monthly

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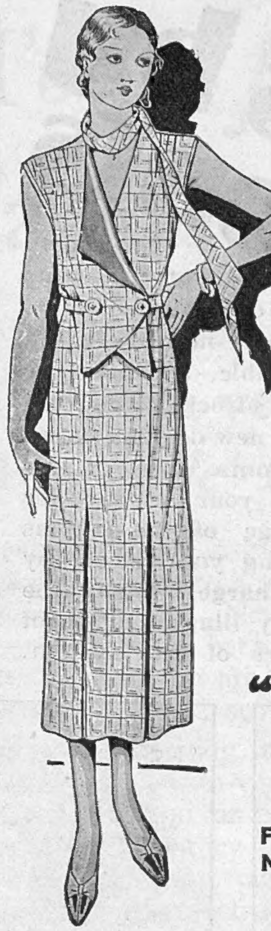

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Cut on slim tailored lines, this entirely new Tengol model has a slightly military air which is very chic and becoming. With its smart box pleats, its cleverly contrived waistcoat effect deftly emphasised by the single large rever of contrasting colour, and natural belted waistline, it is a dress with a "character of its own" which can be worn successfully for many summer occasions.

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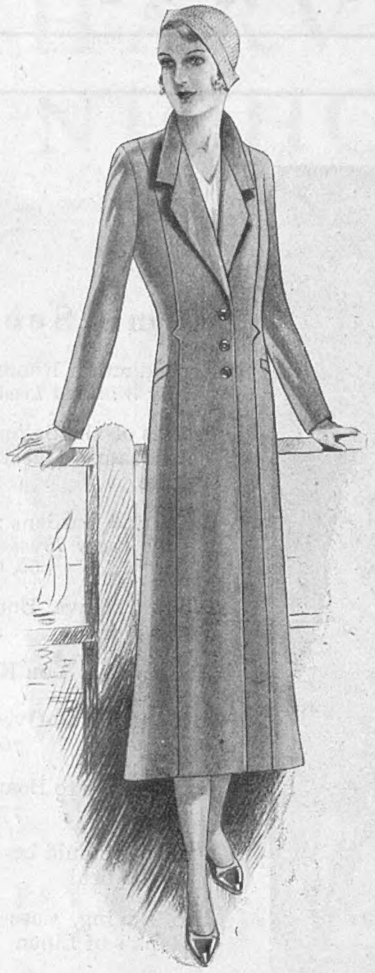
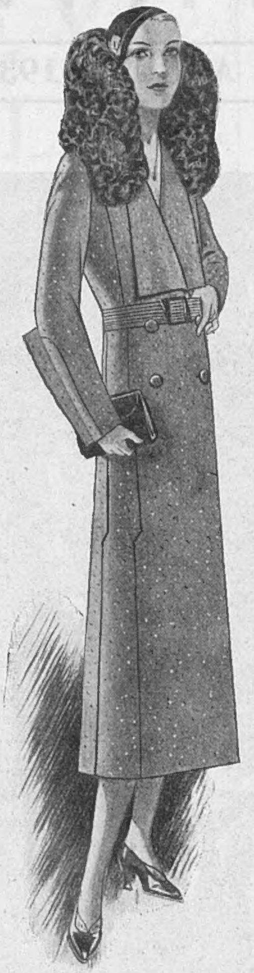


JOYCE



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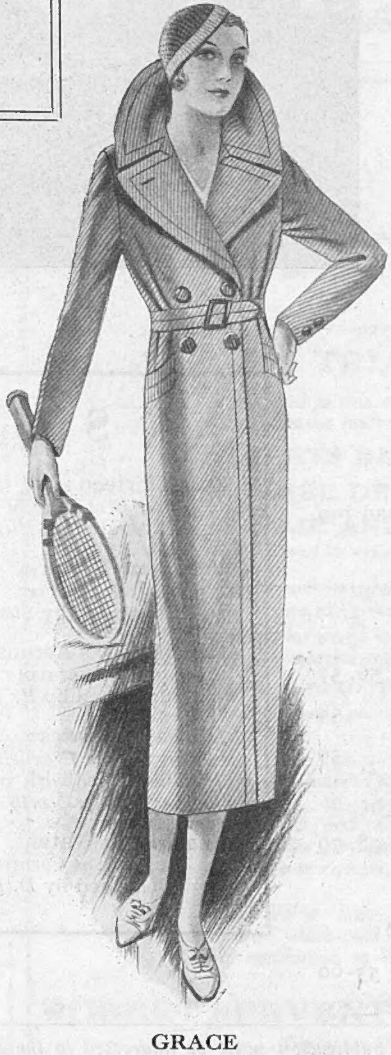
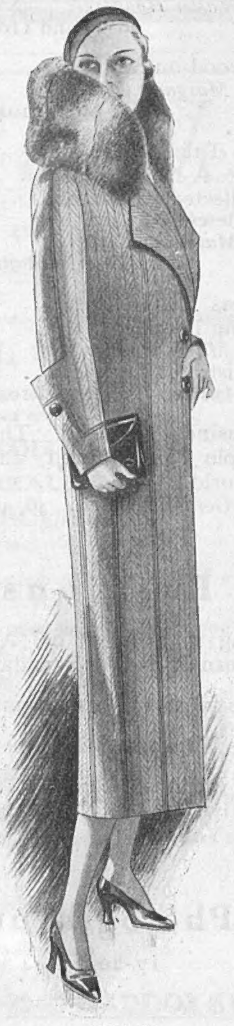


GRACE



JOAN

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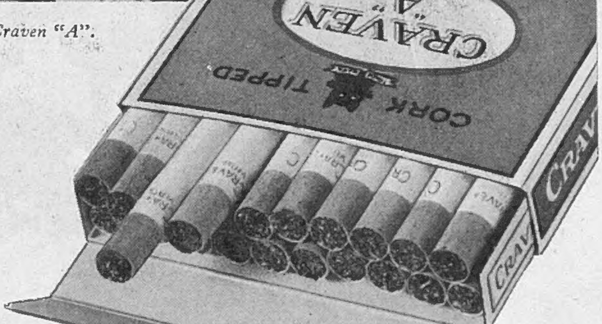

Beside the Sea and the salt air—amid the morning mists of the Moorland or in the crowded, stifling City you can buy Craven "A" in the prime freshness of packing-time condition . . . There is a wonderful difference between a Factory-fresh CRAVEN "A" and any cigarette which has become damp, dry or shop-stale.

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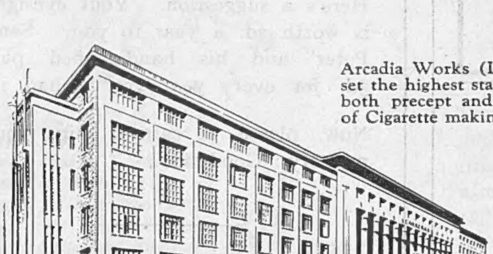

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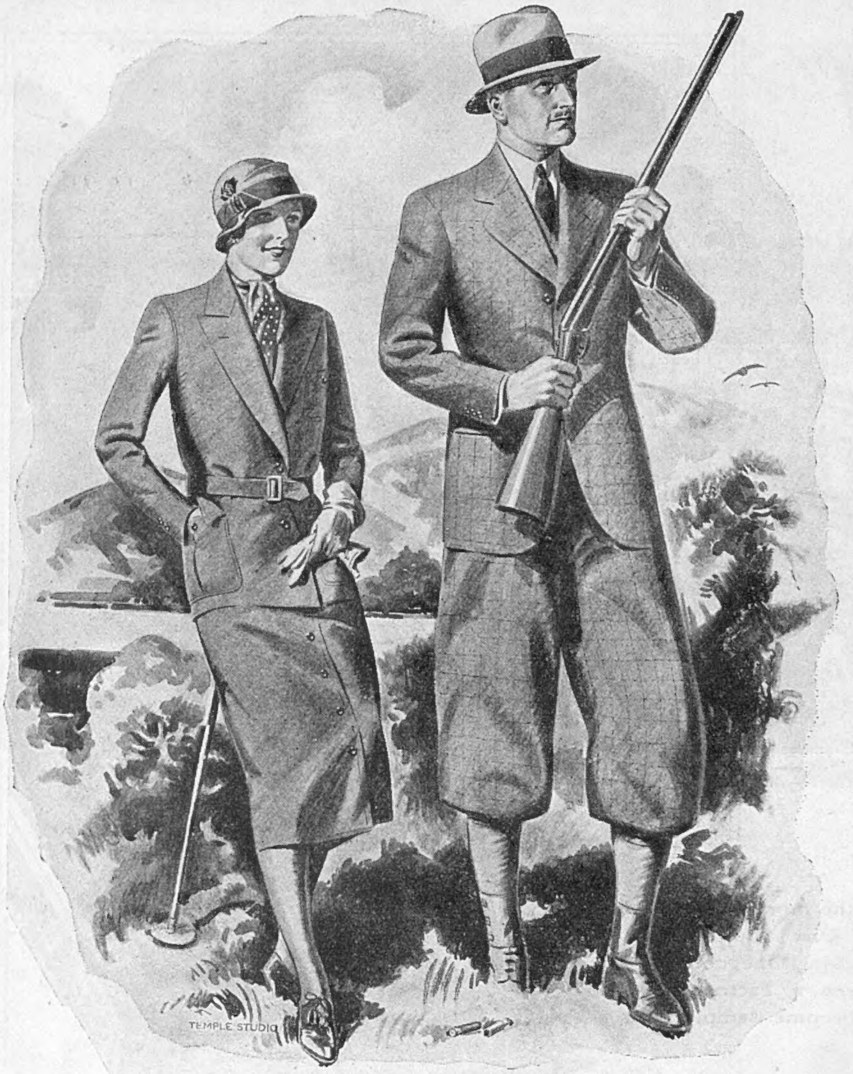

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and early Autumn wear

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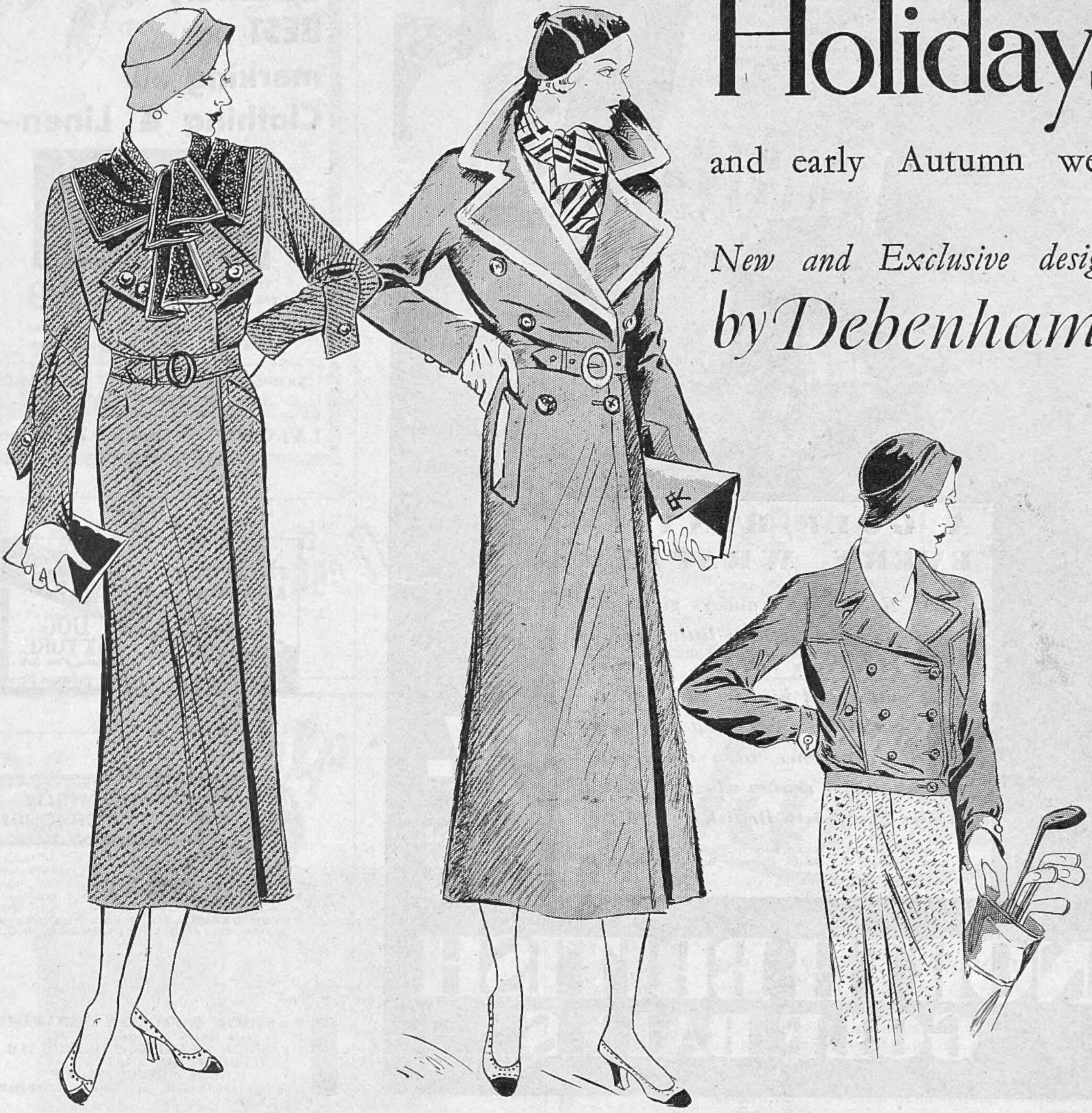

For holiday and the early Autumn is this practical tailored coat. A new note is introduced in the cut of the scarf collar which is in a deeper tone made in self-coloured patterned tweed in a good variety of new season's shades, lined throughout crêpe de Chine. Three sizes.

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73/6

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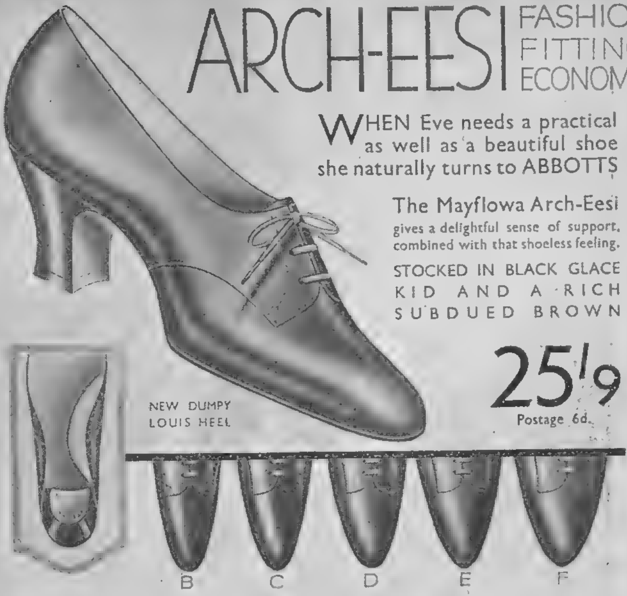

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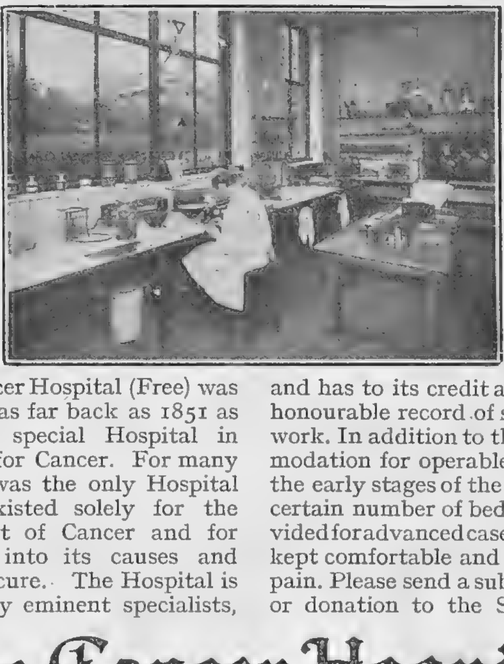

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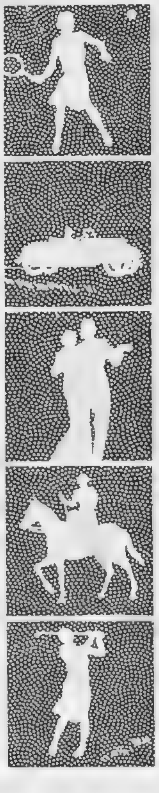

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P.832

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5: No. 2 August, 1932

Editorial

About Holidays...

A MINOR but irritating type of cynic is the individual who expresses a loathing for bank holidays. Such an attitude arises either from envy or (much more frequently) from conceit masquerading as individualism. Mass enjoyment is regarded as too ordinary to be interesting. A packed charabanc, an excursion steamer loaded to the safety limit, a beach on which are deck-chairs by thousands with not an inch between them, and, drying in the sunshine, the short and simple flannels of the poor—so easy is it to pass by, figuratively speaking, on the other side with *odi profanum vulgus* on one's lips and amused contempt in one's heart. But a world at last recovering from its troubles should have no room for such churlishness.

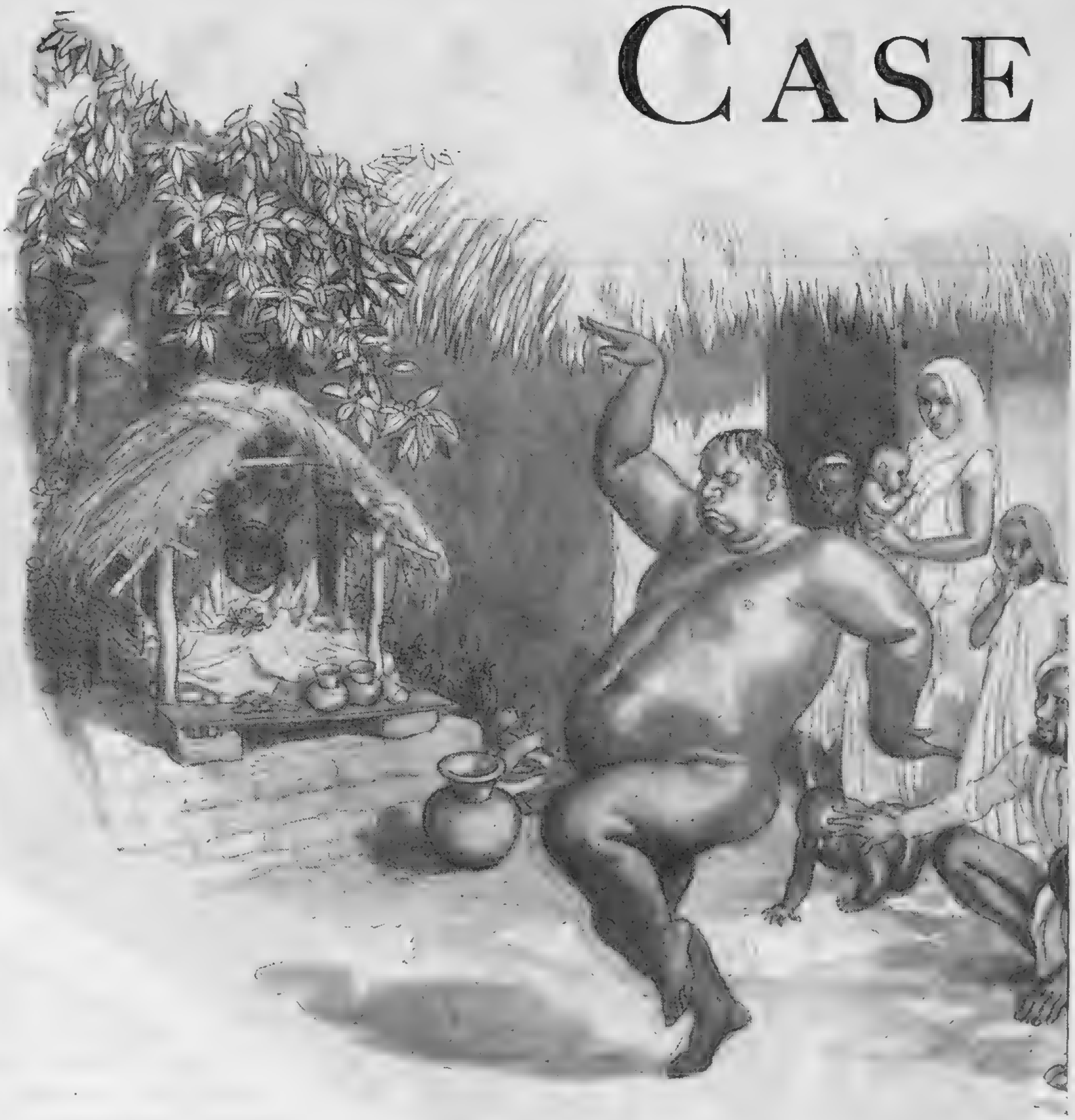
It is good that August, the holiday month, with the great open-air bank holiday as a popular symbol, should have coincided with increasing prosperity. Money can be spent, whether at Deauville or on a donkey-ride at Margate, with an easier conscience and at last, perhaps, from a longer purse. And if money talks at all times, during the holidays it shouts. It is a happy shout, too, which should drown the sneers of those who think the merriment of millions is something rather dreadful just because they *are* millions, and that, indeed, it is rather common to take a holiday in August at all, particularly in Great Britain, unless Cowes or grouse-shooting is included in the programme. Fortunately the snarlers are in a tiny minority. To Hades with them! If they wish to stew in refined ill-temper, one can only comment, without congratulation, on a peculiar form of enjoyment. Even that is a contribution, albeit vinegarish, to the sum-total of amusement.

To the individuals who genuinely detest conventional holidaymaking on either side of the Channel, but are compelled by domestic ties to indulge in it, can be recommended the example of Mark Tapley. Should the weather be bad and the surroundings uncongenial, let them remember that a little imagination can go a very long way. And should it go no way at all, the more credit there is in being lively in such circumstances. Dickens forestalled Professor Coué and Christmas is not the only season the Dickens spirit is to the fore.

We have indeed proved ourselves of late years a nation of Mark Tapleys. But the wall of obstacles that barred us from the cheeriness that needs no effort is losing a gratifying number of bricks. Soon, it seems, its very foundations will disappear.

Last month every copy of "Britannia & Eve" contained an Autographed Presentation Portrait of Janet Gaynor. With this issue we give our readers a signed portrait of Tallulah Bankhead. Subsequent issues will contain similar autographed portraits of equally famous Film Stars

CASE



A *little* Play-acting *is a* useful thing—*even* in *the* Secret Service

By Talbot Mundy

THE elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb. sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara.

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove."

"And he employs a corps of propagandists, just like Julius Cæsar, to create a legend and a prophecy that he is destined to overthrow governments and to create a new dispensation, wherein everybody will keep what he already has, but will also take what belongs to everybody else. He has been reading history. He forgets what Chateaubriand said, that fools believe in history. Tell me: is he not mad?"

"Very well, what about you, then?" asked O'Hara, and the babu scratched his naked belly for a moment, opening his cotton shirt much wider to admit the faint breeze set up by the elephant's slow swaying.

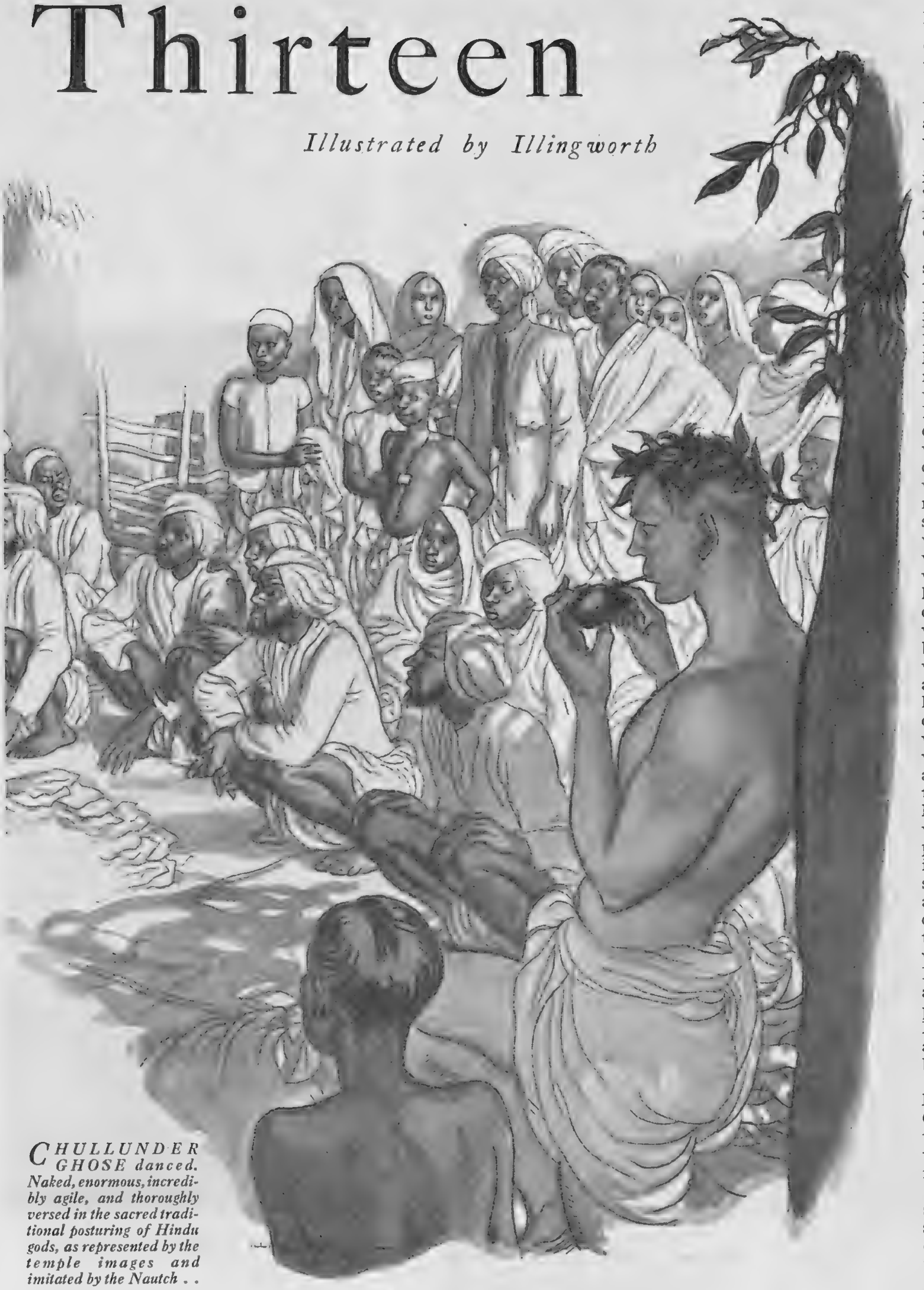
"Self am a philosopher," he said at last. "Am timid person, so incapable of bravery that I would run from a mouse if I dared. And the hell of it is that I can run, but I dare not. I might miss something. Philosophy and logic absolutely prove to me that all success is vanity, ambition is a snare, and governments are aggregations of amazing liars bent on graft and nothing else whatever. Nevertheless, I have travelled twice to Tibet. There is almost not a country in the world in which I have not suffered torture, in some form or other, that I could have easily avoided by staying at home. And here I am, riding with you on a silly-dam-dangerous expedition, drawing small pay and smaller expenses from the secret service of a Government in whose stability I disbelieve, whose methods seem to me ridiculous, whose spirit is one of ingratitude, and for whose future I care nothing. I am thirsty—hot—uncomfortable—and afraid. I am a damned fool. And I like it."

"All right. Why am I mad?"

"U.S.A. Americans would say you are a sucker," said the babu, fanning his naked stomach with a palm-leaf. "Son of General O'Hara—sole heir to his fortune—handsome as a red-haired Krishna, and as popular with women—youngest captain in the Army, with a squadron of the Guides to make your throat choke when you look into their eyes and know exactly what they think of you—a career ahead—sport, brass bands, flattery, good-fellowship, promotion and all the fancy side-shows for the asking—is it not so? And here you are

Thirteen

Illustrated by Illingworth



CHULLUNDER GHOSE danced. Naked, enormous, incredibly agile, and thoroughly versed in the sacred traditional posturing of Hindu gods, as represented by the temple images and imitated by the Nautch . .

doing police-work for a secret service that will suck you dry and drop you like the dry skin of an orange. They will drop you if you fail once. They will drop you if they need a scape-goat. They will drop you if you dare to prove that someone higher up was wrong. And they will drop you if you make some bigwig jealous. If they do not drop you, that will be because you get a bullet or a big knife in the belly on some expedition such as this. So you are crazy. And I would not swap you for a dozen viceroys and all their legislative councils, with the King and all his ministers thrown in to make it look like business."

Conversation ceased. And, because even captains of the Guides have eccentricities, O'Hara pulled an ocarina from his pocket and made rather clever imitations of some Hindu temple music. Scrubby trees began to shut in the horizon with a misty camouflage of white thorn. They began to mount the foothills, until presently the elephant was plucking at the foliage of good green trees, and now and then they had to duck to avoid low branches. Larry O'Hara pulled his compass out and consulted a sketch-map copied from the Air Force photo-survey.

"Lucky," he said, "if we reach his lair by midnight."

"Lalla Lingo," said the babu, "is a bat at midnight. That is when he wakes up."

"This old elephant is all in," said O'Hara. "Just about another five miles and he'll lie down."

"Sooner than that, sahib. Sooner than that. I chose him purposely. Our Lalla Lingo is a strategist who knows his onions. He has a system, and as many spies as there are women in the district. Had we taken a fast elephant, some woman would have hung a curtain in a certain way; some other woman would have set a signal on a house-top, visible from afar off, where a farmer's wife would see it and perhaps pull down a rag of burlap from a tree, whose absence would be noticed by a woman watching in the hills; and she would hang her sari on a rock that can be seen by other women in the far-off village, who would make another signal. So that, almost before we had started, Lalla Lingo would know there was possibly danger. That is why I chose this old, slow elephant. Women are fools in a number of ways, including that they think a man is worth their trouble. But not even women are silly enough to suppose we are after Lalla Lingo on this relic. We are obviously after black-buck or a tiger."

"We've a damned long walk ahead of us," O'Hara answered, "in the darkness over trails that a goat couldn't find."

"No. Trust me, sahib. This babu is suitably insane, but adequately compos mentis to avoid unnecessary exercise. There is a village on the far side of this mountain."

"Yes, it's on the map. We must avoid it," said O'Hara, "otherwise they'll signal Lalla Lingo."

"No, no. Trust this babu. Am a belly-full of brains that can imagine marvellously how to get your courage into action. If I had your courage I would be a new Napoleon and very likely damned unhappy. If you had my ingenuity you would be miserable, moaning for new worlds to conquer, like a crack-pot Alexander. As it is, we are both uncomfortably happy and dependent on each other."

"What's your plan ?" O'Hara asked him.

"Non est. Haven't one. Do you mistake me for a general studying a map to find out what the enemy is thinking ? No, O'Hara sahib. This babu is opportunist ad lib. Am exponent of the theory that cats jump otherwise than as expected. Am ju-jitsuist of circumstance. If circumstances pull, I push them. If they push, I pull them. We are being sent to do a cheap job that the politzei have failed at for as many reasons as there are contradictions in the Bible. Consequently, let us pray to be so contradictory that even Lalla Lingo will believe we have a dozen aces up our sleeves."

"All right, babu-ji. I'll dress by you until I see him. After that, you do as I say."

"Kindly do not say too much, then," said the babu.

TREES ceased. On the right hand granite mountains leaned against the sky. The elephant mumbled, sighed and stood still. The mahout looked around and shrugged his shoulders.

"All change !" said the babu. "Let the mighty kneel, lest meekness suffer inconvenience !" He spoke to the mahout in the vernacular. The great beast awkwardly subsided, like an emptying balloon. O'Hara buckled on an automatic and climbed out, leaving a shot-gun and rifle in the howdah.

"Quite right," said the babu. "Guns are stone-age implements exaggerated to the *n*th. They are the tubes that suckled infantile analysis. Same diagnoses safety as a consequence of someone's death. However, I concede the pistol. Let that represent civilisation."

O'Hara found a box of sandwiches. The babu spoke to the mahout:

"Take your elephant back to that water we passed. Let her bathe and rest there. Feed her. Let her graze awhile. Go home at midnight. And remember: should you wish to find out what a merciless and unforgiving devil this babu can be, then tell where you have been ! Do you understand me ? You will say this sahib found another sahib, who was also hunting, and the two shared one tent, getting drunk together. You will say this babu sang to them improper songs, this babu being also drunk. And you will say that, since that other sahib has three horses, they and this babu will later on return on horseback, after we have sobered up. Repeat that."

The mahout became word-perfect after three attempts, and presently the elephant went wearily downhill towards a pool, where a spring made gurgling music amid over-arching trees. O'Hara gave the babu half the sandwiches. Together they drained a thermos flask full of cold tea.

"Now what ?" asked O'Hara. "As the crow flies it's a dozen miles. We aren't crows, and the miles are Irish—all around the ring and up-and-down-hill."

"Come on," said the babu. "Let's get this part over with."

He led, along a goat-track that twisted and turned, amid crags and granite boulders, through a notch between the shoulders of two mountains that was like a baker's oven. Fat man though he was, and middle-aged, he walked fast, and O'Hara, who was tireless on a horse, was hard put to it to keep up on foot with the black umbrella. By the time they had descended, on the far side of the notch, into a valley fed by three thin waterfalls that merged into a stream dammed back to keep alive a mud-walled village, O'Hara was breathless and becoming angry—as an Irish horseman usually does when the sweat and the flies increase the unaccustomed toil of walking. However, he stripped himself and sat beneath the smallest waterfall, and presently the babu did the same thing. They were naked, and re-humoured, when a few shy villagers approached and stared from a discreet-respectful distance.

The babu waved to them to keep their distance. Then he made a bundle, in his own shirt, of O'Hara's helmet, boots, clothes, underwear, and wrapped the whole lot tightly in the thirty yards of silk that formed his turban.

"Naked, sahib, we were born, so naked let us face death. Wear my dhoti as a tribute to your inhibitions. Self am nasty person from away-off—fakir full of holiness; and holiness is always horrible to those who have none but admire same. Buckle on your pistol underneath the dhoti. How about the sunstroke ? Is your red hair thick enough to——"

"I can stick it," said O'Hara. "It's the morning sun that's dangerous."

The babu shook his own long top-knot and uncoiled it until it looked like tangled black tow. Then he plastered it with blue mud.

"Can you walk bare-footed ?"

"Hell, no."

"Take my sandals. Sahib, now you like as village women probably believe that Krishna did when he was playing with the milk-maids. Your must tootle on your flutle for them."

"Was his hair red ?" asked O'Hara.

"If it had been, no one would remember him ; the women would have murdered him, from jealousy of one another ? But you are not Krishna. If you name yourself, they may begin to doubt you. Let then name you. What a woman misnames, she belives in."

"How about the men ?" O'Hara asked him.

"Sahib, a man's mother is a woman. All his days he secretly accepts the women's verdict, even though he mocks all women to their faces. Thus we are right in blaming women for our madness. How mad are you ?"

"Merely enough to wear nothing except sandals and loin-cloth just because you wish it."

"That is too sane. You must be as mad as the man who invented work. The most ignorant fool of a peasant knows that all the gods are stark-mad; otherwise how could the world be what it is ?"

"Am I a god ?"

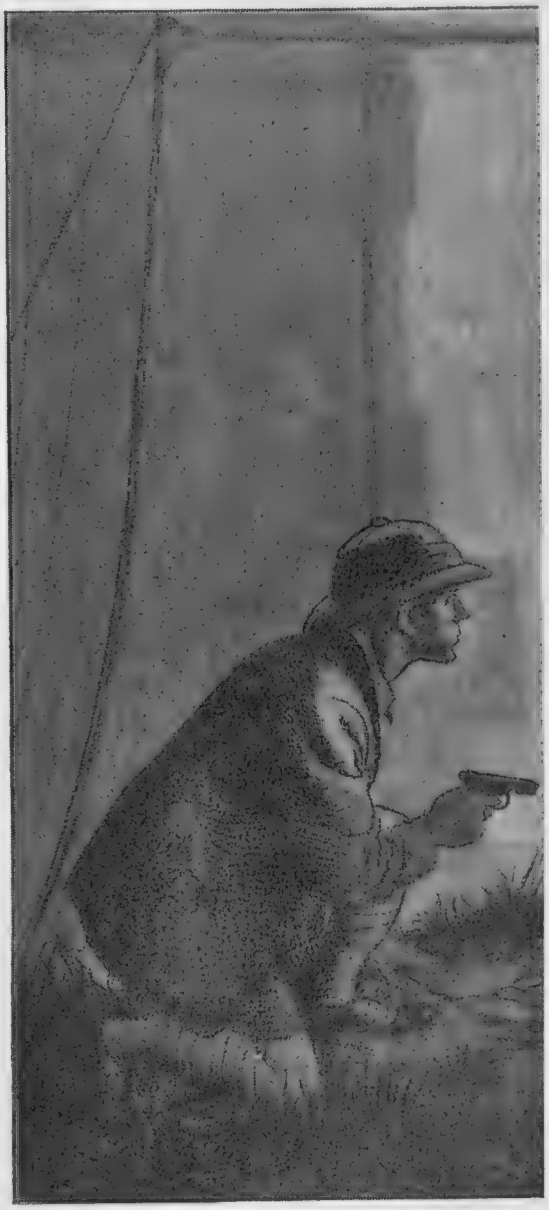
"Of course you are. If you were a man, could you possibly get near Lalla Lingo ? Wouldn't he either have you killed or run away from you ? These villagers report to him all dangerous people. But a mad god is not dangerous, particularly when he travels with a holy person such as me. And if I were not holy, why should I be naked ? Answer that one."

"Curse these horse-flies !" said O'Hara.

"Bless them, sahib ; they will aid your madness ! Come on. And remember that the man who over-acts is like a frantic lover ; he convinces nobody except himself."

"Wait while I gather a bunch of weeds to swat the flies with."

"Hurry up, then. And remember to begin as gradually as a banker yielding to an application for a loan. If you begin by under-doing it, you easily can fire up. You may go your Irish limit when I get you into Lalla Lingo's presence. In the meantime, kindly watch me, and if you laugh I will never die with you again. For we shall die, as sure as you feel like laughing now, if we should make even one little mistake."



CROUCHING near the tent,

It was difficult to watch Chullunder Ghose just then and not laugh. In his way he was magnificent. His coppery-ivory belly bulged in front of him. He waddled with the pompously immodest swagger of a Roman emperor emerging from a bath, and added incongruity to that by carrying his bundle over-shoulder on a long stick. If the horse-flies bit him, he appeared unconscious of it. If his nakedness embarrassed him, he kept that secret perfectly. He walked ahead, his elephantine buttocks visibly suggesting lack of interest in anything but solid comfort, and his bare feet padding comfortably on a hard rock-path that would have hurt the feet of men of half his weight.

O'Hara had the Irish gift of half divining purpose behind action. Irish Generals have it. And he had another, even greater, gift, of confidence in anyone whose virtues he had personally tested. It had been Chullunder Ghose who taught him all he knew of native modes of thought and native stupid-cunning. It had been Chullunder Ghose who ferreted a dozen cases for him and intrigued to make the secret service recognise him as a meritorious youngster, of whom great things might be expected. On the babu's advice he had specialised in action rather than investigation, getting himself a name for doing rapidly and cheaply what would otherwise have cost enormous sums for special police or even troops. It was the babu's igenuity that almost always made his contacts for him. They were fast friends. He had learned to trust unhesitatingly the sudden, frequently impromptu and mysterious commands the babu gave him; and Chullunder Ghose had never failed to trust him equally, when danger reached its crisis and a second's hesitation might destroy them both.

So O'Hara walked, in nothing but a loin-cloth and a pair of sandals, almost unself-conscious. He was trying to remember how a madman acted. It occurred to him that, as a rule, not many madmen look the part. A little eccentricity was all he needed; and he had his ocarina. He could "tootle on the flutle," as the babu called it. So he walked until he was abreast of one small group of villagers, and not a hundred yards off from another group that clustered in the gap between the heaped thorn branches that were used at night to close the village entrance. Then he "tootled" on the ocarina and danced a few steps to the tune.

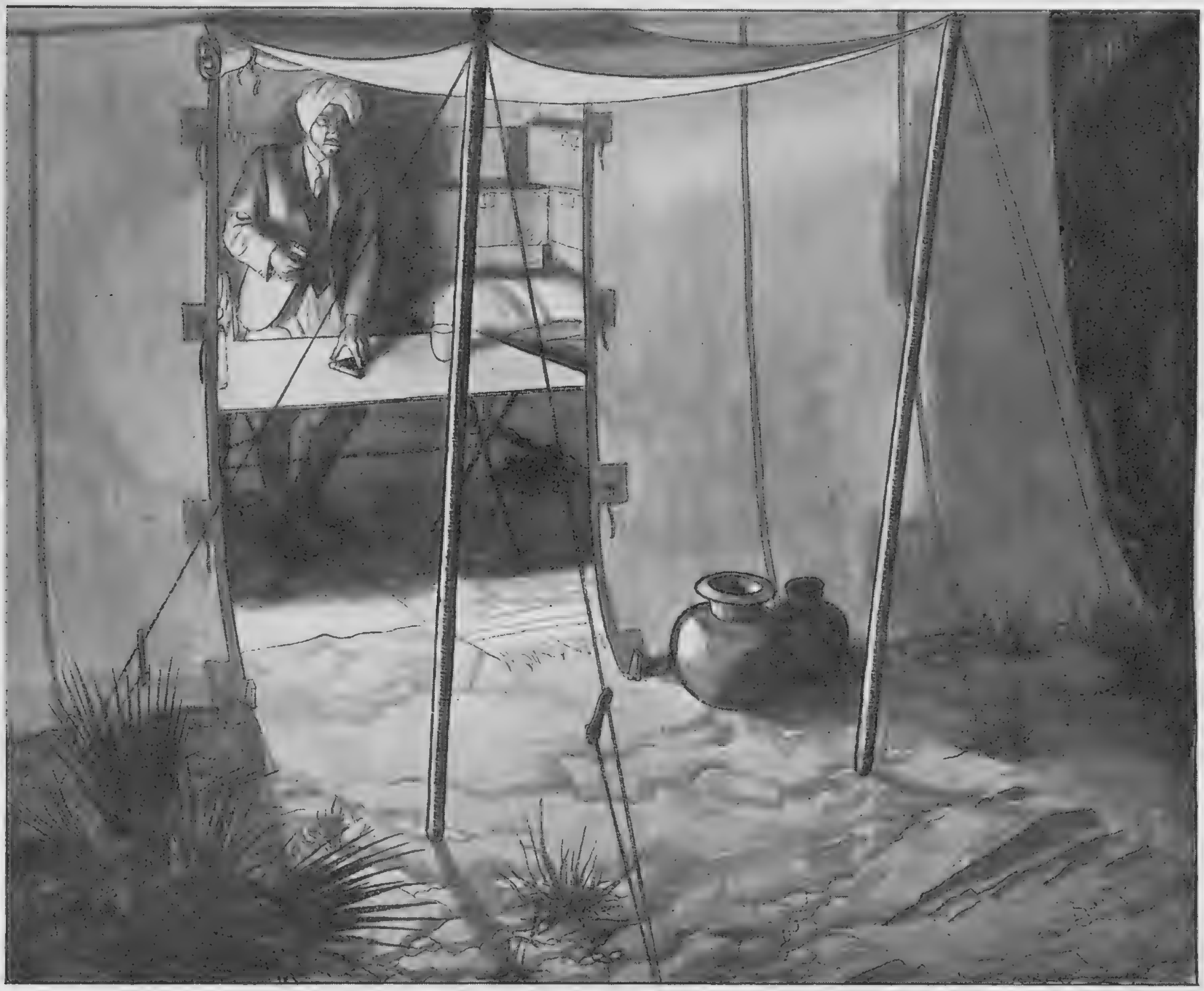
The effect was instantaneous. Instead of staring from a distance, first the naked children ran and shrilled excited welcome, then their elders; even the women set down water-jars or paused at the grinding of meal to gather in the gate-way. One man twisted up a wreath of green leaves and presented it: O'Hara set it on his red hair at a rakish angle; but he knew the ways of very holy people, so he made no acknowledgement of the gift. He noticed nobody. Chullunder Ghose ahead of him strode forward and compelled the little crowd to yield a fairway down its midst. O'Hara followed, staring at infinity, until they reached the great tree in the centre of the village, where the dung-cakes stood in big heaps and the embers of the last night's fires still smouldered. There the babu sat down, but O'Hara stood, his naked back against the tree-trunk and his right foot resting on his left knee. He resumed his music on the ocarina and the villagerss warmed around them, until presently the elders squatted in the dust, pot-tummied children weaving in and out among them. Then the questioning began:

"Who is he?"

"How do I know?" asked the babu. "What do I care? Neither do I know who I am. What is that?" He pointed at the sky. "What is it? Of what is it made? At the end of it, what is beyond that?"

Silence. None but very holy persons ever use such arrogance or speak in such impenetrable riddles. It was prosperous, as an Indian village goes, and it was rich in cattle, as the dung-cakes witnessed; but it knew no more exciting entertainment than the stories of the wandering mendicants, or than the rare and now and then expensive

(*Continued on page* 112)



O'Hara whistled softly. Lalla Lingo picked his pistols up. He listened, then put out the light

By Barré Lyndon

A SLIM, smiling little lady, nursing her bruises as she walks down the patched concrete of Brooklands track away from a wrecked racing car, typifies something which has occurred in a pastime hitherto exclusive to men—and admitted to be the most dangerous game in the world.

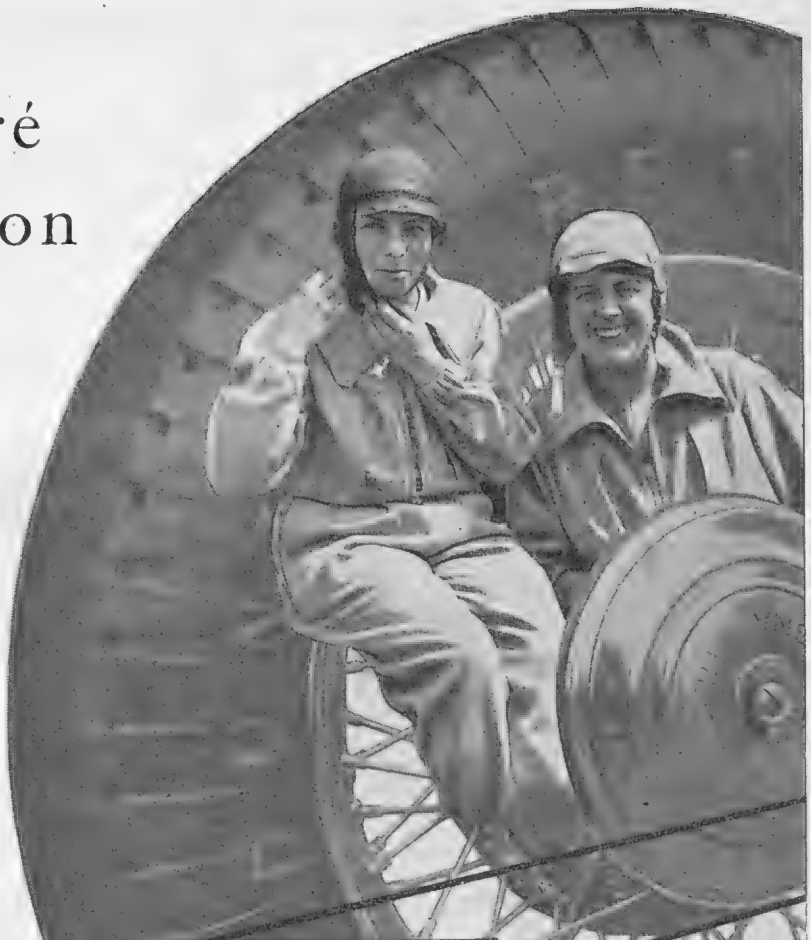
The little lady was the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd, and she had been driving in the first Relay "Grand Prix" at Brooklands. Pouring rain, bordering on a cloudburst, covered the concrete with a series of lakes through which cars roared in clouds of spray. Replenishment pits were flooded, driving the crews out, and race officials walked ankle deep at their posts beside the course.

The track had never known such conditions for a long-distance event, and through all this Mrs. Chetwynd was driving her Montlhéry M.G. Midget. This tiny racing car, capable of over 100 m.p.h., was holding second place, when it skidded on the Byfleet banking, behind the old aeroplane sheds—blackened, time-worn relics of the early days of aviation.

The car slid down the soaked concrete, to strike a grassy bank on the inside of the track and turn over. With torn earth flying through the streaming rain, Mrs. Chetwynd and her mechanic were flung out, to slither along the wet track, with the wrecked car pitching after them.

Both were jarred and shaken, and while the mechanic made an examination of the machine as its smoke lifted forlornly to the grey, streaming sky, the lady driver showed true racing spirit. Her first thought was for her team, and she walked back to the pits to hand over her relay sash so that another driver could carry on in another car—after which she was whisked to Weybridge Cottage Hospital, where many a damaged speedman has gone for repairs. No broken bones were revealed, but she was badly bruised. Her escape was lucky, because Brooklands is rarely so kind to those who adventure the world of high speed.

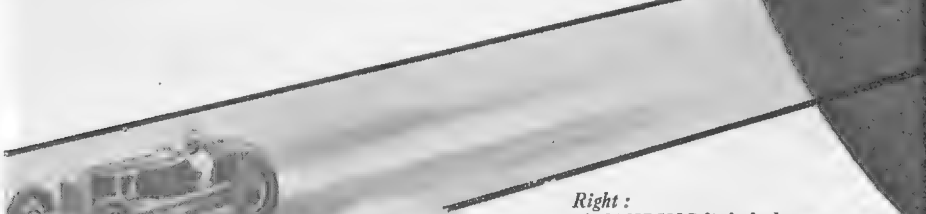
Only two months earlier, she had been driving against the cleverest of Continental racing men in what has become the world's most important road event: the Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans. For twenty-four consecutive hours super-sports machines travel—if they can stand the pace—over the difficult Sarthe Circuit, starting at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and continuing through the night.



Top of page: MME. SIKO and Mme. Mareuse, photographed at their replenishment depôt before the Le Mans endurance race "THE MOTOR"

Above: MME. SIKO at the wheel of her car after the 24 hours race at Le Mans. She was the only woman driver

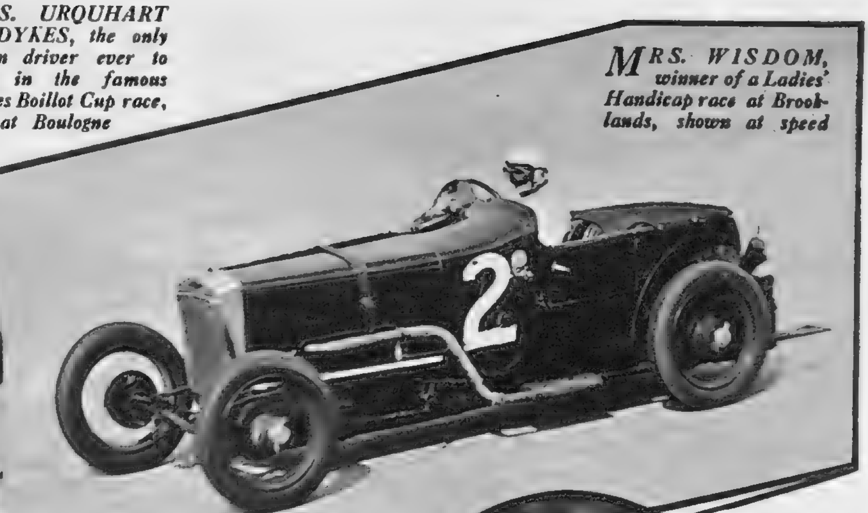
Right: "A SMILING little lady, nursing her bruises. . . ." The Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd walking back after her crash at Brooklands "THE MOTOR"



MRS. G. M. STEWART on her Derby-miller at Montlhéry "AUTOCAR"

THE Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd, a clever and consistent driver, who has raced both at Brooklands and on the Continent

MRS. URQUHART DYKES, the only woman driver ever to finish in the famous Georges Boillot Cup race, at Boulogne



MRS. WISDOM, winner of a Ladies' Handicap race at Brooklands, shown at speed

Fast Ladies

Woman *at* the W*heel* on Road *and* Track

MME. JUNEK, possibly the finest lady racing driver in the world—and, perhaps, the most charming
"AUTOCAR"

She was mounted on her M.G. Midget, racing over a course which was actually shaking under the stamping wheels of the finest high-speed cars that Europe can produce: Mercédès, Alfa-Romeo, Bugatti—all achieving affrighting speeds on the straight stretches. Men like Sir Henry Birkin and Earl Howe, Boris Ivanowsky—late of the Russian Imperial Guard—Louis Chiron and Albert Divo, were engaged in furious duels which, shattered the lap record on the fifth round and brought a terrific smash a little later.

A Bugatti lost the tyre-tread from one rear wheel, when moving at two miles a minute, to skid broadside across the road and rip down eighty yards of fencing before it leaped a six-foot bank of earth and dived amongst fir trees beyond. The car was completely shattered, and although the driver was not badly damaged, the shock he received was such that he knew nothing of what had happened until the race had run its long course.

Facing such risks as these, the little M.G. scudded around the course, only for the pace to prove too hot; it dropped out after covering some two hundred and fifty miles—but two other ladies were driving in this event: Mme. Mareuse and Mme. Siko. They were handling their cars in turn, and their Bugatti eventually joined the M.G. in the "dead car" park for the infringement of a regulation relating to taking on fuel.

But in the race the previous year, these ladies had done extraordinarily well. This was the last time the great Bentleys competed, having as their immediate rivals a giant Mercédès, handled by Rudolf Caracciola, and two American Stutz.

The Mercédès shot into the lead and lapped the road circuit at over 85 m.p.h. from the start, with three bellowing Bentleys and two fierce Stutz chasing it—and in the heart of the pack at their tails travelled the feminine-driven blue Bugatti.

It was the first appearance of women in this tremendous race, and they had to withstand the covert jeers of horny-handed mechanics and the tolerant smiles of drivers who think little of 100 m.p.h. on the road. Yet, lap after lap, the blue car slipped quietly around the circuit, drawing attention by its neat handling and its undeniable pace.

On the road over which it ran, the giants were battling at incredible speeds—with Sir Henry Birkin passing Carraciola's Mercédès at more than 125 m.p.h.—only to be passed again by the German, now lapping the circuit at an average of 90 m.p.h. Some idea of how fast this is may be obtained from the fact that the first time the race was run an average of only 57 m.p.h. was rapid enough to win!

Birkin lost a tyre-tread at 120 m.p.h., and tore away his rear wing; a Stutz charged off the road on a corner in a shower of earth and stones, and broke its front axle; one of the Bentleys irretrievably ditched itself—and the second Stutz caught fire and stopped beside the road.

For two hours that car stood burning there, its heat so great that other drivers had to pull wide, shielding their faces as they passed it—and all the time the blue Bugatti kept on, giving the road to the duelling giants, swinging out from the burning Stutz, coming in for petrol and going off again.

Night passed, and the roaring Mercédès dropped (*Continued on page 89*

BROTHER B—— (Pedro de Mortisac) in the garden of the Carthusian monastery of Miraflores

THE shadow and sunshine of life. A corridor of cells at the monastery of Miraflores

The Last Lover of Mata-

IT will be remembered that Mata-Hari, the half-Javanese dancer, was shot by the French at Vincennes in 1917. One of the most beautiful of women, she was seen in many countries during the war, and her activities in the neutral countries, Spain and Holland, were not unobserved by the French Secret Service. She had fascinated many. And the last of her lovers, Pedro de Mortisac, after having vainly endeavoured to save her, had fled from the world and become a Carthusian monk at the monastery of Miraflores, which lies on a hill not far from the town of Burgos in Spain.

There was a time when Mortisac led a gay and brilliant, if not very edifying, life. He had been so well educated by the Jesuits at a college in the Basque region that he spoke several languages to perfection. He was the owner of a great house in Paris, a country place near London, and a sumptuous châlet at San Sebastian. Being enormously rich, he was able to gratify all his caprices; once he was wounded in a duel, but otherwise he managed to come unscathed out of his numerous adventures and intrigues. Like Don Juan, he paid very little heed to the consequences. Only on one occasion, when he was approaching the age of thirty, did he feel any remorse. His victim, an English girl of fifteen, had committed suicide in his house, and had left a note, written, it is said, in her own blood: "I forgive you because I worship you, but I know in my agony that you will have no pardon from God." Then for various months he was no longer to be found in Pall Mall. And when he ultimately returned to his former ways of living he did not limit himself to half-measures. A marvellous Japanese ball which he gave in Paris was talked about for months afterwards. Then he became enamoured of Mata-Hari, and to such an extent that life seemed to be impossible without her.

At Miraflores the monk who goes by the name of Brother B—— will not acknowledge that he is Pedro de Mortisac, and doubts have been expressed by other people. Therefore a French paper of the highest standing, the *Mercure de France*, sent Camile Pitollet, the writer, to investigate the matter. He tells us of the futile plot to rescue Mata-Hari: it had been arranged by Mortisac that the firing-party should be served with blank cartridges, and Mata-Hari, feeling quite safe, smiled at them. But a personal enemy of hers had intervened, and she fell under a shower of bullets. That same week, says Monsieur Pitollet, Mortisac disappeared from Paris. The Prior of the Miraflores monastery says that to imagine him among the inmates is a romantic invention. But who does not know that the Carthusian Order is very much like a Foreign Legion of the

Left:
LOOKING out on the lively world. Brother B—— on one of the balconies of the monastery

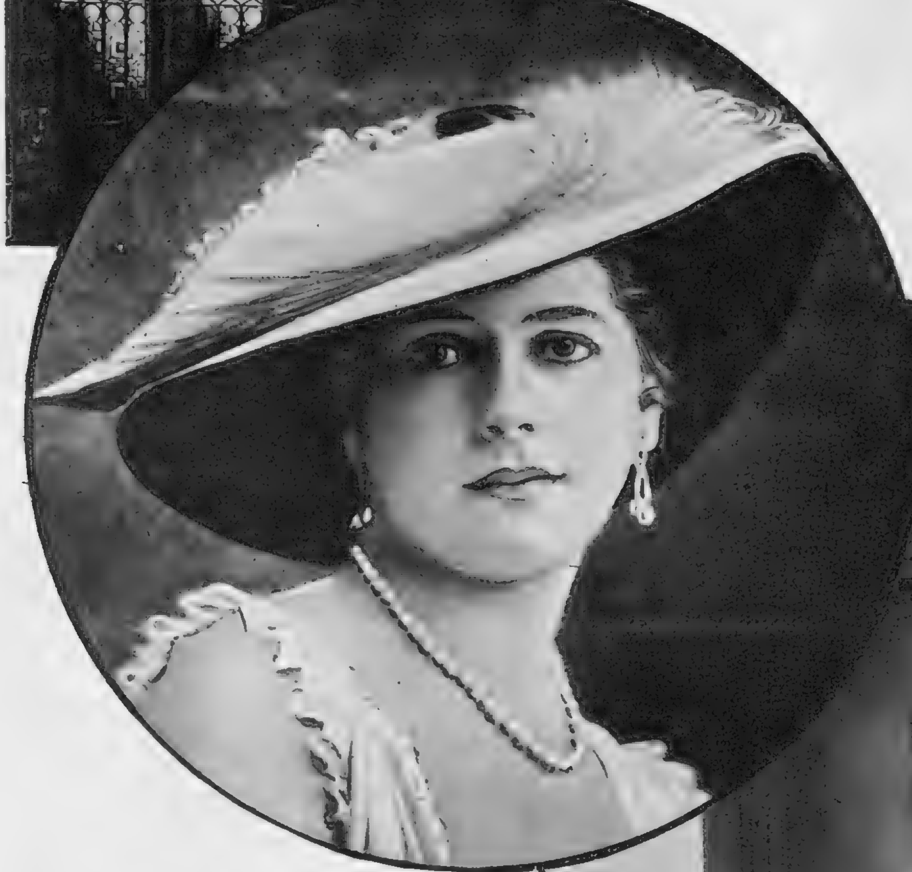
Below:
MATA - HARI, the beautiful half-caste Javanese dancer and spy. Shot by the French at Vincennes in 1917

An Amazing Revelation

of *the* Self-imposed fate *of the* Rich Man *of the* World who loved—*and* lost — the notorious H*alf*-Javanese Dancer *whom* the French *shot* in 1917—Mata-Hari, Spy and Enchantress

By

Henry Baerlein



Hari

Church ?—those who enter it are dead to the world, and little does it matter what name they used to bear.

A few days before Brother B—— was received into the monastery he took shelter in a workman's house at Burgos, and Monsieur Pitollet discovered a beggar who told him that on a bitterly cold winter's morning he met a man who took off his coat and gave it him. "May God reward you!" said the beggar. "And you also," said the man. "Pray for a woman who is dead and for a man who is going to die."

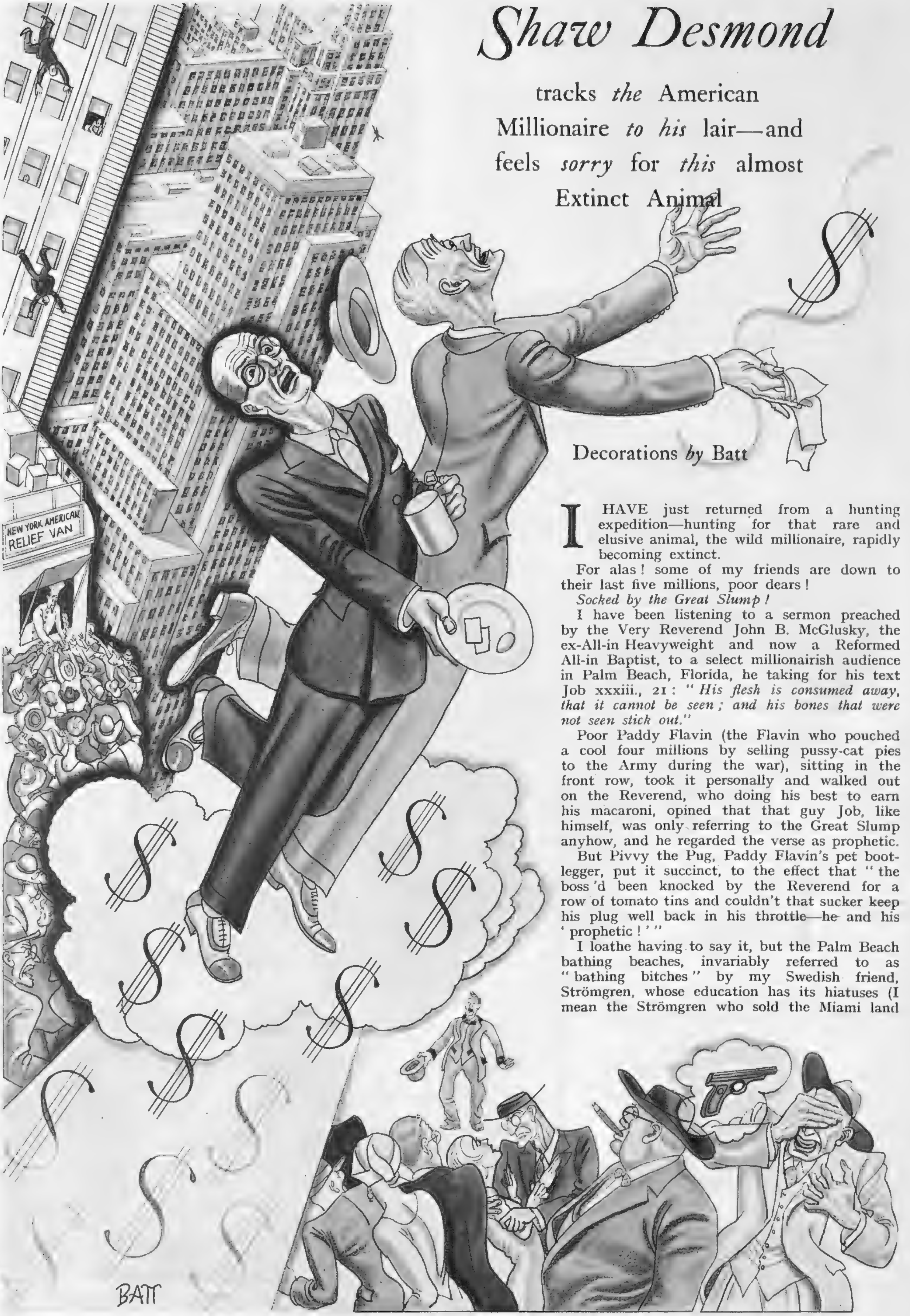
Brother B—— lives even more austerely than the other brethren. His food consists of vegetables, he sleeps on the floor of his cell, and when conversation is permitted, on certain days, he takes no part (*Continued on page* 90.)

ANOTHER picture of Brother B—— in the monastery of Miraflores

Shaw Desmond

tracks *the* American Millionaire *to his* lair—and feels *sorry* for *this* almost Extinct Animal

Decorations *by* Batt



I HAVE just returned from a hunting expedition—hunting for that rare and elusive animal, the wild millionaire, rapidly becoming extinct.

For alas! some of my friends are down to their last five millions, poor dears!

Socked by the Great Slump!

I have been listening to a sermon preached by the Very Reverend John B. McGlusky, the ex-All-in Heavyweight and now a Reformed All-in Baptist, to a select millionairish audience in Palm Beach, Florida, he taking for his text Job xxxiii., 21: "*His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out.*"

Poor Paddy Flavin (the Flavin who pouched a cool four millions by selling pussy-cat pies to the Army during the war), sitting in the front row, took it personally and walked out on the Reverend, who doing his best to earn his macaroni, opined that that guy Job, like himself, was only referring to the Great Slump anyhow, and he regarded the verse as prophetic.

But Pivvy the Pug, Paddy Flavin's pet bootlegger, put it succinct, to the effect that "the boss 'd been knocked by the Reverend for a row of tomato tins and couldn't that sucker keep his plug well back in his throttle—he and his 'prophetic!'"

I loathe having to say it, but the Palm Beach bathing beaches, invariably referred to as "bathing bitches" by my Swedish friend, Strömgren, whose education has its hiatuses (I mean the Strömgren who sold the Miami land

PRUSSIC ACID

The *Gentle* Art of Losing Millions

lots three times over—*and* under, for they were under water and always had been, he telling the buyers that " he thought they were pearl divers and anyhow had a diving bell to reach their unreal estate "—a slick laddo, Ström, with a quaint turn of humour). . . . but to return to our " bitches "—they are stark naked.

Please don't misunderstand. I mean they are denuded of the Bathing Beauties which once haunted them—and " haunted" is right.

I only know that Jawn D. Jericho (not to be confused, please, with the other Jawn D.—the Rockyfeller feller), after he had been hit in the Wall Street wind for the umpteenth time to the tune of a million a whack, retired to East Palm Beach and imported a team of bathing girls—the Mushy Mermaids—to give the glad eye to exhausted finance.

And do you know ! when the little darlings got there—I think they swam from Broadway—Jawn D. went bust, and the whole outfit, with their gin-slings, cocktail shakers, and tricots, had to jump the first freighter back to li'l' ole New York, being hurled off every now and then by outraged officials when they refused to be hugged.

I tell you, girls, this slump in millionaires is going to be felt from the pulpit to the palace and in every little toe of every little star that twinkles on Broadway.

It makes you feel kinder solemn.

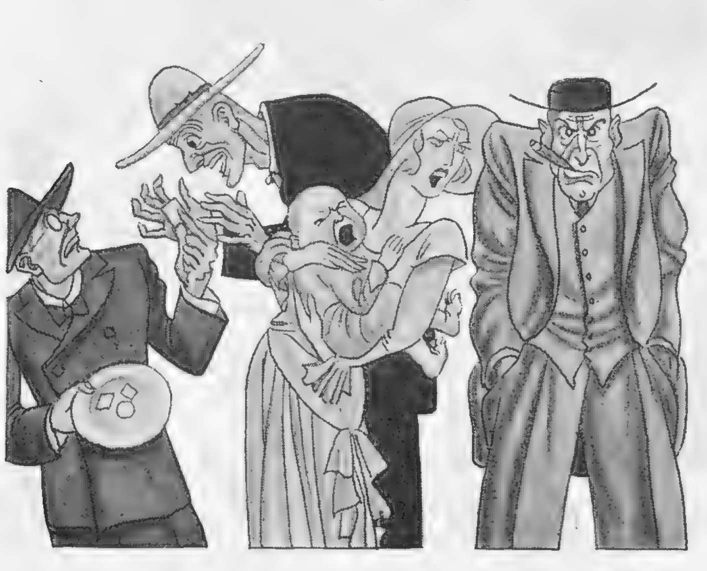
HERE is Hiram Hiddlewade, the " Bachelor Babe," compelled to get rid of his second last Moorish Palace and harem attached !

He had had a bit of trouble with Queen of the Harem No. 3, who herself had got into trouble, and to whom he had " given the air "—in fact two of 'em. She was one of those careless platinum blondies and she insisted upon carrying the twins up and down on the pavement outside Hiram's Wall Street skyscraper, asking them the while and in loud and distinct tones, if they recognised their pa ? Who, thank God ! at that moment was fifty storeys up in the air, in a state of ecstasy, telling bedtime stories to the girl sec.

The effect on Hiddlewade Debentures was something 'orrid. They dropped fifteen points that day alone.

No wonder Hiram got a bit peeved when his pet preacher—and he paying him good money too—got away with himself after a shot of hootch in the vestry before taking the pulpit and, quite forgetting himself, preached from " The Song of Solomon," i, 8 : " If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth . . . and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."

The " Song," you see, had always been Hiram's favourite book, though he had been heard to say that Solomon was a wise old stiff and knew how to get away with it from Mrs. Solomon by pretending he was speaking of the local chapel and making a song about it.



But when the reverend gent. followed it up with the fourth chapter and the second verse : " Their teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn . . . whereof every one bear twins and none is barren among them," Hiram rightly remarked that this had " put the lid on."

Well, *he* put it on, and there is another pulpit vacant down Florida way.

As for the hotels in that Pleasure Ground of the Posh, I can only say that I was the solitary guest in my particular palace—the " Sanguine Sunset," where once it cost you five dollars to look at a waiter and at least ten to do the same to the chambermaid.

I sat in the *patio* the morning of my arrival to drink my coffee and munch my strawberries, and, not to put too fine a point on it, I had the whole dam place to myself, plus the manager ; two assistant ditto ; ninety-two waiters ; fourteen chefs (including one French, one Italian, one negro, and one piebald) ; eighty-four chambermaids ; and a spittoon.

It took nine weary waiters and an inflated major-domo, one to each strawberry, to place my rare and refreshing fruit before me, with, to aid exhausted nature, the man who held the tray, Weary Willie the water boy, and two glass-shiners, to get my mocha to subside to the place appointed. And the proprietor of that hotel, the original of " Bringing up Father " Jiggs, a little Irishman with a mop of red wire hair sticking up all round as though he were suffering from an electric shock, certainly shocked me by telling me on the " Havana Special " back to New York that he and his pal Dinky Doo had invested four millions in the " Sanguine Sunset " (it sounded like the " sanguinary " sunset the way he said it) and that if I cared I could stay in the roseate place for ever and for nothing per diem and be damned to me !

Pity the poor millionaire ! Jiggs and I wept a little together in the *crème de menthe* and Corona gloaming of the posh Pullman. It is so easy to sympathise in synthetic gin or Why Whiskey with the poor—it is the Rich who have no friends !

Here is poor Jawn D. Rockefeller, who once lived in a sort of gilt-edged beatitude, going on the screen at ninety something with his hallo all on one side and he at his last kick, with only a few hundred millions or so left in the bank as he hands his last dime to his golf caddie, who, like the perfect little gentleman he is, hands it back again. A picture, friends, that remains in the pulping palpitating heart of the Great American People—for it has indeed been truly said that if Mary Pickford is the world's sweetheart, Jawn D. is America's.

And here is Aloysius Z. Punk (the Punk who canned the Punk-pineapples and got away with it every time—*not* the Punk who busted the British Champion for the heavyweight championship with the " bowel-biff " whilst the referee bit him in the neck)—but to return to our Punk, here is our Aloysius as I track him to his last lair in his third last mansion on Fifth, saying, as his daughter Brimston plays " Mother Machree " in the back parlour :

" Last time we met, dear Mr. Desmond, I could finger my nose even to my wife's *gigolo*. Now I am down to my last sixty-four millions. There ain't nothing left for me now but to be a dope-peddler or a spit-cop."

(The last word, reader dear, means " sanitary inspector.")

And believe me, or believe me not, the very last time I saw Aloysius he was in a sort of non-stop golden rhapsody, which just shows you how low down poor old Punk had got.

The world is always hearing of " High " finance. What does it know—what can it know, of " Low " ? Tell me that.

I HAVE been standing in the Millionaire Bread-Line on Broadway day after day in order to help deserving cases and to get the correct dope from my impoverished friends, who line up to get *the* egg, the cup of coffee, and the sangwich from the " New York American " relief van, what time we listen to a broken down millionaire who has just lost his job as Cockney impersonator in the Bounding Babes' Burlesque, as he sings for coppers in character:

It's only the pore
wot 'elps the pore
—Them that live in
mansions grand,
Never, oh never! can
understand
The meaning of that
little word—'unger!

That thin black line gets thinner and thinner as it waits for its dinner and dinner, for when it has been fed at one end it goes back to the other end and waits until its turn comes again. What time the men of millions hurl themselves out of the skyscrapers about us, and others, saving up their last cents to have a long last drink of prussic acid, bump themselves off any old way.

For it is positively dangerous to walk the New York streets during the Great Dump—I mean Slump. One of them splashed only the other day at the foot of a Chicago friend, who had refuged in New York to avoid these Perishing Peters, as they are known, as they dropped off their perches.

And you know, reader dear, some of the things I have seen in the big houses where they have been messing up their millions, are calculated to dissolve even the barnacles which are said to collect about the heart of the Woman Club president.

Why it was only last week I was invited to have a peck with my friends the Diddlers (the Philadelphia, not the Zenith, Diddlers).

Where once I was ushered along a chain of plush and powder flunkeys until I landed in the chaste white bosom of Bultitude, the genuine old English butler, dropped aitches and all, "imported regardless," as Diddler had whispered—I now had only two wretched hirelings, one of them in Diddler's dress suit, to help me to find the closet under the stairs and to deposit my encumbrances.

And you can't trust the banks, which are phutting all over These Disunited States.

As Jemima Diddler said to me between two stertorous intakes and outputs ("compression" and "exhaust" are, I think, the correct medical terms), "my own banker, Ben Bumpus, when I dropped up on him on the 103rd floor of the Babel Building this morning, said to me when I asked him what I should do with the few poor millions left to me: 'You can either give 'em to me or bury 'em in your back garden, in a stocking, Mrs. Diddler.'"

Jemima is *so* touching!

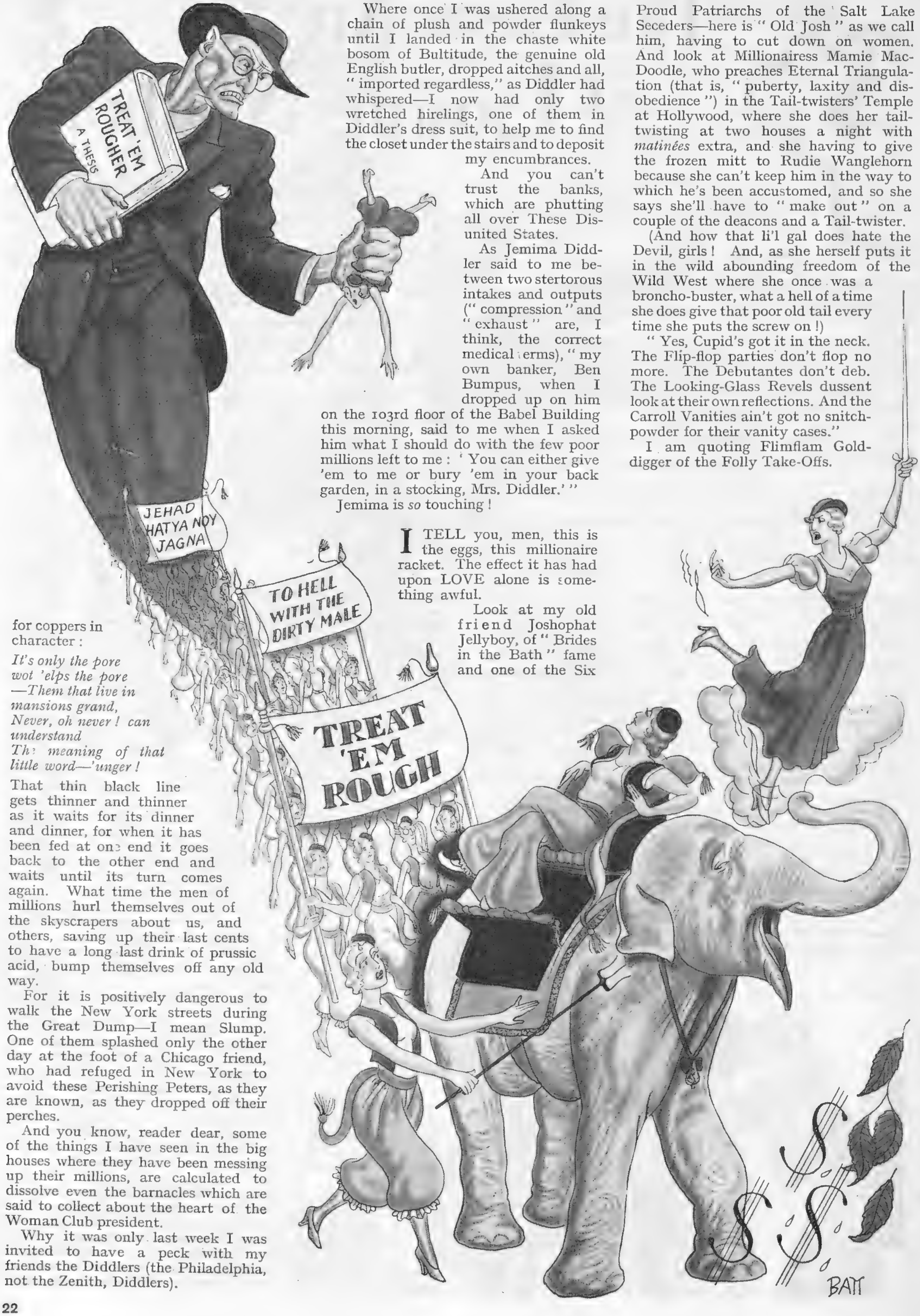
I TELL you, men, this is the eggs, this millionaire racket. The effect it has had upon LOVE alone is something awful.

Look at my old friend Joshophat Jellyboy, of "Brides in the Bath" fame and one of the Six Proud Patriarchs of the Salt Lake Seceders—here is "Old Josh" as we call him, having to cut down on women. And look at Millionairess Mamie MacDoodle, who preaches Eternal Triangulation (that is, "puberty, laxity and disobedience") in the Tail-twisters' Temple at Hollywood, where she does her tail-twisting at two houses a night with *matinées* extra, and she having to give the frozen mitt to Rudie Wanglehorn because she can't keep him in the way to which he's been accustomed, and so she says she'll have to "make out" on a couple of the deacons and a Tail-twister.

(And how that li'l gal does hate the Devil, girls! And, as she herself puts it in the wild abounding freedom of the Wild West where she once was a broncho-buster, what a hell of a time she does give that poor old tail every time she puts the screw on!)

"Yes, Cupid's got it in the neck. The Flip-flop parties don't flop no more. The Debutantes don't deb. The Looking-Glass Revels dussent look at their own reflections. And the Carroll Vanities ain't got no snitch-powder for their vanity cases."

I am quoting Flimflam Golddigger of the Folly Take-Offs.



Just to point the moral and adorn the tale of these Lost Millions, let me take the case of Alabaster, one of the whitest men I know.

The last time I had a snack at Alabaster's Honolulu Hut, we lay on silk cushions, whilst slaves, white as Alabaster himself, sprayed our exhausted bodies with attar of roses, we being wheeled out on electric trolleys by black butlers when we felt unwell.

The banquet was Lucullean, finished up by a delicious game pie as the *pie-de-resistance* and which seemed to hold everything in America, including an altogether lady who emerged from the jelly at the bottom, as Aphrodite, or whoever it was, emerged from the primeval slime.

And what a riot at the end, when a bath of champagne was placed on the festive board into which Tootsie Jimjams took a header, followed by two squirts of a hypodermic with a hish-hash mixture specially imported from China Town, wheeled in by a Mandarin and guaranteed to give you hell with the lid off—and *then* a kick!

And I tell you, it is tough, boys! under the Great Bump.

The Blinderhassetts and Von Rhinos, I hear, are sending their popsey-wopseys to that new Finish-'em-off Conservatoire at the top of Madison, in order to learn the Game of Husband-hooking under the Dump. Hi-jackers are, naturally, first favourites.

"Treat 'em rough!" is now the cry of the infuriated frails, urged on by red hot mommas.

As counterblast, Professor Whelp of Male University has just issued his "Treat 'em rougher!" thesis to the scientific world. In that clarion call to arms, he asserts that the Great Bump has caused the function of the sexes to change and that if a girl refuses to support her he-man in the manner which he has every right to expect, he "should pull his he-man stuff, give her the works, and force her to cough up, by," as he says, for I am quoting from the treatise, "appealing to her sense of womanliness."

The unfair sex have replied by marshalling the three millions of the Women Clubs of America into a Jehad or Holy War against the dirty Male. Indeed, they are quite shirty about it, the only difficulty being that with a certain feminine *abandon* and, indeed, *allure*, they have got it all mixed up with the other Holy War of Birth Control, known as the Slaughter of the Innocents.

Some of them have taken to spanking their husbands, the cry being "Down with the plus-4's" and "Up with the minus-2's!" for the uniform is, I understand, red flannel bloomers cut full over the ombongpong with senatorial *soie* on the side and bell-boy cap worn rakishly over the left earhole, and there is a vaccination mark for sergeant-majors with two punctures for the colonels.

Mrs. Fatty Hardupple (*née* Fatima) is the general, and they tell me that when she rides down Fifth Avenue upon her white elephant Mahatma, her *mujik* on her neck, in her turn up slippers and Turkish drawers cleverly cut in their low-skirtfulness, Fatima looks too cute for anything.

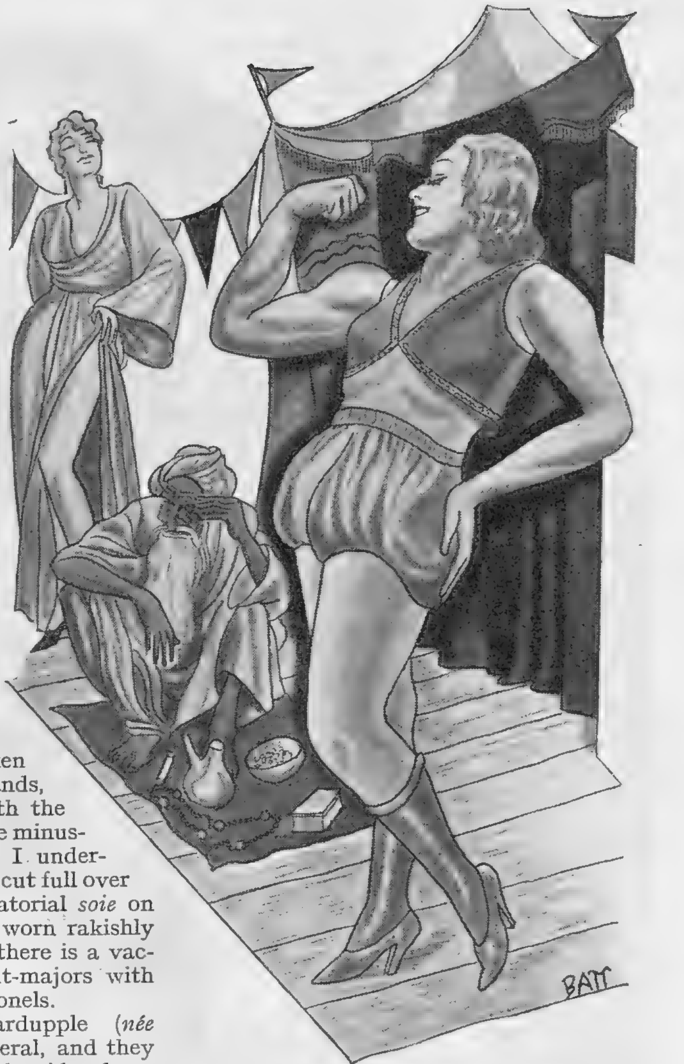
(*N.B.* The *mujik* is not on Fatima's neck but on Mahatma's.)

THE new army of women has had to be uniformed by Woolworth's as it doesn't run these days to the Fifth Avenue *modistes*—for, as the old song has it: "Them days is gone for ever!"

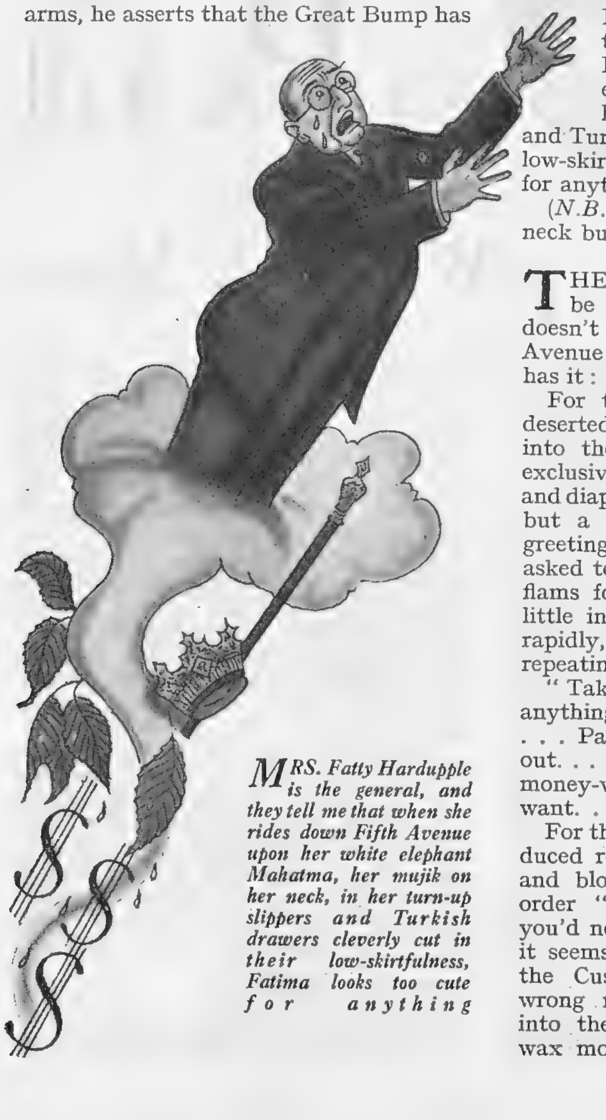
For the Fifth Avenue *magasins* are deserted, and when I went the other day into the "Maison de High Life," the exclusive Parisian house for undie-undies and diaphanous dim-dims, I found nothing but a lot of undressed females, who, greeting me with a waxy stare, when I asked to have a look at some fairy flim-flams for my second cousin, whirred a little inside and spake as follows, very rapidly, and like so many of their sex, repeating themselves literally *ad nauseam:*

"Take-anything-you-like. . . . Take-anything-you-like. . . . Pay-or-be-paid. . . . Pay-or-be-paid. . . . Pay-and-get-out. . . . Pay-and-get-out. . . . It's your-money-we-want. . . . It's-your-money-we-want. . . .

For the High Lifers it seems have introduced robots to take the place of flesh and blood under the Great Clump, in order "to cut down overhead"—but you'd never notice the difference. Also, it seems that by some misapprehension the Customer is always Wrong, the wrong records having been introduced into the gramophones concealed in the wax models.



OLD Copper-Bottom was just heartbroken when Mamie had to do strong women stunts



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One of the waxier ones wanted to hand me the whole caboodle on a platter for anything I cared to offer. And it is fact that I was offered by three ghastly figures with voices out the tomb: (1) a *mousseline de soie* nightgown for evening wear; (2) a *crème de sheen* one-two-piece for leggy women; (3) a *tissue de liane* shimmy for husband hooking; and (4) what my old pal Solomon, of whom I have been writing, would call a "Vanity of Vanities," with watertight compartments in it for everything needful to the Modern Girl, from slimming cream for bulges to an "ennamiline" smile that won't come off and from gents' tormentors to deterrent depilatories for debilitated débutantes (caused by atavism or what the biologists call "returning to type," for I believe the Infernal Feminine is "going native" or something).

No one is going to tell me that the American female of the wealthy classes can't take it in the wind; that they are apt to flop out like a British Heavyweight. No, Sir, you can't pull that stuff on yours to the last drop!

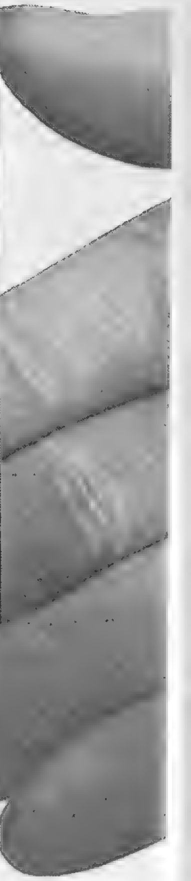
Why, amongst the hard-hit of fortune are a red-headed Russian princess serving as waitress in the Red Hot Mommer Club in Grammercy Park, though if I ever saw plain "Bridget" written on a girl's face, it was that girl's; a real Russian Count as doorman on a Seventh Avenue speakeasy, son of a man named Muldoon and since dis-counted; a Krumanian Queen (*née* Biffkins) with a cat and a crystal

(*Continued on page* 97)

Pearl

By William J. Makin

A TRIO of native pearl divers wearing clips over their noses. These clips are adjusted just before the diver enters the water



PEARLS!

How fascinating they seem against black velvet and beneath the discreet electric light of civilisation! How polished the gentlemen of Bond Street, Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix who condescend to display a few for one's delectation!

Women have been slaves to pearls ever since the first diver emerged from the sea, shaking the salt water from his eyes, gasping for air, but holding in his fingers the dirty grey shell that hides a fortune. Pearls have made history, changed dynasties, bartered love. But the "tears of the sea" are now the "tears of brown and black men." I scowl at the displays in London and New York. I know the price of pearls.

It was in the port of Massowah, in Italian Eritrea, that I first saw the pearls and the pearlers. A Greek had found me lunching on macaroni within a few yards of the Red Sea. He sat himself opposite me, drank a little wine, and talked. Not of the weather. That is a subject one does not discuss in the region of the Red Sea. He talked, as a Greek must inevitably do, of the gamble of life. And in a few moments he disclosed that his particular gamble concerned pearls.

Pearls!

"Would you like to see a few?" he asked.

Draining my glass, I intimated that I would.

He fumbled in his pocket. Then he drew forth several little tied bundles of red cloth. He dumped them down on the table with an air, and untied one of the little bundles. A beautiful pearl was disclosed, glistening white in the bright sunshine.

"Examine it. Hold it up to the light!" he insisted. "You will see that it does not have a single flaw."

He was right. It was a perfect little pearl.

"And the price?" I asked.

His liquid eyes never left the pearl that was now between my fingers.

"Fifty pounds."

I smiled, and shook my head. His fingers stretched out greedily for the pearl and in a few moments it was tied up again within the little red bundle. Then he displayed other pearls. Black, pink, greenish white, and pure white. This Greek carried a small fortune in the pocket of his dirty white jacket.

They were placed in my palm, one by one. It was the black pearl that fascinated me. We began to haggle. Another bottle of wine was ordered. The haggling continued for nearly an hour. At last I rose.

A NATIVE hand driller at work on a pearl

"Enough. Your price is too high. I will not buy the pearl."

The Greek took the black pearl between his fingers.

"No price is too high for this pearl," he said softly. "It cost three lives."

"Three lives?" I was startled.

He nodded. As he tied up the little red bundle he told me the story.

THE divers were working from a big pearling dhow off Dahlak, one of the little group of pearl islands off the coast of Africa and not far from Massowah. One of the divers, a Somali, had plunged overboard and struck downwards with arms and legs for the coral bed that displayed several shells. He had stretched out his hand to take a particularly large shell, when, with startling suddenness, the shell caught his fingers. At the same time his naked foot struck a giant clam. This closed greedily upon him. Its vice-like grip held him. He was trapped, in that dark world of the green depths.

Other divers had risen to the surface. They were expanding their lungs again in the fresh air. None had noticed the trapped Somali below. Some minutes passed before he was missed. A shout was raised. At once two other Somali divers plunged overboard in search of him. They found him. With their knives they prised open the clam and cut the shell of the oyster clear from the sea bed. But it still clutched his fingers as they began to surge upwards.

The divers clawed their way towards the sunlight. Two divers and a drowned corpse. It was at this moment a shark swam into view. There was the swirl of a white belly, a fantastic vision of gaping jaws, and one of the divers was seized. The other diver shot to the surface dragging the drowned man with him.

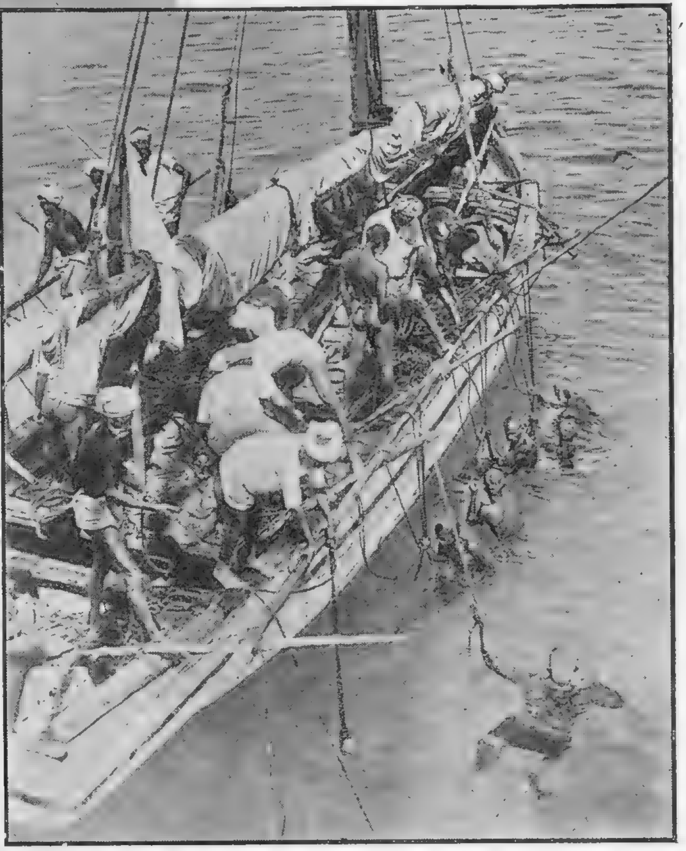
There was no hope for the diver caught by the shark. Black hands stretched over the side of the dhow and dragged the gasping diver and the drowned man aboard. Already streaks of blood were in those pellucid waters, and the crew of the dhow were sounding that cry across the water to the other pearling dhows that told of man-eating sharks: "Huh! . . . huh! . . . huh!"

The cry was taken up.

"Huh! . . . huh! . . . huh!"

Besides the other dhows divers thrust

THE most costly pearl in London. A flawless specimen drilled by one of the hereditary hand drillers of the East



THERE are more black divers than black pearls. Native divers at the side of the boat expanding their lungs again in the fresh air

Divers...

—*But at what a Price!*

their agonised heads from the surface of the water. They clambered quickly aboard. The diver caught by the shark had to be left to his fate. A few bubbles spurting through the blood-streaked sea, and that was all the tragedy revealed.

The drowned man was taken back to land and buried. They had to cut the shell from his hand. And inside it they discovered the wonderful black pearl over which the Greek and myself had haggled.

"... And the third death?" I asked.

"When the wife of the Somali diver who had been caught by the shark heard the news from the men of the dhow, she just nodded her head. There were no tears in her eyes. Only death in her heart. She walked slowly back to the hut, where they had had but three months of married happiness. In the same cold, deliberate manner she took down a curved knife that hung against the wall and plunged it into her heart, the heart that was already dead. And as the life ebbed from her a smile crossed her lips. Once again she saw the man she loved ..."

The Greek finished his story and gazed at his empty glass. He had asked £60 for that black pearl, the pearl of three deaths. Twenty pounds for each life. Such is the price of a pearl diver in the Red Sea.

"I think I would like to see some of these pearl divers," I said.

"That is easy," replied the Greek. "There are more black divers than black pearls."

LATER in the day the Greek took me into the courtyard of an Arab dealer's house in Massowah. The Arab was not only a dealer in pearls, but his house was used as a mart or rendezvous for the pearl divers.

On a little low bench against a clay wall baking in the sunshine squatted a group of divers. Poor, miserable specimens of men. Two of them were blind. They stared into the sunshine with unblinking eyes. Three were stone deaf. Their faces had the feeble grin of those who pretend to understand what is said to them. All had flat chests, the black skins stretched across the bones giving the appearance of deflated, black balloons. Even those divers who were not blind or deaf could have hardly hoped for a decent offer on their poor physique in the slave markets of Hodeidah or Jidda.

"How long have those poor devils been blind?" I asked.

"I should say about three years," replied the Greek.

"And they still dive for pearls?"

"Of course. Blindness does not hinder them when they grope about the sea bed."

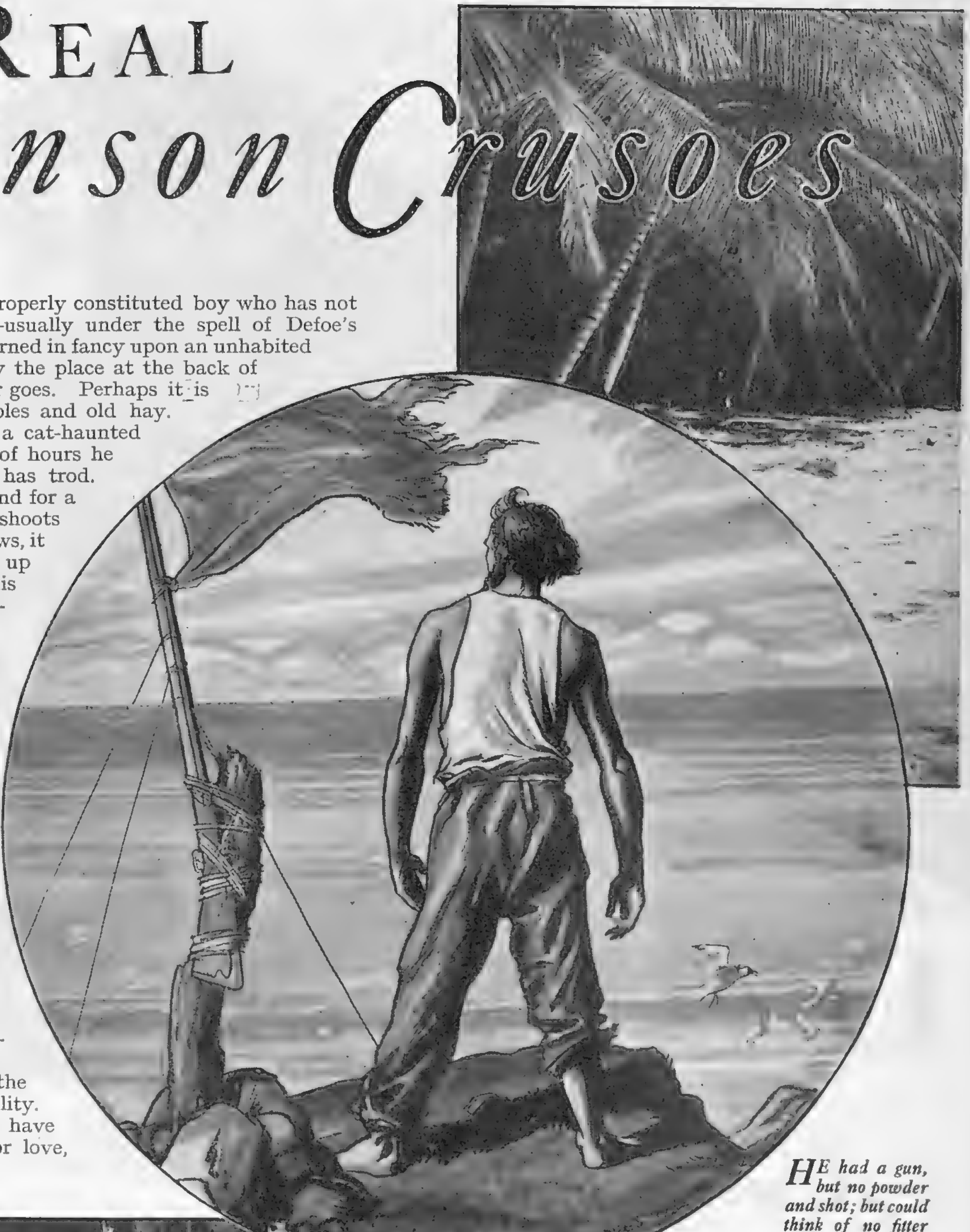
As the Greek talked I began to learn something of the real price of pearls. Diving into the depths soon kills the hearing of a man. For a time there are all the strange murmurs of the sea in his ears. It is as though sea-shells were clasped to his ears. Those strange noises are with him even when he is on land. Startled, he wakes at night, with the gurgle of depths sounding in his brain. Then, one day, the murmur fades away. He has become deaf. He is on his way to becoming a perfect diver.

Those maddening murmurs of the sea are avoided by some Arabs and Africans, who deliberately slit their ears. They know that this slitting, this self-imposed deafness, permits them to go to greater depths than other divers. In the same way they practise holding their breath until the blood seems about to burst through their eyes. A wire clip is fixed on their noses as they dive. And a weight is attached to their legs. There is competition among the divers as to the time of their stay in those blue-green depths.

I believe the record dive for these pearl men is two minutes and a half. Two minutes below the surface of the Red Sea is considered extraordinarily good. Few of them stay below longer than a minute and a half. And when their heads come

(*Continued on page 96*)

REAL Robinson Crusoes



He had a gun, but no powder and shot; but could think of no fitter use for it than as a flagstaff on which to hoist his signal of distress

THERE is, I suppose, no properly constituted boy who has not at one time or another—usually under the spell of Defoe's immortal castaway—sojourned in fancy upon an unhabited island. Perhaps it is only the place at the back of the potting-shed where no one ever goes. Perhaps it is a cob-webbed loft smelling of apples and old hay. Perhaps it is a secluded corner of a cat-haunted vacant lot. But there for a space of hours he wanders in valleys no human foot has trod. He scans the horizon beneath his hand for a sail, in mingled hope and fear. He shoots wild fowl for his larder—mere sparrows, it is true, but what of that? He digs up the fruits of the kindly earth for his sustenance—pig-nuts out of the drying ground, and uncommon gritty eating too, but for the incomparable sauce imagination lends! And then, at last—well, it is beginning to get rather dark and chilly. Pig-nuts don't make a particularly filling meal. There is a warm fire at home, and a rumour of buttered toast—so off goes Robinson Junior home to his tea!

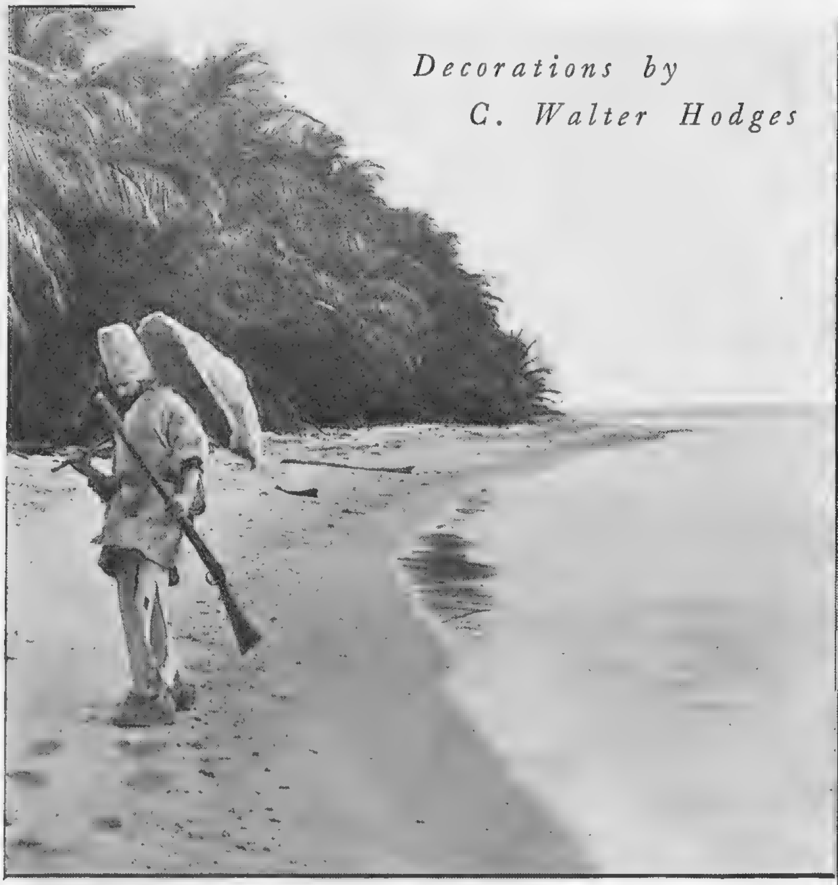
As with the boy, so, too, with Crusoes of a larger growth. In the stress and strain of modern life, most of us, no doubt, have moods when "some undiscovered isle in far-off seas" seems greatly to be desired, with only the solemn voice of the ocean and the multitudinous cryings of countless seabirds to break its solitude.

But man, after all, shares with the greater apes the quality of sociability. True, there are exceptions. People have been impelled at times by religion, or love, or some such driving force, to build themselves nests on pillars, like bachelor storks, or retire into desert places, there to be tempted of the devil in the form of a fair woman. But such only go to prove the rule; and most of the Crusoes of real life have become so either by accident or compulsion, or if of their own volition, only in order to escape from some greater evil.

THE dour Scots privateersman upon whose adventures Defoe in part founded his incomparable romance could not have chosen a much better place for his lonely sojourn. The island of Juan Fernandez, commonly, though quite erroneously, called "Crusoe's Island," lies some three hundred miles from the coast of Chile, in the South Pacific Ocean. Its climate is healthy and temperate. Its waters teem with fish, and its

MR. RICHARD HALLIBURTON, the author and traveller, lived for a month on Tobago, Robinson Crusoe's Island, under the same conditions as that hero of boyhood legend

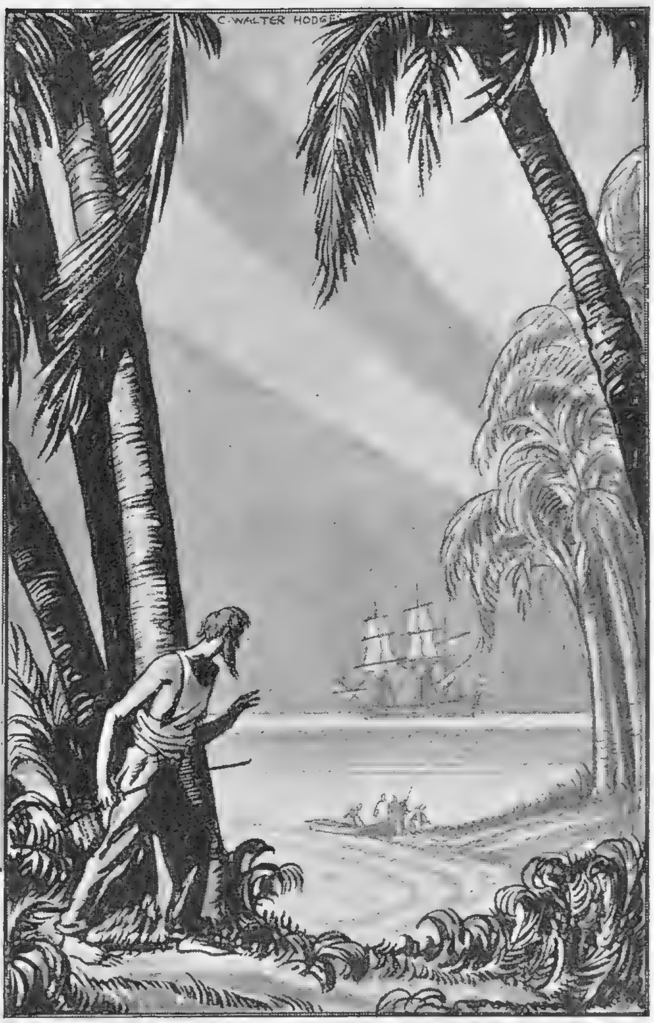
Decorations by
C. Walter Hodges



A MODERN Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Richard Halliburton walking along the seashore of Tobago, where he lived the life, as portrayed by Defoe, for a month

True Tales of Desert Islands

By C. Fox Smith



PHILLIP ASHTON who marooned himself on the Island of Roatan, in the bay of Honduras, to escape from a pirate ship

beaches with barking seals. The woods yield cabbage palms and many kinds of fruit. Goats roam the hills in large numbers, and the supply of water is good and unfailing. Altogether, what the house agents would term a highly desirable and eligible site to be shipwrecked or marooned upon. True, there is an absence of society. But that in Crusoe's day also meant that one had less chance of figuring on the menu in some ceremonial feast, or having one's head pickled and shrunk and converted into a tasteful little ornament for some chieftain's ridge-pole. So perhaps there was something to be said for it.

The Scots mate was not the island's first tenant. In 1681 one Captain Watling, who had succeeded to the command of the buccaneers after their march across the Isthmus of Panama, was surprised by Spanish warships while watering his vessels there, and hastily sailed away, leaving behind a Mosquito Indian, who was ashore hunting goats at the time.

Watling never troubled to go back for him. But that is not surprising. The buccaneers made a practice of taking with them, voluntarily or otherwise, some of these Indians to hunt and fish for them, and discarding them without compunction when they were no longer required for that purpose. When Woodes Rogers visited the Marias group in 1709, he found there a skull believed to be that of an Indian whom Captain Swan took with him in the *Cygnet*, and put ashore on that inhospitable spot when food began to get scarce.

Watling's Indian, however, was a man of resource, and during the three years he spent on Juan Fernandez he probably enjoyed himself a good deal more than he would have done with the buccaneers. He built himself a little hut, which he lined with goatskins, and when his powder and shot gave out he managed with his knife to resolve his gun into its component parts, which he converted into harpoons, lances and fish-hooks. Dampier was there when the castaway was at last taken off the island by Cook and Eaton in 1685; and since Dampier and Defoe were acquaintances, it is quite likely that the great novelist derived some part of the Crusoe story from the account of the nameless Mosquito Indian.

TEN years passed away before the next dweller arrived on Juan Fernandez. Alexander Selkirk was a native of Largs in Scotland, and was serving as mate under Captain Stradling in the *Cinque Ports* galley, one of the two ships commanded by Dampier when he sailed to the South Seas in 1703. Selkirk seems to have been a surly, quarrelsome sort of fellow, and when the ship was watering at the island he fell out so violently with his captain that he demanded to be set ashore there rather than continue to sail under Stradling's command.

One cannot help feeling that there may have been something more behind all this than appears on the surface. The original accounts state that Selkirk had been warned in a dream that the *Cinque Ports* was unseaworthy. But since she leaked like a basket, there was surely no need of any supernatural warning to apprise him of so self-evident a fact. On the other hand, he must have known that the risks he took by staying on the island were at least as great as those he ran by continuing to serve in a leaky ship. His motive for remaining must have been very strong indeed, and, since Juan Fernandez was much resorted to by buccaneers and pirates, it is just possible that he may be regarded as the pioneer treasure-hunter of the Pacific.

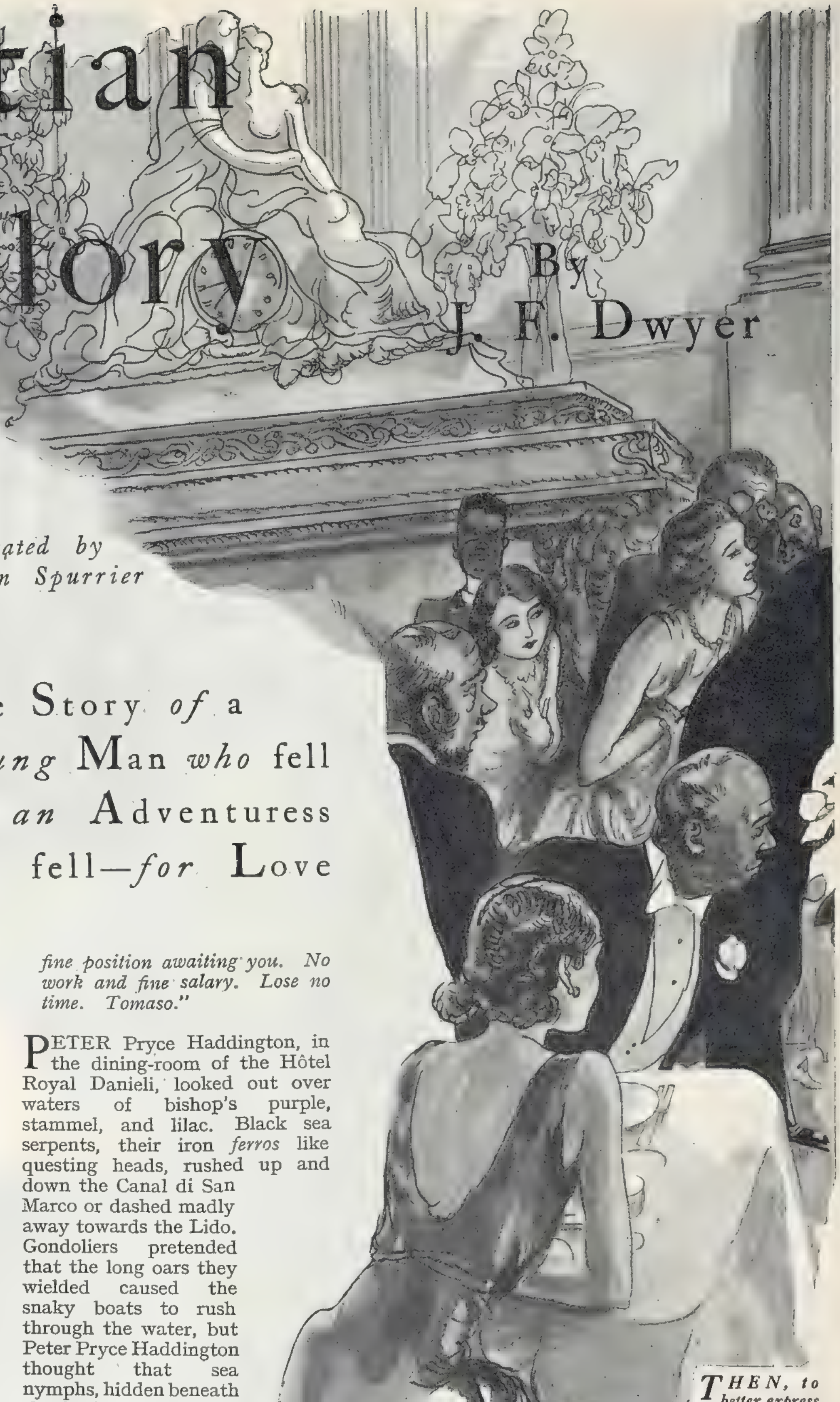
However that may be, Stradling sailed off and left his mate on the beach, and four and a half years passed away before he heard an English voice again. On January 31st, 1709, Captain Woodes Rogers's ships *Duke* and *Duchess* anchored off the island. The smoke of a fire was sighted rising among the trees, but at first a trap was suspected, and it was not until morning that a boat ventured ashore, whose crew, as they approached the beach, saw a man running about waving a white flag, dressed in goatskins, and (*Continued on page* 110)

Venetian Glory

By J. F. Dwyer

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

The Story *of* a Young Man *who* fell for *an* Adventuress *who* fell—*for* Love



THEN, *to better express the value of the service performed by Peter, she fainted*

WHEN Peter Pryce Haddington, of Crowborough, Sussex, arrived in Venice, *La Gazetta di Venezia* devoted a full page to the visitor. *La Gazetta* said that this young Englishman had so much money that he could buy, if he wished, two hundred patrician palaces on the Grand Canal, providing those palaces were for sale. A staff artist made a sketch of a very tall, pipe-smoking Englishman in a tweed suit and Sherlock Holmes cap buying these properties. Carelessly. Oh, so carelessly! Passing over bundles of Bank of England notes for the Palazzo Rezzonico, where Browning died; the Palazzo Mocenigo, where Byron dreamed; the Cà d'Oro, Loredan, Contarini, and other stately but uncomfortable mansions on the splendid waterway.

Startling, that picture. Venetians passed the paper from hand to hand. Of course this Englishman wasn't buying the palaces, but he had the money to do so if he wished. And but twenty-three years of age. Half the years of the Duce! *Madre de Dio!*

It was the English pound that made such a thing possible. The fat English pound! You could stuff so many *lire* into a pound. The detestable pound was the mother-hen of currencies!

In front of Florian's, on the Piazza San Marco, three men, sipping their respective shares of a bottle of *Asti spumante,* studied the page of *La Gazetta.* Three men who, although well dressed, were not gentlemen. Certainly not gentlemen. They were smooth, cold-eyed, watchful persons that wise travellers on the Continent avoid. Who was it that said, in speaking of the pronunciation of the word "Continent," that the syllable *con* should be stressed?

"Twenty-three," murmured one of the trio.

"A young veal," grunted the second.

"If the Contessa were here," muttered the third, "she would hook him like you would hook an eel out of the lagoon."

They looked at each other for a minute without speaking. They drained their glasses as if a sudden impulse had come to all three; they rose together and walked to the telegraph office on the Bocca di Piazza. There they filed a message that ran:

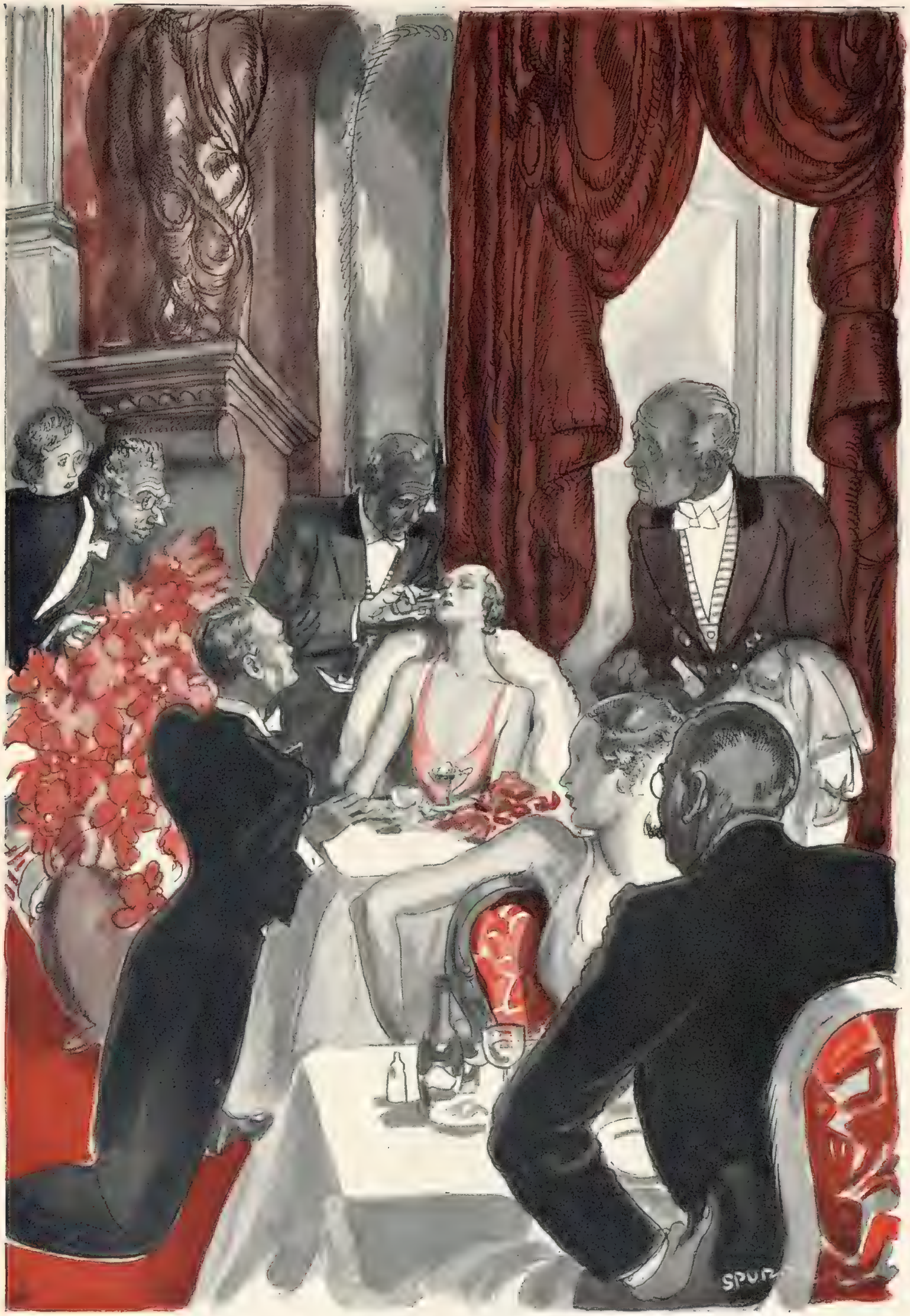
"*Contessa Thérèse Spadoni, Hotel Frascati, Bucarest. Come quickly. Very fine position awaiting you. No work and fine salary. Lose no time. Tomaso.*"

PETER Pryce Haddington, in the dining-room of the Hôtel Royal Danieli, looked out over waters of bishop's purple, stammel, and lilac. Black sea serpents, their iron *ferros* like questing heads, rushed up and down the Canal di San Marco or dashed madly away towards the Lido. Gondoliers pretended that the long oars they wielded caused the snaky boats to rush through the water, but Peter Pryce Haddington thought that sea nymphs, hidden beneath the keels, supplied the real motive power. Peter was only twenty-three.

He wasn't a bit like the picture in the *Gazetta di Venezia.* Not a bit. He was a handsome, fair-haired boy with blue eyes. The bluest eyes in all the world.

It was the moment of the *colazione,* but there were few in the big *salle.* Across the room from Peter a lady was lunching alone. A sweet lady. So innocent-looking, so virginal, so demure. So untouchable, Peter thought.

Peter Pryce Haddington was not a modern. He built pedestals for women. Oh, fine pedestals. Carved them high and handsome out of chivalry, mother-love, and integrity. Women to Peter Pryce Haddington were—well, they were *women.* Laugh if you like. Peter was one of England's finest. Late one Christmas Eve Peter Pryce Haddington walked around Leicester Square and slipped a five pound note into the hand of every girl who smiled too graciously upon him. Bashfully he did it. No priggishness. Begged them nervously to go home because the morrow was the birthday of One who had suffered for them. Sym-



pathised with them. Thought they must be tired. England will always be England while we breed fellows like Peter.

Now the second time Peter glanced at that demure lady in the dining-room of the Danieli a strange thing happened. A necklace that looked like a green serpent slipped from her neck, ran down the adorable curves of her body and curled itself at her feet. The lady was unconscious of her loss. So, so unconscious. She was interested in a little *crostata di frutti* on her plate.

Peter Pryce Haddington rose from his seat, walked swiftly across the room, picked up the necklace of emeralds and presented it to the lady. Did it simply and naturally.

The lady gasped. She grasped her property with fingers that were more beautiful than those of that charming *dogaressa*, Elizabetta Valier. She enveloped Peter with great topaz eyes that were chockful of thankfulness. A little prayer came from her poinsettia-tinted lips. Then, to better express the value of the service performed by Peter, she fainted. Fainted so prettily. Peter supported her when she showed an inclination to imitate the emeralds and slide to the carpet.

Of course you would not have acted as Peter did. You would have known. You have seen a lot going to and fro between the City and West Kensington. But Peter Pryce Haddington had seldom studied life from the top of a bus, and he had no sporty acquaintances who related their experiences with chance females. So you must excuse Peter.

With two tiny glasses of *strega* between them the Contessa Thérèse Spadoni told Peter Pryce Haddington the history of that string of emeralds that had ungallantly tried to leave her glorious neck. Told it in little whispered words that were like fragrant bubbles of sound. Her face, leaning towards Peter, was something that a dreaming boy might see in the vision of a Spring day. The Contessa was the most beautiful woman in Europe. Clever little men who were members of the secret service of various countries thought that she was also the most intelligent.

A sinuous, colourful story that wrapped itself around Peter like silken threads around a submissive spool. A story that possessed fire and beauty and music. A story that pranced over battlefields, through courts and palaces and council chambers. The very devil of a story.

Heady is that Venetian atmosphere. The brittle sunlight, the waters—chromatic, maculated, the Past sitting upon one's shoulders and playing tricks with reason. The whispered words of the Contessa made flame-tinted pictures that rose up between the Hôtel Danieli and the small island of San Giorgio Maggiore. Rose up before the eyes of Peter.

The emeralds were historic. When John of Brienne, that fine old paladin who was once Emperor of Jerusalem, was warring with the Turks there was a Spadoni at his side. A two-fisted fellow. "So big!" whispered the Contess, and her glorious eyes went up to the chandelier. "So big and so brave." Peter swallowed nervously. He saw this old Spadoni of long ago. The little words of the Contessa piled themselves one on top of the other till they built the fellow. Seven feet high. Hawk of trouble. Mowing down Turks in a careless, jaunty fashion.

This old Spadoni had a run-in with a Turkish champion. A husky lad who owned a scimitar the hilt of which was encrusted with emeralds. It was an easy business for Spadoni. He used a *mandritto*, which is a cut from the right, then a *stramazone*—a right-down blow with the point of his big sword—tore the jewels out of the hilt of the dead Turk's scimitar and called it a day.

Of course you would not have believed it. You would have known. But the Contessa Thérèse Spadoni told it well. It was her pet story. She had told it five score times to new acquaintances who, like Peter, had picked up the emeralds when they slipped slowly from her white neck over the beautiful curves of her body to the floor. Many had believed it.

Down through the centuries wriggled the emeralds. Through the hands of kings, of queens, of cardinals, courtesans, adventurers, and mean thieves. Taking their unearthly green fire into palaces and castles, scented boudoirs, dark ghettos, robber dens and slums. Coming back at last to the Spadoni family. Yes, yes, yes! Content now, but naughty. What would have happened if Peter Pryce Haddington had not seen them slip away from the neck of the Contessa on that Spring noon in the gilded salle-à manger of the Hôtel Royal Danieli at Venice?

THERE are cities that are made for lovers, cities whose very stones have been impregnated with romance. Seville and Florence, Lucerne, Avignon, Palermo . . . and Venice.

Peter Pryce Haddington had nothing to do. The Contessa had nothing to do. The blessed wonder of it! The Spring surged up out of the Toscana Marche. Hot, heady, perfumed. Buds snapped open. Gondoliers sang.

The Contessa suggested picnics—luncheon picnics. Why sit in the *salle* of the Danieli with an overstarched waiter passing one food when the fairy places of the lagoon called? Peter gurgled like a puppy. Dear Peter! He had shown the Contessa the miniature of his mother that he carried in his breast pocket. She thought the mother's face adorable. She told him so. She passed her wonderful fingers over the miniature in a most bewitching gesture.

On the evening that Peter showed the picture of his mother the Contessa wrote a little note to that Tomaso who had sent the telegram calling her to Venice. She assured Tomaso and his two friends that all went well. Peter was her prey. She finished with a quotation from Ariosto: "*Natura il fece, e poi roppe la stampa.*" It was quite right for the lady to believe that Nature had made Peter and had then broken the mould. She had had very little to do with young Englishmen of the type of Peter Pryce Haddington.

The Contessa chose the food for the picnics. She loved food. She commanded *aragosta*—the succulent lobsters caught out beyond the Tre Porti; little fat chickens from Mestre; *asparagi di giardino*—the blanched asparagus that gourmets love; strawberries as large as peaches; cheese of Stracchino! And wine! A different vintage for every picnic: Barbéra and Grignolino, Valpolicella, and those round-bellied flasks of Tuscan Chianti swaddled in petticoats of coloured straw.

Peter Pryce Haddington engaged two gondoliers. They waited at the Riva degli Schiavoni each morning. To one was confided the hamper that was carried from the Danieli; on the other, Peter and the Contessa took their places. Little knots of loafers waited to see them embark. Those watchers whispered about the two. The *Signor Inglese* who was so rich that he could buy half of Venice. *Si, si!* And the *signora?* Ah, who could tell! But she was beautiful—so beautiful! Their soft eyes grew moist as they watched the two gondolas slip away over the sunlit waters . . .

To Malamocca and Pelestrina. To Burano, where one day, after lunch, Peter and the Contessa visited the establishment in which hundreds of girls with white deft fingers make the wonderful Venetian lace. Peter bought the Contessa the most marvellous scarf. All the girls ran from their places to look at Thérèse. They thought her beautiful.

"Oh, Peter, they are running to look at you," she whispered.

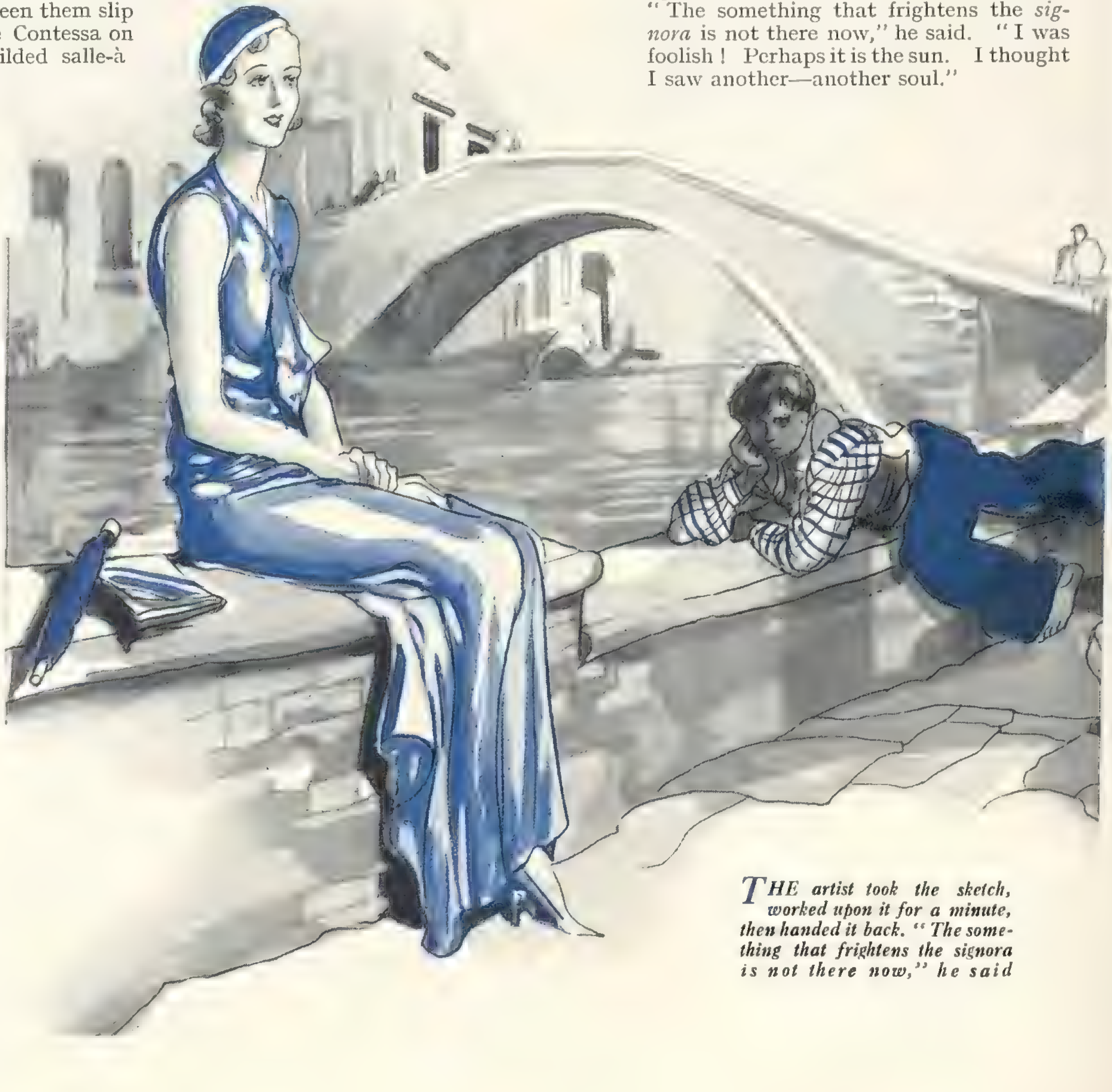
"No, no!" cried Peter, blushing greatly. "They have never seen anyone as sweet as you."

To San Lazzaro, where the monks pray on their little island. The Contessa fed a fat monk with *bar-le-duc*, although he had previously informed them that he had made a vow to eat nothing but plain rye bread moistened with a little wine. But who could resist a delicacy offered by the white fingers of Thérèse?

To Chioggia, where penniless artists vainly attempt to put the beauty of the place on canvas. One of these poor devils asked permission to sketch the Contessa. A clever fellow in his way. His sketch showed something that displeased the lady.

"You—you have put in something—something that frightens me," she murmured. "It is in the eyes! It is bad!"

The artist took the sketch, worked upon it for a minute, then handed it back. "The something that frightens the *signora* is not there now," he said. "I was foolish! Perhaps it is the sun. I thought I saw another—another soul."



THE artist took the sketch, worked upon it for a minute, then handed it back. "The something that frightens the signora is not there now," he said

Peter paid the fellow. He stood staring after the man and the woman as they went down the hill to their gondola.

" He frightened you ? " said Peter.

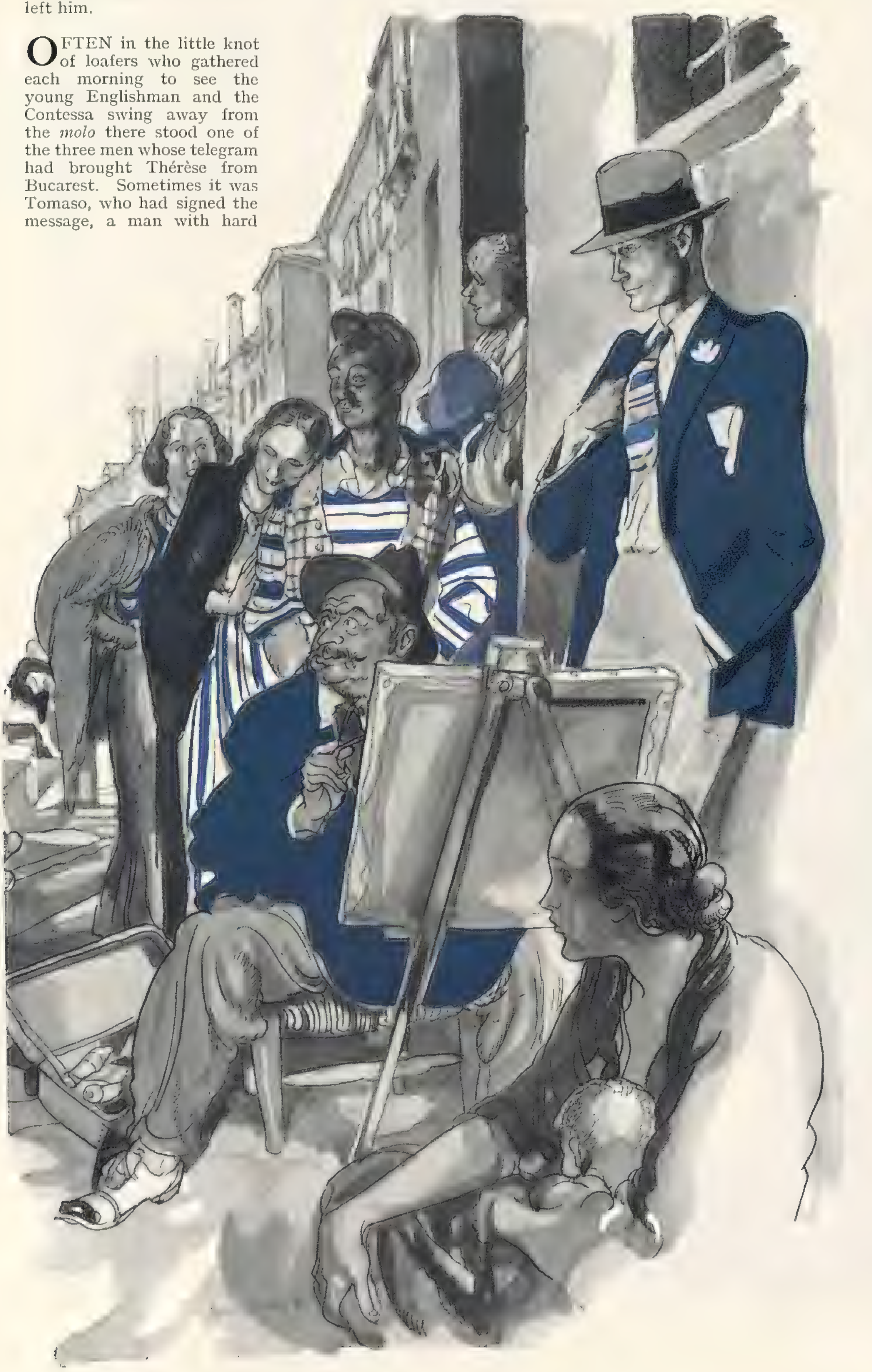
" He—he saw something bad in me," whispered Thérèse.

" The fool ! " cried Peter. " The poor fool ! "

The Contessa looked back. The artist was standing where they had left him.

OFTEN in the little knot of loafers who gathered each morning to see the young Englishman and the Contessa swing away from the *molo* there stood one of the three men whose telegram had brought Thérèse from Bucarest. Sometimes it was Tomaso, who had signed the message, a man with hard glassy eyes and large teeth. On other mornings it would be his friend, Carlo, a sly, sleek fellow who wore much yellow so that one thought of a hornet when he appeared. Then again it would be the third, whose name was Pietro. Pietro's face was scarred with the marks of smallpox. He was known as a very dangerous fellow. Once he had knifed a man on the Campo San Polo ; a legal technicality saved his life.

The three had a perfect right to watch the Contessa embark. They were paying her hotel bill at the Danieli. Often that bill made them squirm. The Royal Danieli is not a cheap hotel. Not at all. And Thérèse did herself well.



Sometimes the topaz eyes of the Contessa caught the glance of the watcher of the day. No sign of recognition passed. Tomaso, Carlo, or Pietro, as the case might be, would just lick their chops like dogs who watched an indolent person bringing them food which they craved.

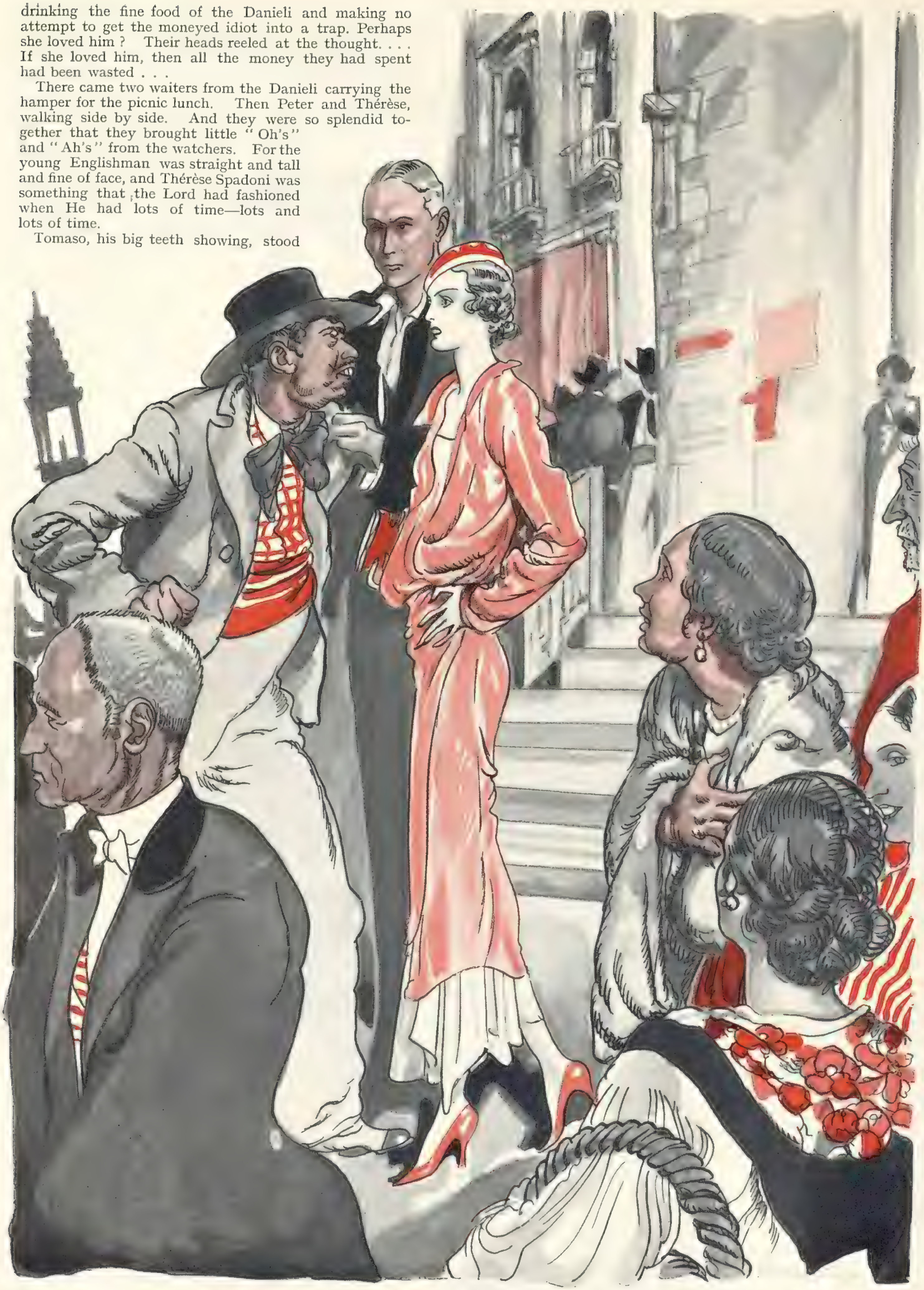
Days strung themselves into weeks. The passion of full summer rose in the green veins of the sea city. Figs showed above the walls of old gardens ; the sun slashed the thick rind of pomegranates so that the packed seeds looked like moist red lips. Peter and Thérèse drifted through long, lazy afternoons. The soul of Venice, which is an old, old soul, wrapped itself around them. A sweet inertia clutched them. They picnicked, talked, reclined upon cushions and sailed through dreamy waterways . . .

There came a morning when the three, Tomaso, Carlo and Pietro, annoyed at the delay in bringing off the coup, came down to the *molo* to view the departure of Peter and the Contessa. These three men were a little crazed over the expenses of the lady they had hired to entangle Peter. In an old house on the Calle Goldoni, an old house that had a strange blue door, they had made calculations. Softly they cursed the venture. By the bones of the blessed St. Chrysostem, what a stream of *lire* was going from them ! And the Contessa gave them no satisfaction. She was impertinent. When they wrote hot notes asking her to fix a moment when they could get the fool Englishman into a compromising position so that the screws of blackmail could be applied, she rebuked them fiercely for their haste. In her own good time she would land her fish. She would take no orders from dogs ! She had used the word to them. *Dogs !*

So, indignant and angry, they came down to the *molo*. The she-devil ! They would frighten her. Eating and drinking the fine food of the Danieli and making no attempt to get the moneyed idiot into a trap. Perhaps she loved him? Their heads reeled at the thought. . . . If she loved him, then all the money they had spent had been wasted . . .

There came two waiters from the Danieli carrying the hamper for the picnic lunch. Then Peter and Thérèse, walking side by side. And they were so splendid together that they brought little "Oh's" and "Ah's" from the watchers. For the young Englishman was straight and tall and fine of face, and Thérèse Spadoni was something that the Lord had fashioned when He had lots of time—lots and lots of time.

Tomaso, his big teeth showing, stood



TOMASO, his big teeth showing, stood directly in the path of the woman. Her topaz eyes flamed, but he did not move. Tomaso was insane at that moment directly in the path of the woman. Her topaz eyes flamed, but he did not move. Tomaso was insane at that moment.

Then Peter acted. Good humouredly he reached out a muscular hand, took Tomaso by the lapel of the coat and swung him easily out of the way. "A little sea-room, friend," he said, laughing. "One cannot walk through you."

Tomaso unloosed a torrent of abuse which Peter, shy on argot, could not understand.

"What does he say?" asked Peter, turning to Thérèse, and his blue eyes hardened as he asked the question.

"It is nothing, Peter!" she cried, trying to edge herself between her escort and Tomaso. "He is mad! Please, for my sake, take no notice of him!"

Peter's eyes were upon Tomaso's face; Tomaso saw the blue flame in their depths and shrank back. The Englishman had big muscular hands that might strangle an antagonist quickly.

PETER and Thérèse went to Murano that morning. To Murano where all the fragile Venetian glass is blown by glass-workers whose fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers worked in the same kilns. Peter bought a vase for Thérèse. A vase so beautiful that it caught the tints of the lagoon and held them.

"I am like that vase," said the Contessa, as the gondola brought them back to the sea city. "I am a piece of blown glass that a fool can shiver into atoms."

"Nonsense!" cried Peter. "You have great strength. I thought to stay in Venice a week, and now—and now I cannot leave."

"Don't go, Peter dear," whispered the woman. "If you go—Peter! *Peter!*"

"What is it?" asked Peter. "You are sad. Why?"

The Contessa Thérèse Spadoni stared at the *ferro* of the gondola. Her voice was the faintest whisper. "Peter, dear," she breathed, "would you loan me ten thousand *lire?*"

"Why, yes," answered Peter. "You can have it the moment we get back to the hotel. More if you want it."

"Dear, sweet Peter," murmured the Contessa. Holding the vase on her lap she remained silent till they reached the Riva degli Schiavoni. The big topaz eyes looked around fearfully at the watchers, but Tomaso and his friends were not there. . . .

That evening, after dinner, the Contessa took a gondola to the house in the Calle Goldoni. She ordered the gondolier to wait.

Carlo opened the door. He shrank back from her as she entered. The Contessa Thérèse Spadoni had a certain tigerish quality about her.

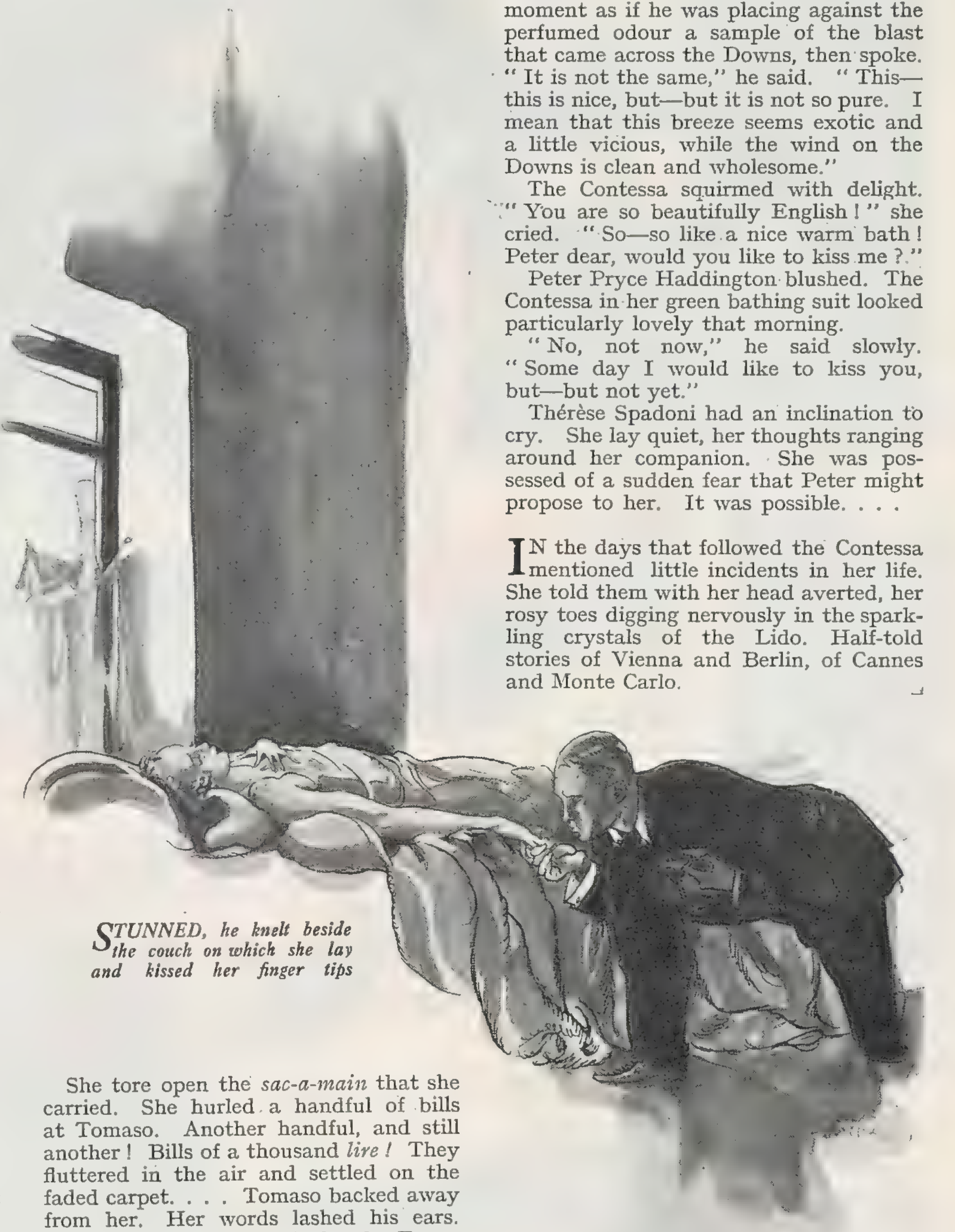
"Tomaso?" she hissed.

"In there," stammered Carlo, pointing to the door of the salon.

Tomaso was deftly winding macaroni round his fork when the woman entered. He opened his mouth to speak, but the anger visible on the face of the visitor halted him. He wiped his lips hurriedly and waited. He told himself at that moment he was a fool to engage the lady in front of him for any work at all. He and his two confederates lacked the ability to control her.

If Tomaso held the tribune that morning on the *molo* he had little chance for speech-making when Thérèse started. He wilted before her biting attack. Her words were so many stilettos that pricked him furiously.

"Assassin! . . . Dog! . . . Slime of a dead canal! . . . Louse of the ghetto! . . . Rat of the Venetian sewers! . . . How dare he stand in her path in an attempt to intimidate her? . . ."



STUNNED, *he knelt beside the couch on which she lay and kissed her finger tips*

She tore open the *sac-a-main* that she carried. She hurled a handful of bills at Tomaso. Another handful, and still another! Bills of a thousand *lire!* They fluttered in the air and settled on the faded carpet. . . . Tomaso backed away from her. Her words lashed his ears. Everything had been calculated. Every single *lira*. Even the price of the telegram that he had sent calling her from Bucarest. . . .

When Thérèse left she had to open the door on the canal with her own hands. Carlo had listened at the keyhole of the salon and had bolted to the rear of the house.

AUGUST trampled on a golden July. Friends, here and there on the Continent, wrote Peter Pryce Haddington begging him to visit them. But Peter stayed. Life seemed strangely soothing.

They went bathing daily at the Lido. They took sun baths on the white sand. Lazily they talked. Of simple things. Childish things. Peter told her of Crowborough. Of sweet Sussex. His words were cleansing to the soul of the woman. Wonderfully cleansing. . . .

He brought up before her eyes the picture of the Crowborough home. Quiet, peaceful, truly English. He told of walks on the South Downs. "The wind there is wonderfully sweet," he said gently.

Thérèse smiled. Peter was such a child. "But the wind here is wonderful," she murmured, holding up her pink toes to the breeze that came off the Adriatic.

Peter sniffed hungrily, paused a moment as if he was placing against the perfumed odour a sample of the blast that came across the Downs, then spoke. "It is not the same," he said. "This—this is nice, but—but it is not so pure. I mean that this breeze seems exotic and a little vicious, while the wind on the Downs is clean and wholesome."

The Contessa squirmed with delight. "You are so beautifully English!" she cried. "So—so like a nice warm bath! Peter dear, would you like to kiss me?"

Peter Pryce Haddington blushed. The Contessa in her green bathing suit looked particularly lovely that morning.

"No, not now," he said slowly. "Some day I would like to kiss you, but—but not yet."

Thérèse Spadoni had an inclination to cry. She lay quiet, her thoughts ranging around her companion. She was possessed of a sudden fear that Peter might propose to her. It was possible. . . .

IN the days that followed the Contessa mentioned little incidents in her life. She told them with her head averted, her rosy toes digging nervously in the sparkling crystals of the Lido. Half-told stories of Vienna and Berlin, of Cannes and Monte Carlo.

The stories annoyed Peter. They made him uncomfortable.

"I would sooner not hear them," he said stubbornly.

"But telling them helps me," said Thérèse.

"How?" he demanded.

"In my effort to make you understand me," she murmured.

Peter considered the answer. "That—that was another Thérèse," he said softly.

They became known to beggars. The Contessa chose the persons to whom Peter

(*Continued on page* 109)

MIRIAM HOPKINS outside her beach house between Malibu and Santa Monica

LEFT: Ronald Colman, wearing the kind of clothes he likes best, with Warner Baxter and Miss Marjorie Evelyn, the sister of Mrs. Clive Brook

Hollywood-*on*-

Where Film Stars live, away from the studios: Beach Houses and Amusement Parks on the Pacific Coast

HOLLYWOOD-ON-SEA is within half an hour of the chief studios and palaces of Beverly Hills. It begins at Santa Monica, which is announced on various road signs as twelve miles from Hollywood Boulevard. It continues south, along the coast, as far as Lajolla, which is nearly in Mexico, and north as far as Zuma Bay, a new beach development that is half-way to Santa Barbara.

This long stretch of coastline is dotted with houses belonging to the celebrities of the screen, from the thickly populated district round Santa Monica and Malibu to the occasional houses purchased by film stars in Lajolla, and the straggling beach camp that belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks at Laguna, which is between Lajolla and Santa Monica on the map.

The little towns and bays which have attracted the attention of screen favourites, as offering a certain amount of seclusion and peace, together with any quantity of fresh air, tennis and bathing de luxe, have alluring names. Starting furthest north is Zuma Bay, then Malibu, then Miramar del Monte, then Santa Monica, then Ocean Park, followed by Venice, Palisades del Rey, Huntingdon Beach, Laguna, San Clemente, Lajolla. In all these places film stars have their week-end and holiday homes; many of them, in fact, live all the year round in the houses they have had built at the edge of the Pacific Ocean.

MALIBU is the best-known section of Hollywood-on-Sea. Imagine a long sweeping curve of sandy beach, with houses that rival Joseph's coat for colours. Some are of wood, some of bricks, some are mere shacks, others are very palatial palaces, with eight or ten bedrooms and garage space for a fleet of cars. Behind the houses runs the private roadway, where cars draw up, depositing their occupants at the back door in the most casual fashion. There are no real front doors to the houses at Malibu, unless one counts the screen doors opening on to wide porches and thence to a strip of private sandy beach, and so straight into the waves of the Pacific.

The main road to San Francisco is flung like a wide smooth ribbon between the private roadway and the ridge of low hills that is named Rancho Malibu. There is a large notice at the entrance to the private road stating that only owners of houses and friends going to visit them may enter. There is a watchman who keeps a very alert eye on every car that goes through; and if he has reason to suspect that its occupants may have strolled along one of the duck-board walks at the side of some house and so wandered on to the beach beyond, he marches off to confront them.

"Which house are you visiting?" he demands; and if their reply is unsatisfactory or unconvincing, he bundles them off, *sans cérémonie*, back into their car and away from the sacred precincts of Malibu Beach, where film stars pay high prices for privacy. When Malibu first became a beach centre there were no telephones in any of the houses, though each one had its private bathroom, garage and refrigerator.

The idea was that when a film star arrived at Malibu the studio would be forgotten, and any call to work made so difficult that a day of complete peace would be obtained. The only way messages could be sent to the clustering beach cottages was by means of a telephone call sent to the only shop within miles—a general store about a mile and a half further north. From there a boy was dispatched on a bicycle, if he could be found; and eventually a message would reach its destination. But the process was known to be so doubtful and difficult that any star who declared no such message had ever been received was believed! Malibu Beach, in consequence, was not beloved by the Studio authorities.

Recently, however, the ubiquitous telephone has made its presence seen and heard, in more than one house; and for early lovers of Malibu much of its charm has gone. Neverthe-

ABOVE: The permanent beach camp near Laguna that belongs to Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

SEA

By Margaret Chute

less, houses continue to be built, old clothes continue to be worn, people wander from house to house along the sand, stopping for a game of poker here, some tennis there, some ping-pong or a darts tournament elsewhere. Informality is the keynote of Malibu. Dress as you please, sun-bathe when you wish; sing, shout, dance, race along the sands; swim half a dozen times a day, scatter sand all over the house, play bridge, or go fishing, just as the fancy takes you. Then you will prove you are really at home on Malibu's curving shore.

REGULAR residents are Leila Hyams and her husband, Phil Berg, and Herbert Brenon, the English film director, who finds Hollywood a happy place in which to work. Mr. Brenon has two houses side by side on Malibu Beach; there is a tennis court at the back of the larger house, which is called "Peter Pan," in view of the fact that Mr. Brenon directed the film version of Sir James Barrie's play. The adjoining house has been christened "Beau Geste," since its owner did almost the finest work of his career when he brought Mr. Wren's famous novel to the screen—and Ronald Colman to permanent fame.

Perhaps that is the reason Mr. Colman may be seen wandering from his own "shack," a hundred yards or so further south along the beach, towards Mr. Brenon's hospitable gate. In ancient canvas trousers and a tieless shirt Mr. Colman appears, armed with a bouquet of tennis racquets, ready for a hard afternoon on the tennis court, followed by a swim before dinner out to Bertie Brenon's private yacht, which rides jauntily at anchor right opposite the brace of houses. Their owner does that swim practically every day when he is at home, and several of his guests accompany him. Ethel Levey and her husband, Claude Grahame White, were playing bridge and tennis, respectively, at Mr. Brenon's last time I was there; every celebrity of the film and artistic world finds the way to "Peter Pan" or "Beau Geste" sooner or later. Not to have been present at a Brenon Sunday afternoon tennis party is not to have known Hollywood-on-Sea at its finest and gayest.

A COTTAGE by the sea. Laura La Plante and her husband, William Seiter, on the porch of their new beach home at Malibu

LEILA HYAMS has a fascinating house that is a study in black, white and blue; its bright blue fence is one of the landmarks of Malibu Beach. All the year round Miss Hyams and her husband drive the twenty odd miles from Hollywood to the beach and sleep with the booming of the Pacific waves in their ears, while white venetian blinds encourage the sun to wake them early in the morning.

Ronald Colman's establishment is a genuine bachelor's shack; it is built of wood, and very simply furnished. The English film star likes to inhabit this fastness during the middays of the week, when very few of the other houses are occupied. Then he can be as free as the air he breathes, and any question of (*Continued on page 104*)

HERBERT BRENON, the famous film director, has two houses side by side on the beach at Malibu, where he lives all the year round

Dragged *from a* Dungeon *in the* Bastille
but *to* win Release—*and* Romance—

His Majesty's Aer

The Story of two early Balloon
drifted to Freedom, as the human
novel spectacle to please a

By
J. G. Sarasin

ON the day that a certain illiterate peasant called Bastien was brought up from his Bastille dungeon, he felt convinced he was going to be hanged, and accepted his destiny placidly. He had lain on his straw pallet, and paced his dark cell, during eighteen years, expiating his ignorant bearing of a letter of State importance, till now he had quite forgotten why he had been immured at all, though he longed to creep back to his filthy lair and hide himself from the world.

Bastien was deeply disturbed by the strange fact that his gaolers treated him kindly, leading him down a long passage when he was too dazzled to see his way. They brought him forth into a sunlit courtyard flanked by gigantic towers, gave him a glass of wine, as he seemed about to faint, then he was hastily pushed into a waiting coach, which went lumbering away past the governor's house and over a drawbridge, out into the Rue St. Antoine, and off to the open country.

Now he began to realise that he was not going to be hung, though the fresh spring air and the good wine soon served to confuse his wits. He fell sleeping between two warders, and when he woke, he could scarcely believe his eyes. The vehicle had travelled about four leagues while he slumbered dreamlessly. It was rolling along an elm-bordered avenue terminating in a stately mass of buildings. He blinked in an astonished way at the noble façade of cold stone pierced with hundreds of formal windows. This white, monotonous aspect struck fresh terror to his heart, but he ventured to turn to the younger warder and address him very humbly.

"Will you be so good as to tell me if this place is a prison?"

"T'is His Majesty's Palace at Versailles," the man replied at last.

The coach came to a halt at the end of the avenue. The driver swung down from his box and opened the door. Bastien was hauled unceremoniously out, the warders descended after him, and led him away through a great doorway on his left. He walked between them with his head sunk on his breast, and, when he dared to look up again, he gave a harsh cry of astonishment. They had emerged into a wonderful scene where glittering fountains played in the sunlight, and rare flowers cast their rich perfumes upon the morning air. A vast crowd waited round some hidden object in a respectful silence that intrigued the little man.

"If you please," he ventured with sudden daring, "why are they all so quiet?"

"They are in the presence of King Louis the Sixteenth."

Bastien looked instinctively towards a tall, stout personality with two chins, an awkward bearing, and a covered head. He saw that the rest were without their hats, and lifted his hand at once, then remembered he had nothing to remove, and sighed submissively.

His warders led him forward till they came to an open space. He rubbed his dazed eyes as they fixed themselves on an extraordinary sight. Over the silent, excited crowds hung something like a half-distended soap-bubble attached to a pliable pipe leading to a cistern surrounded with casks. Lackeys were busily filling them with metal filings, and the faint stench that drifted towards him made his throat burn unpleasantly. The netting-covered, shining ball began to increase in size, and drift to and fro on the wind. Eight men held it down with ropes, but it tugged against its fastenings, until a round, wicker basket beneath rasped along the pavement.

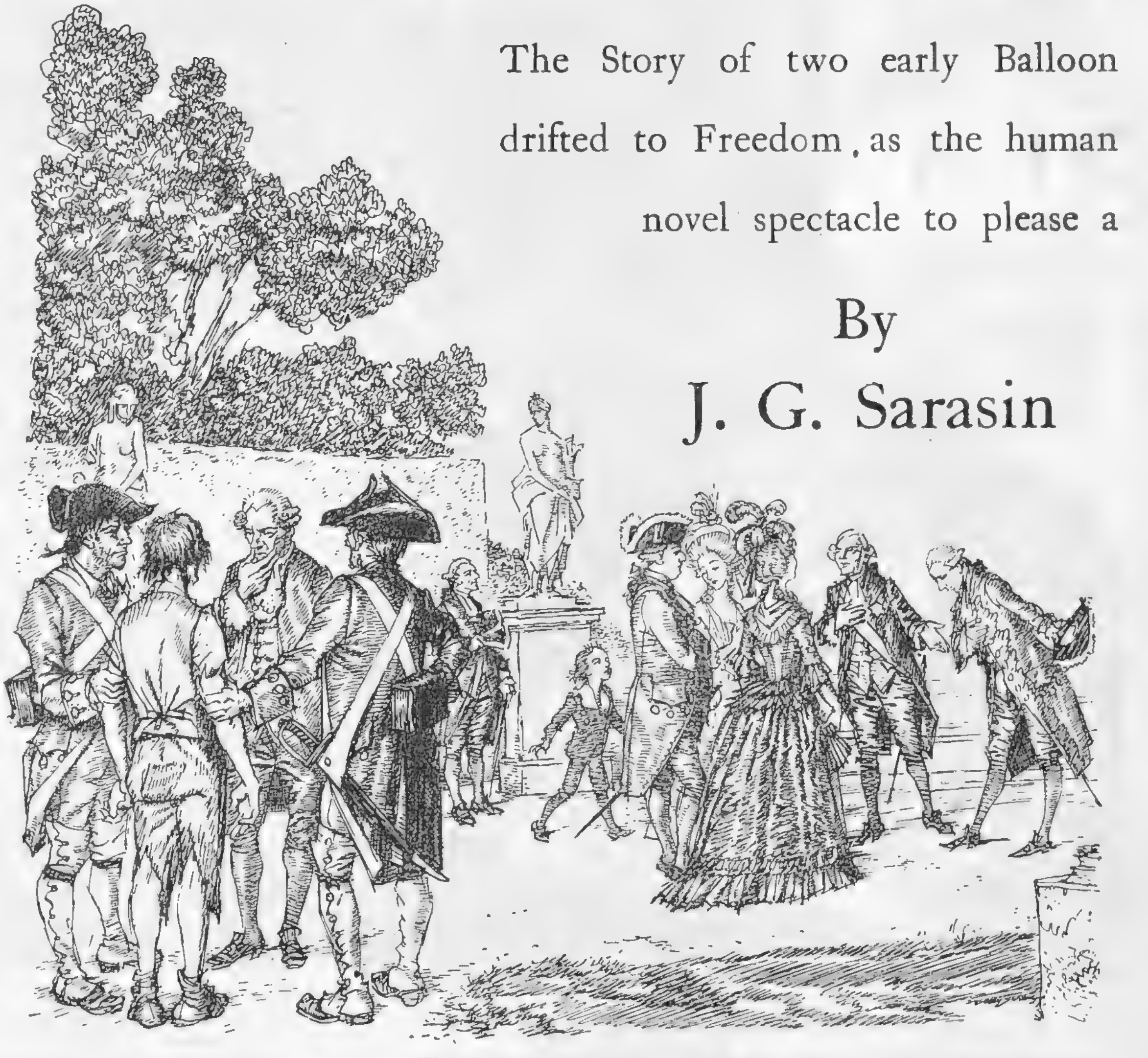
"Please," said Bastien, "is this some new kind of torture?"

"It is a Great Invention," replied the younger warder.

"What does it do?" he demanded, as he stared up at the gleaming, varnished shape. "I am sure it is going to explode," he added anxiously.

The two warders, laughing, exchanged glances. "It goes up," they said together.

"Up where?" asked Bastien, blinking at the sun over his head, and at that moment a tall man with a provincial aspect came swiftly across the



This, Monsieur Montgolfier, is the prisoner Bastien, who is of no value at all.

gardens, and surveyed him with criticism.

"Is *this* the fellow?" he asked in contempt. "What a miserable vagabond!"

"This, Monsieur Montgolfier, is the prisoner Bastien, who is of no value at all. No one is quite sure why he was in the Bastille, as his record has been lost."

"Let us hope he does not disappear after it," said the inventor. "'Tis a very good balloon, made of the best materials. I meant to ascend in it with my brother, but he had to go back to our workshops, and my physician forbids me to go up at all, as I have been abed with a chill. His Majesty would not wait for the exhibition, so I had to find fresh ballast. Come—— We must stow him away at once, as the King grows most impatient."

BASTIEN was conducted across the gardens till he stood cowering before the swollen, shining thing that tugged violently at its ropes. He realised that he was becoming part of the whole mystery, and uttered a loud cry of alarm that roused sudden laughter from the crowds. He felt half-choked by the noxious fumes arising from the cistern, and looked round him in a wild desire to make a dash for freedom, but his warders held him by both arms, while Monsieur Montgolfier looked into his frantic eyes and spoke in an authoritative voice.

"Bastien, the King has honoured me by testing my invention, and honoured you by providing a chance to redeem the past. We are going to put you into yonder basket, then we shall cut the ropes, and soon you will go sailing over Versailles." He pointed towards the wicker basket, which was divided into three partitions. "Inside are wine, bread and meat to satisfy your needs. As the balloon begins to sink, you will throw some bags of sand over the side. When they are all gone, the balloon will drift back to earth again. It cannot expand unduly under the heat of the sun, as I have fitted valves. If you are alive when you land, you will have nothing more to fear. The King has ordered this ascent for the anniversary of a royal birthday, and declared that you will be a free man if you survive the adventure. Have courage—— I have ascended several times, and never experienced an accident——"

Bastien had listened with outward submission, but now he flung himself on the ground, and burst into a babble of words. "What is happening to me?" he wailed. "Please take me back to prison. I shall be frozen, or blow up, or go mad——Have pity on me, Monsieur!"

"Throw him in," said the inventor calmly, "with the rest of the ballast," and then he turned upon his heel, and went to inspect the cistern.

—*not* to hang

as

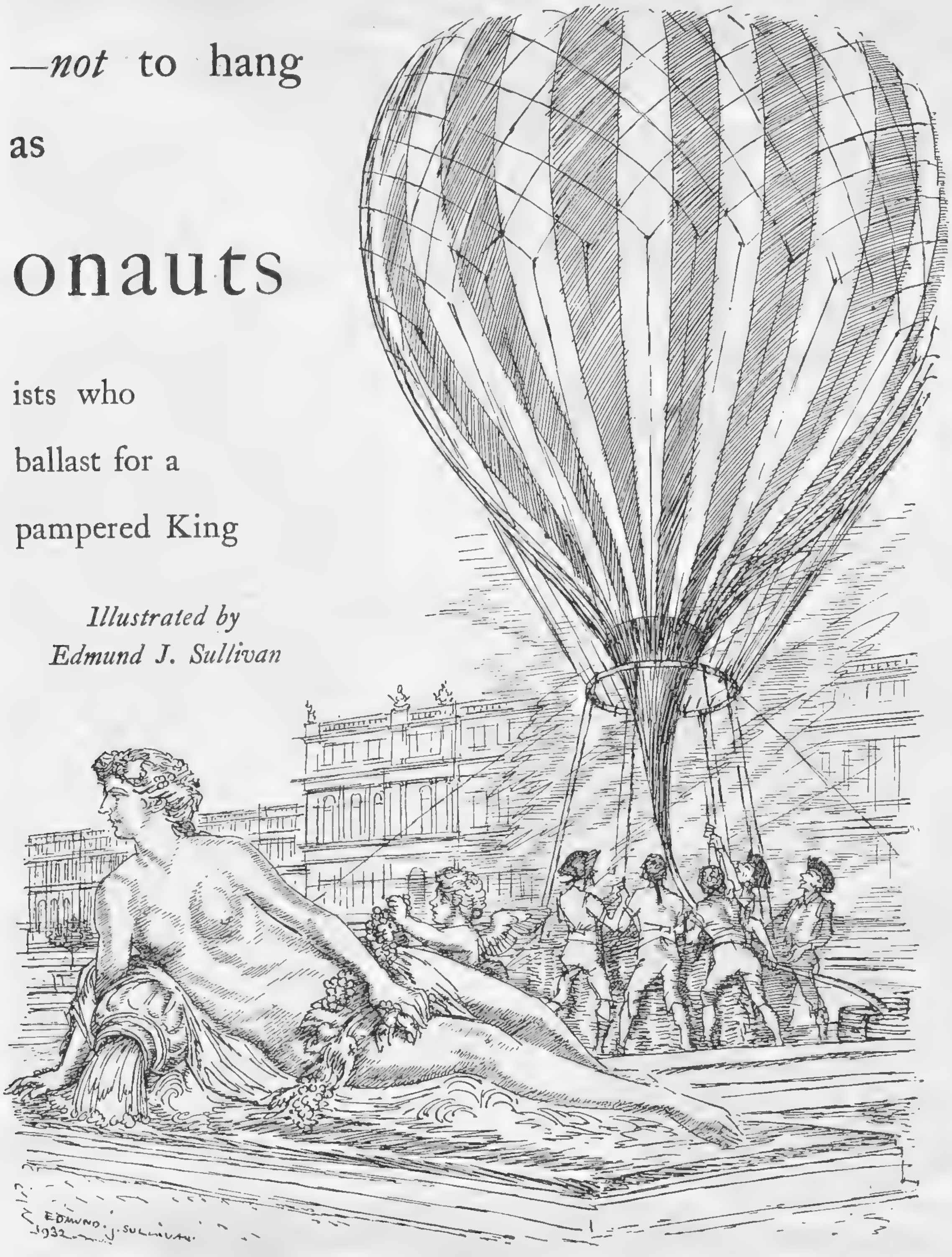
onauts

ists who

ballast for a

pampered King

Illustrated by
Edmund J. Sullivan

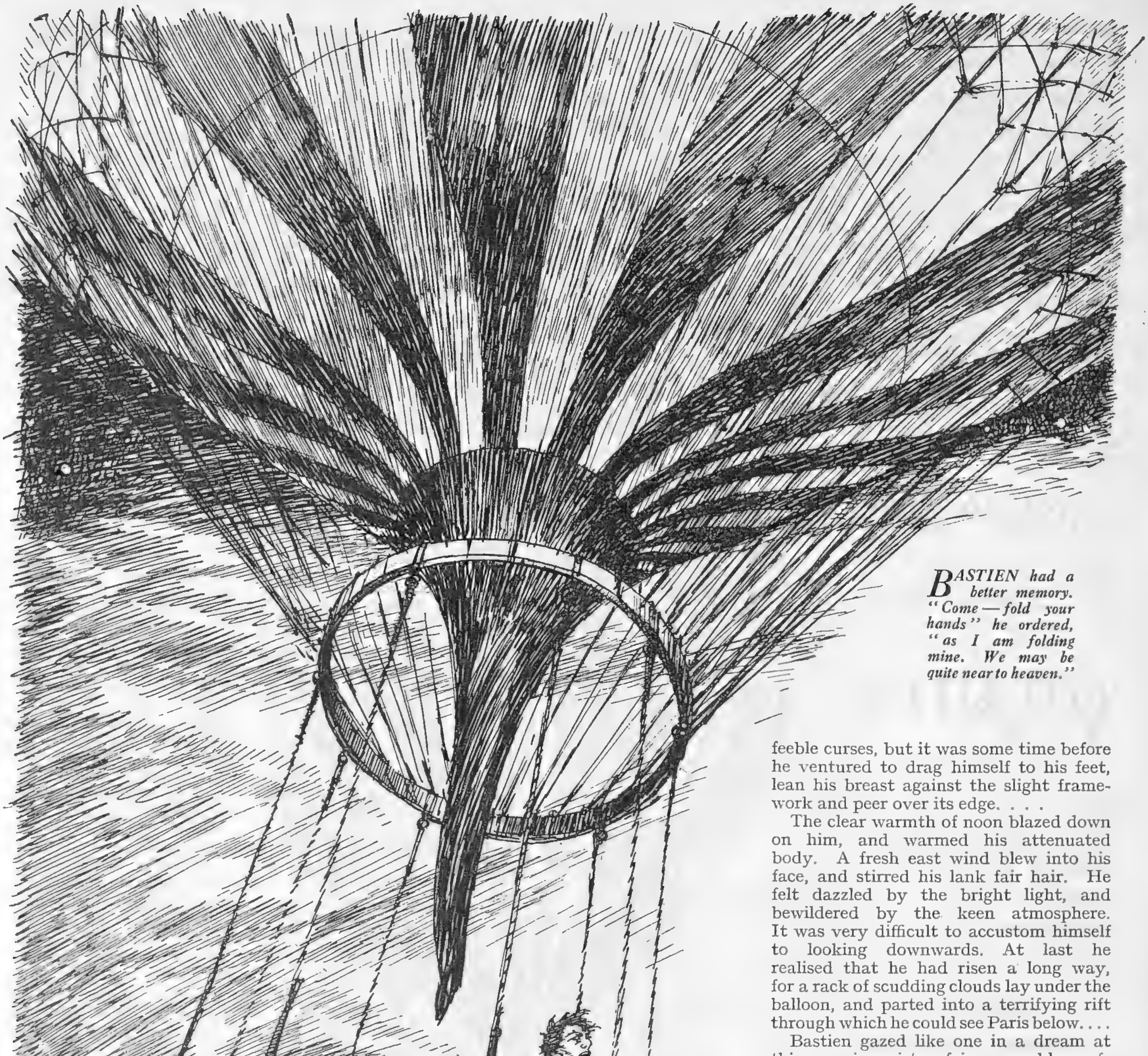


No one is quite sure why he was in the Bastille, as his record has been lost.

The wretched man was hauled up from the ground, and swung into the basket. He fell in a heap in the nearest partition, and clutched at the floor in terror. He heard running feet around him, a sudden shock as a heavy weight descended close by, then two lesser impacts. The basket was dragged forward, and the long pipe disconnected, and the great balloon, swinging over his head, blotted out the sun. He was half-choked by the fumes around him, and cowered down with his head between his knees. A quick order was given, and a great murmur of voices began, then suddenly the basket shot upward with such violence that he pitched across the partition. He struck his temple against its side, and the blow rendered him senseless. He never knew when he was finally abandoned to the elements. . . .

Bastien came to himself a long while later, and began vaguely wondering if his prison cell had shrunk during the night, and why he could feel the sunshine. He lay very still with his eyes closed, for a vague nausea possessed him. The floor seemed to be stirring under his hands with a slow undulation. Suddenly he was violently sick, and afterwards he felt better. He ventured to look around him, then became spellbound with alarm.

Overhead was the bright blue sky, and masses of wind-driven clouds, and a gigantic, circular object most alarmingly distended. Around him was a curved wicker wall and two plaited partitions. He remembered everything at last, and lay babbling



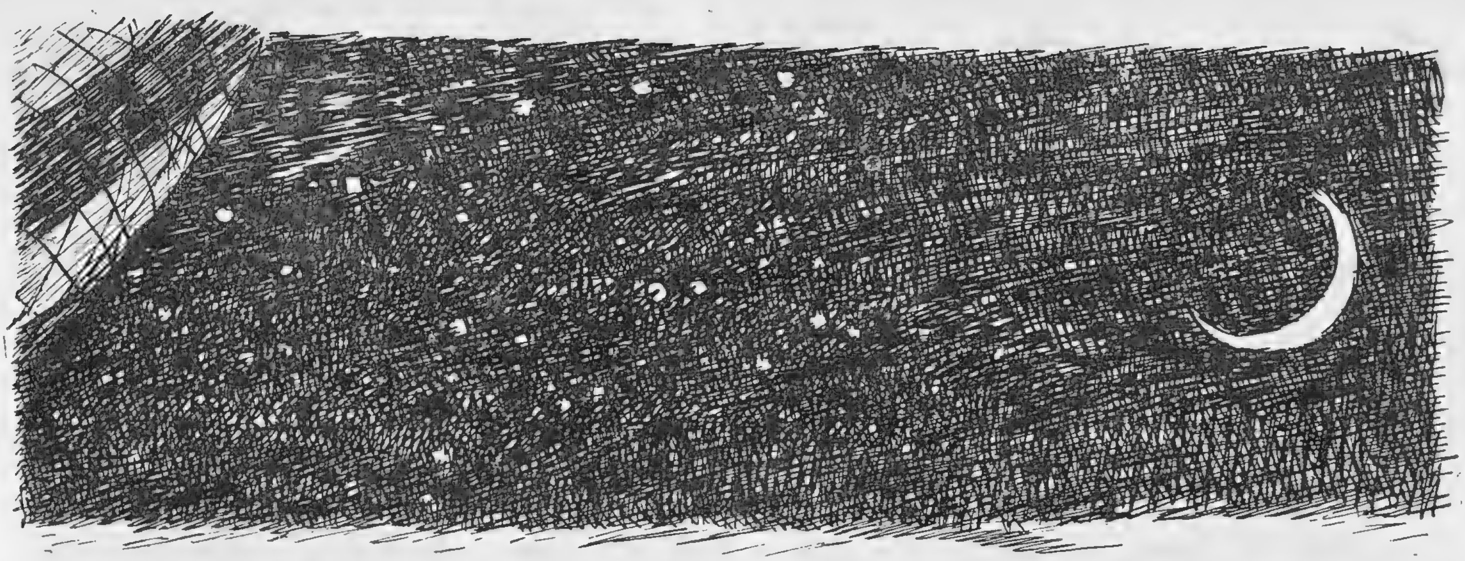
BASTIEN had a better memory. "Come — fold your hands" he ordered, "as I am folding mine. We may be quite near to heaven."

feeble curses, but it was some time before he ventured to drag himself to his feet, lean his breast against the slight framework and peer over its edge. . . .

The clear warmth of noon blazed down on him, and warmed his attenuated body. A fresh east wind blew into his face, and stirred his lank fair hair. He felt dazzled by the bright light, and bewildered by the keen atmosphere. It was very difficult to accustom himself to looking downwards. At last he realised that he had risen a long way, for a rack of scudding clouds lay under the balloon, and parted into a terrifying rift through which he could see Paris below. . . .

Bastien gazed like one in a dream at this amazing vista of innumerable roofs and towers and open spaces, the serpentine curves of the Seine, and the broad green plains beyond. He tried in vain to discover the Bastille, and shook his soiled fist at the Conciergerie instead. He wondered where lay the cruel white palace from whose garden he had been expelled, and, forgetting the four leagues of his journey, he looked for it in the wrong direction. His first unspeakable fear was waning, and he felt a free, adventurous fellow, till, without warning, it swept back once more, and almost paralysed him.

Inexplicably he was seized by the mad fancy that he was not alone. Some ghostly presence of the upper air might be hovering near him. He turned about, his eyes tightly closed, and groped round his narrow precincts. Nothing! He had touched a couple of bottles, a lump of salted meat wrapped in a cloth, some loaves of bread, and a few bags of ballast. Nothing! He was as alone as in his



cell at the Bastille, yet his fear increased as the balloon drifted upon its eastward way. Nothing!

Bastien moved cautiously round till he faced his high partition. Clinging to its rough surface, he drew himself up and peered over. He gazed down in extreme bewilderment, then began laughing like an idiot. On the floor crouched a half-starved mongrel with a puppy huddling up to it. Unspeakably relieved to find his alarm had been caused by such harmless creatures, he whistled to the disturbed animals, but his tuneless notes were blown back in his teeth, so he shouted to them instead. "Hey, there." He had always liked dogs, and he shouted to them again, then his heart almost stopped beating with dread, for something had touched him on the shoulder.

Bastien put up his hands and grasped at what rested against his coat. He captured it, dragged it slowly forward, then stared down at what he held. Thin fingers crushed into a bony palm, a lean wrist, a dirty sleeve. "This is not a dog," he said stupidly, "and it is certainly not a ghost. I believe," he finished terrified, "that it must be—a woman."

A woman! This was a dreadful conclusion. He would sooner have found a monster. He had never been married, never had a lover, never known his female parent. The opposite sex had been a sheer mystery to him, and now he was trapped in mid-air with one of these inexplicable creatures. He trembled from head to foot as he stood leaning against the wickerwork, then suddenly the little man gave a cry of pain and anger. Something had drawn forward like a flash and bitten him on the bare wrist. He swung round with a curse on his lips, and faced his companion.

She was standing in the third partition, her dark hair blowing about her shoulders, her filthy rags fluttering on the wind, and her free hand clinging to the wickerwork. She stared at him with pale, blue eyes, while a frown knitted her haggard brow. There was a faint streak of blood round her mouth, and he knew that it was his own. This did not disturb him, for it was part of his crazy experience. She was only a terrified animal, after all, like the lean bitch and her puppy. . . .

"Hey, there——" He whistled to her in turn. "Gently, I won't hurt you."

"If you touch me, I'll kill you," she muttered at last.

He began to lose his temper. "You touched me first," he accused her. "I nearly jumped over the side."

"I wanted to see if you were real," she murmured vaguely.

"Eh, I am real enough," he said with queer generosity. "You can feel me again if it helps. Don't bite my wrist as you did before," and he sucked it cautiously.

"Who is the other man?" she whispered.

Bastien gave a horrified gasp, then, as she pointed downwards, he said in reassurance: "Only a little dog, and her whelp."

"I used to have a dog," she said, "till they threw me into prison."

"I was in prison, too. The Bastille—Where were you?"

"In St. Lazare. I stole some food, and they arrested me. What have *you* done?"

"I have forgotten. It was so long ago."

"Perhaps you killed somebody?" she suggested

"I never disliked anyone in my life."

She began laughing crazily. "I think I hate all the world. Why have they done this to us? I can't understand at all."

"The King's orders," said Bastien. "I saw him. He looked a pleasant man. I thought he was older," he added dully. "He was quite old when I was arrested."

"This is a new king," she told him. "The other one is dead."

He gave up the vexed question of monarchs, and took up a more interesting matter. "I am called Bastien. What is your name?"

"I think I was called Brigitte."

"Perhaps they chose us both because we began with the same letter."

"Perhaps. I cannot say," she sighed. "I am feeling terribly hungry."

He groped about on the floor until he found the meat, pulled off a salted, greasy lump, and passed it over to her. She ate like a wolf with noisy gulps, tearing at it with her teeth, then wiped her hands upon her rags with a contented sigh.

"I wonder if the dogs——" he ventured.

Brigitte peered over the partition, and began watching the sucking puppy. A queer smile softened her lined face in an amazing way. She crooned over them both with inarticulate sounds, then turned to scowl at Bastien. "I shall keep them for myself when we come down," she announced decidedly.

He stared at this bewildering creature. "How many children have you?"

She shook her head. "I hate men," she replied at last.

Bastien was deeply relieved at her new declaration, although he pitied the sudden flicker of malice that had prompted it. "Lean over the side and look at Paris, and then you may feel better."

Paris was out of sight long ago, but she did not seem to mind. "I hate it with all my heart," she said. "I used to live in the country. I wish I were there now. I wish I did not feel so ill. I——"

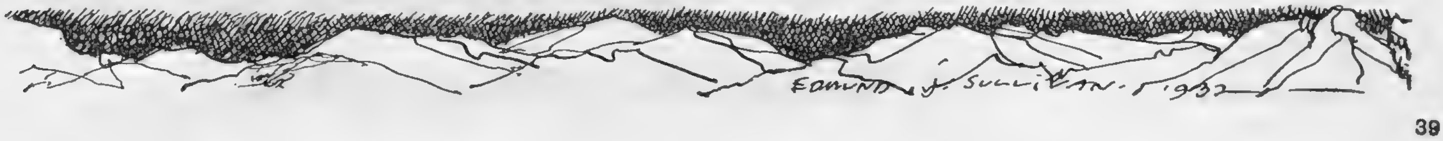
"You are going to be sick," said Bastien, and he discreetly turned his back.

He ventured to look round a long while later, but he could not see her at all, and thought she had fallen over the edge of the basket. It was a terrible relief when he realised that she had lain down on the floor and gone into a heavy sleep. She looked very helpless and young, curled up like the dogs in the next partition. She must have been quite comely before she went to St. Lazare. . . .

THE balloon rode eastwards on the wind with a gentle, soothing motion. As the hours went by, it gradually sank to a lower altitude. Bastien was seized with alarm when they began descending through the clouds, so he managed to raise some ballast and throw four bags over the side. He was deeply relieved when they began to rise again at once, though the air became so cold that he muffled himself in a rug. Finding a second one in his partition, he threw it down to Brigitte, and it enveloped her sleeping figure without arousing her. He was glad that she did not waken, as she still alarmed him unduly. He would really have preferred to face his adventure with only the dogs for company.

The long day wore on towards evening, the sun set amid a

(*Continued on page* 106)



Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 23. The Turnips that Saved a Town

Vegetable mice reverse the plans of Hannibal, lion among soldiers

OF all the great qualities possessed by that supreme general, ranked (by himself) as second only to Alexander the Great in the days of antiquity, Hannibal of Carthage, perhaps the supreme was that by which he could change his plans in the flash of a moment, and base an entire campaign on a deduction of blinding rapidity.

Of all the vegetables that have ever given their names to a synonym of fatuity, the supreme is perhaps the homely turnip.

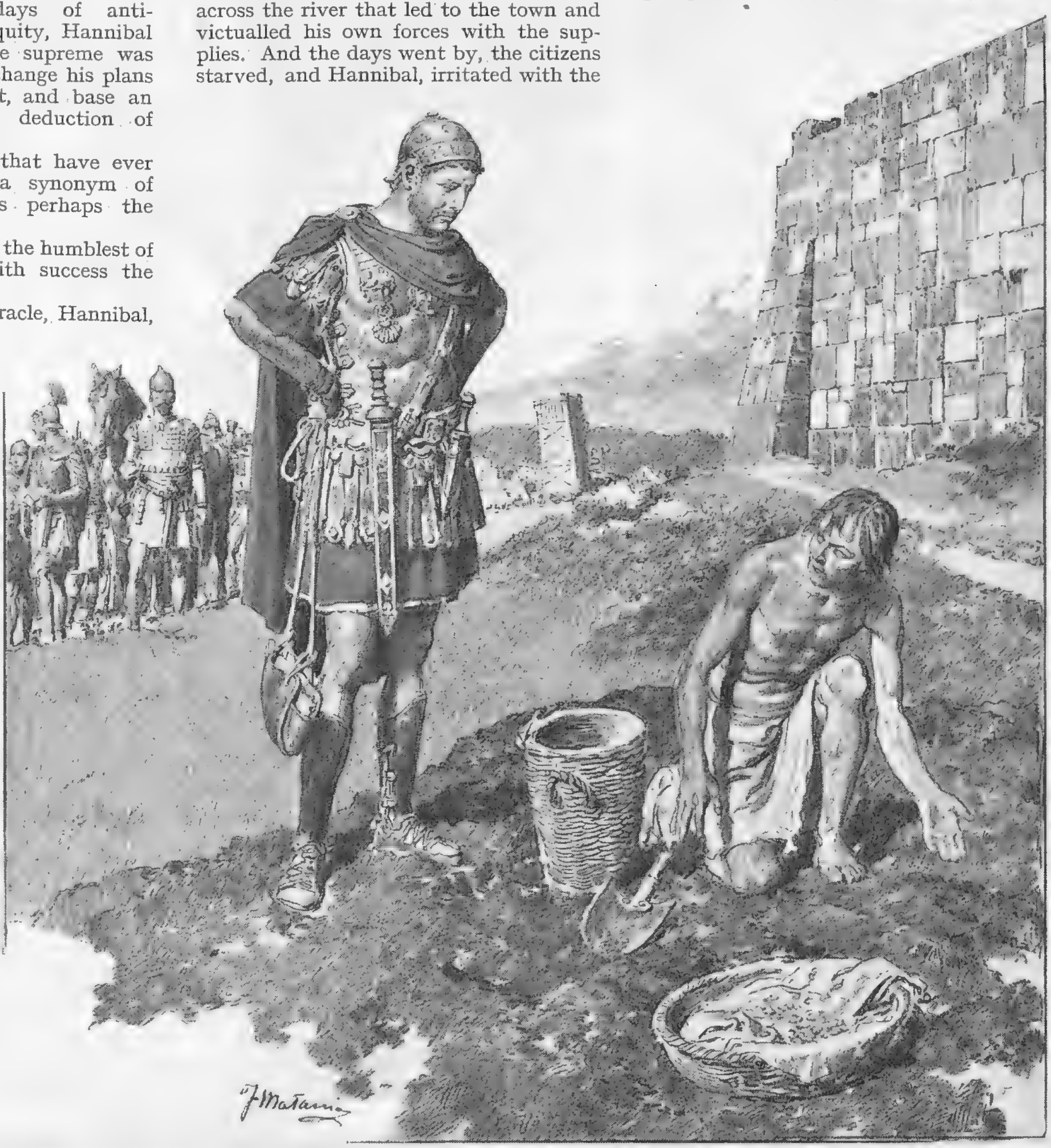
This is the story of how the humblest of vegetables confronted with success the proudest of conquerors.

When that military miracle, Hannibal, son of Hamilcar (who had caused his genius of a son at the age of seven to lay his hand on the altars of all-devouring Moloch and swear undying hatred and deathless enmity to Rome), fulfilled his oath and swung his forces of massed infantry, whirlwind cavalry and thirty-seven elephants not only through Iberia and Gaul, but, by some magic known only to himself, over the Alps, Italy, torn with dissension, lay at his feet. Army after army went down before him; town after town opened its gates to the irresistible or held out with futile gallantry for an hour. Until he came to Casilino, he had, to all intents and purposes, for all the effective opposition he had encountered, marched down an open road. Even the elephants he had lost failed at the cold of the Lombardy plain: not at the arrows of the Latian tribes.

Casilino, however, scorned treason and closed its gates. Hannibal, resigning himself to the paltry delay of a siege, beset the town and prepared to starve the inhabitants into submission. Supplies were cut off with a rigorous hand. The town was unapproachable by any relief, military or commissary. The Romans endeavoured to float thousands of walnuts and barrels of food down to the unhappy inhabitants, but Hannibal flung nets across the river that led to the town and victualled his own forces with the supplies. And the days went by, the citizens starved, and Hannibal, irritated with the slight hold-up to his plans, directed the great engines of war — ballistæ and testudines—against the crumbling walls.

ONE day, wandering across the earth churned up by the *va et vient* of the campaign, the Punic leader saw an impoverished and emaciated yokel planting turnips in the ground already ploughed for him

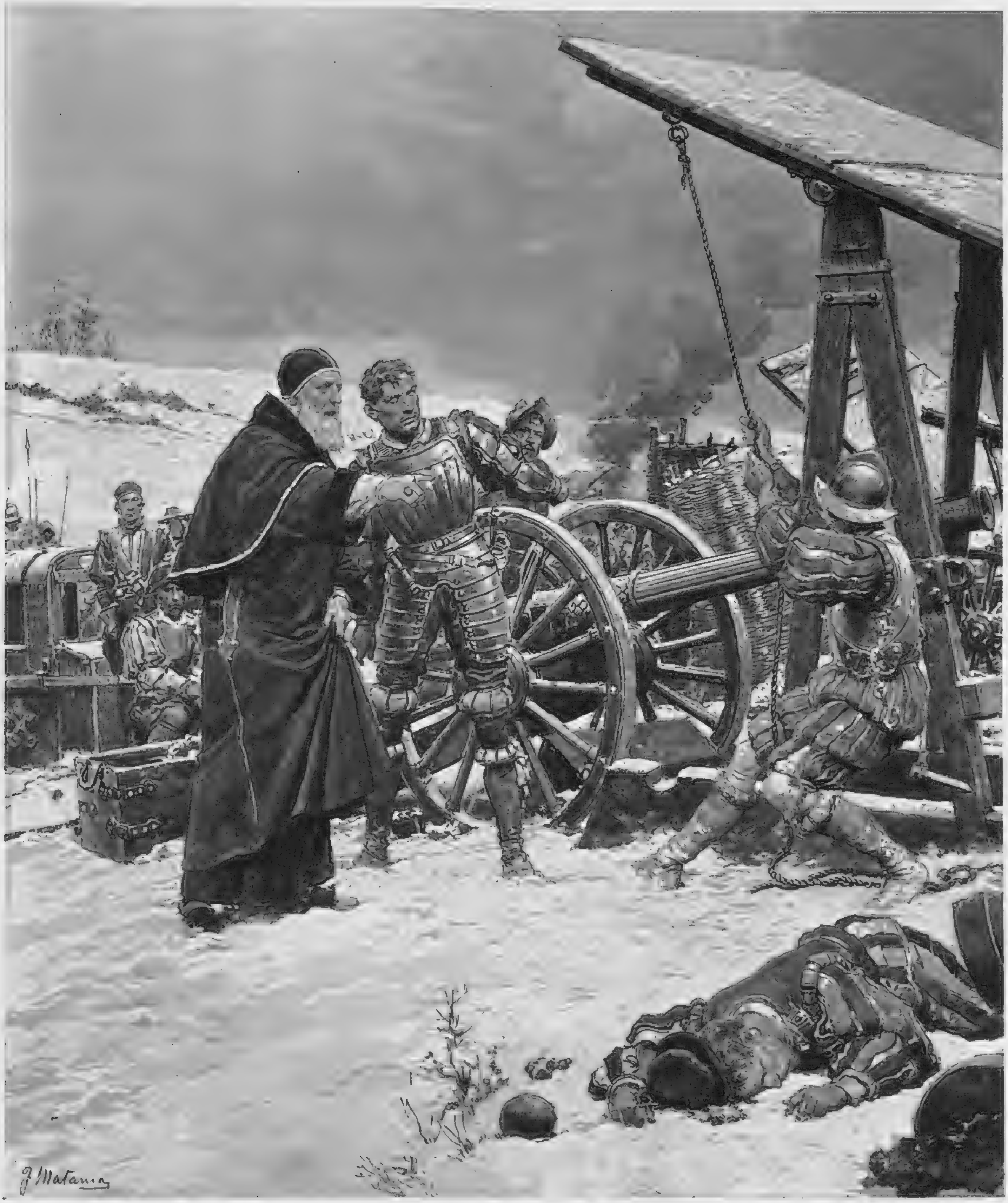
(*Continued on page* 90)



THE Punic leader saw an impoverished and emaciated yokel planting turnips in the ground already ploughed for him by the enemy

No. 24. The Lamb in the Rôle of a Lion

"Verily I say unto you, I come not to bring peace on earth, but a sword"

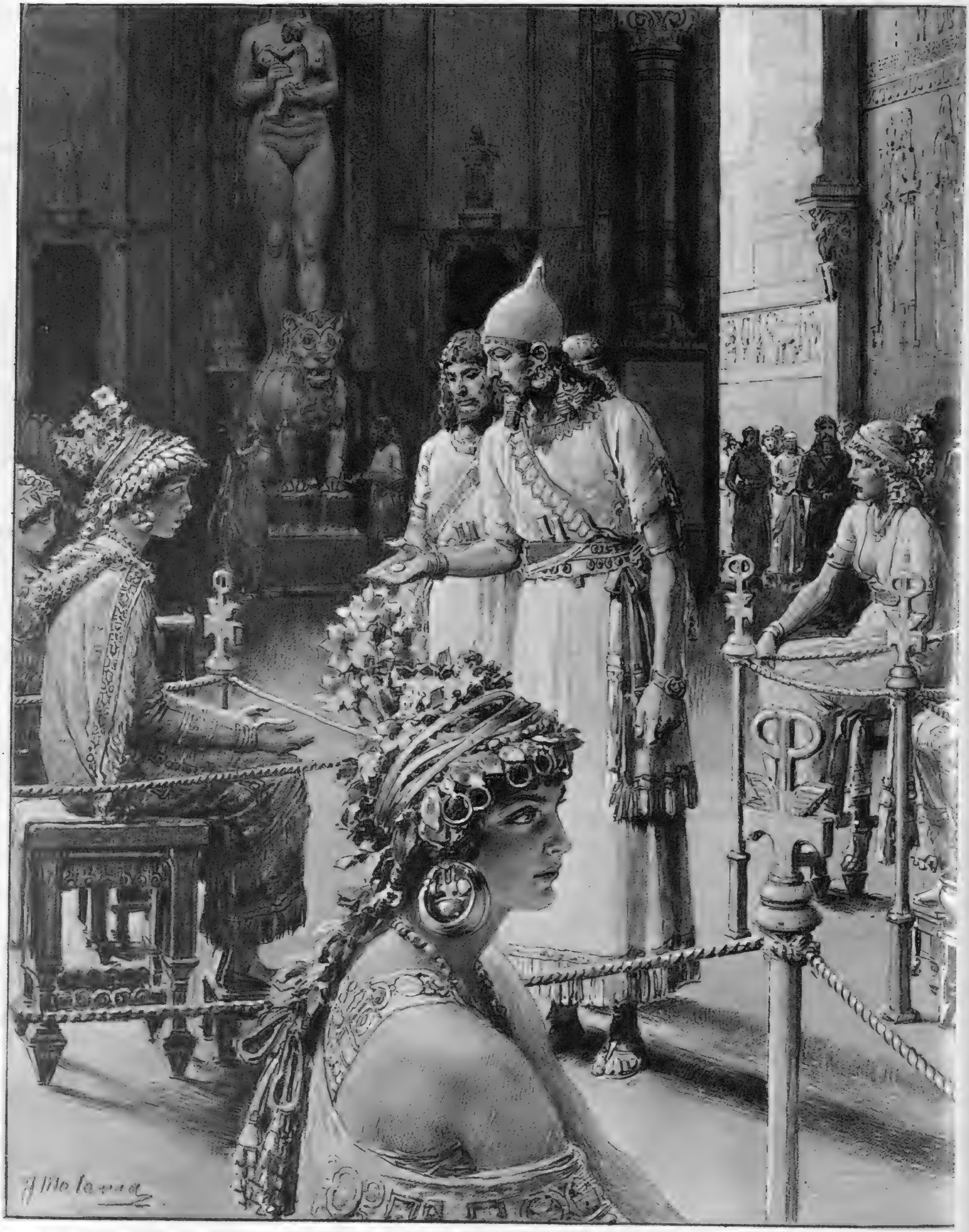


IN contradistinction to Shakespeare's "not in single spies but in battalions," an old Italian proverb states that "troubles are like cherries: they always appear in couples."

Rome has been afflicted with many such pairs of disastrous happenings: the whips of Tiberius were followed by the scorpions of Caligula, and Pope Alexander VI. was followed by Julius II.

The Papacy of the Borgia, with the infamous influence throughout Italian life of Cesare and the recently white-washed Lucrezia, was a blot upon the escutcheon of the Catholic Church that is to-day pointed at by its opponents; an era of unparalleled reversal in high places of every Commandment those high places were established to enjoin; a period when the Head of the Church seemed to embody the principles of Satan.

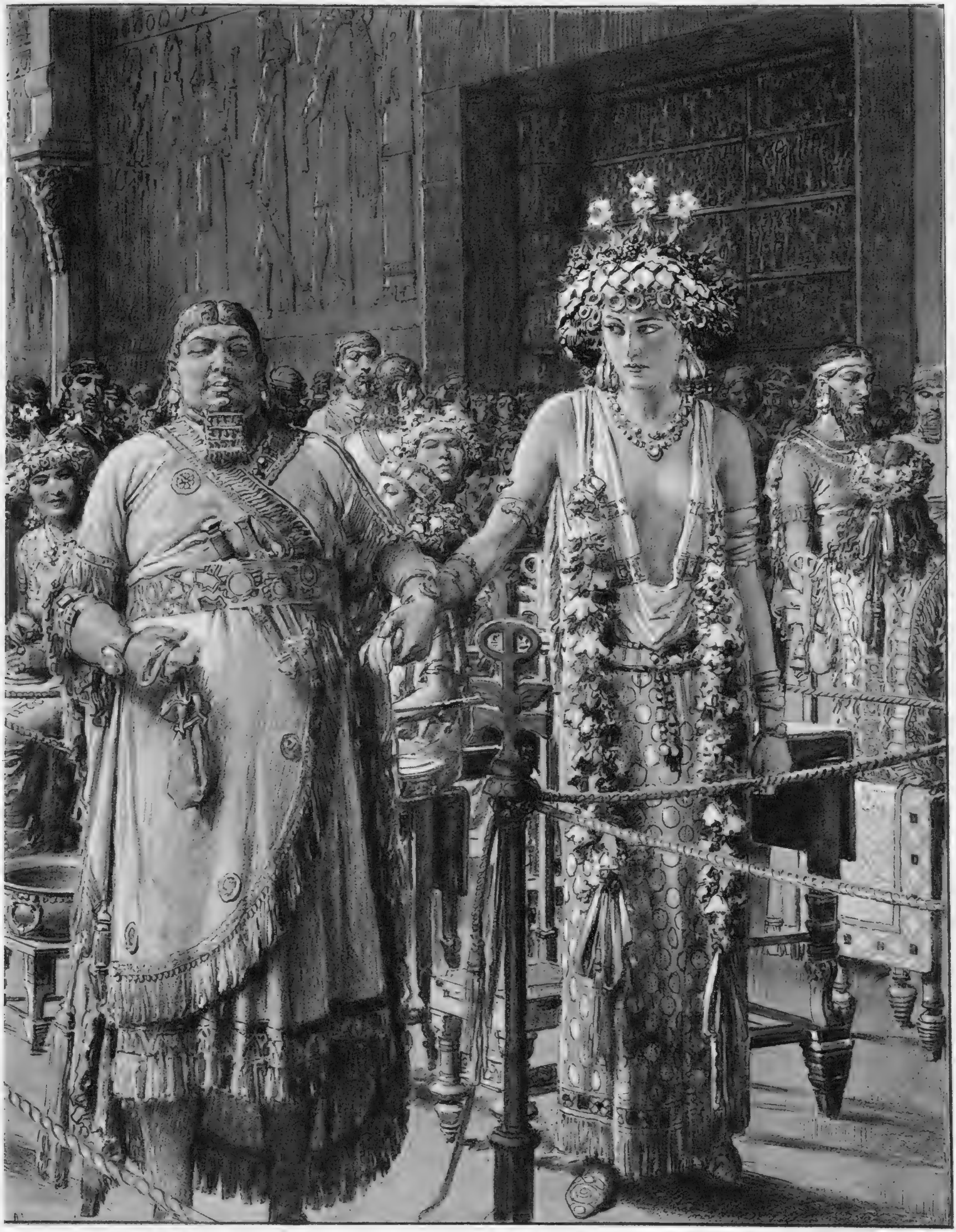
Julius II. was not, like his predecessor, a corrupt and (*Continued on page* 90.)



THE great and high civilisation of Babylon, a model in so many ways even to our exalted culture of to-day: the civilisation which reared the glory of the Hanging Gardens, the mighty literature of the Cuneiform, the great brick temples of Ishtar and Bel, the esoteric science of the Chaldæans, and, most enlightened of all, the code of Hammurabi, greatest monarch of the First Dynasty—that superb mental edifice of human endeavour had yet one incomprehensible custom that, to modern thought, is a glaring flaw in its magnificence.

Supremely logical, the Babylonians come down to us of the modern world as pre-eminently the reasoning and

No. 25. Babylonian Brides of an Hour



reasonable race of history and, which is even stranger, the most moral (even according to modern standards) of the peoples of antiquity. Yet, this one custom has puzzled scholars of many ages, many types, many nations. No plausible explanation of it has been forthcoming; no convincing conjecture has been promulgated. Such diverse historians and philosophers as Strabo, Herodotus, and Baruch have designated this custom as an abomination! Other writers, knowing the conditions of ancient life; knowing, too, the blind obedience enjoined by the clergy to any ideal set up by the orthodox church; and, above all, knowing that the mental processes of

(*Continued on page* 90.)

Margery Lawrence *wants to* Suppress the

IOAN AVΣTEN.

"So desperately Bright"

THE phrase "Bright Young People" is already *vieux jeu*, but one uses it for want of a better phrase. Not that it is really descriptive at that, since many of the loosely-termed Bright Young People are not as young as all that—in all likelihood never were—but they still persist in being quite desperately Bright!

Again, nobody would care twopence how Bright they chose to be as long as they were only Bright among themselves, since the world (and even London, that little village) is large enough to afford space for them to play in without busier people tumbling over them. But they are not content to play in their own play-pens with other children of similar calibre, it seems—and I think that when they come outside it is really time that something was done about it.

This particular section of the community is not so much advertised as to appear very important to the world at large, and from the many remarks that have been made to me by foreigners it is plain that at least one result (and I consider this a serious result from the point of view of British prestige) of the featuring is that foreign countries at large have a very bad impression of the "smart" set in English society, of their morality, intelligence, and general good manners. And certainly if they expect the Bright Young People, as a group, to display these qualities they will be sadly disappointed.

I was down at St. Martin's crypt the night after a certain "Treasure Hunt"—organised by a group of well-known society people—took place. One of the objects to be "found" was some article—I forget what—only to be obtained from the crypt, and in order to obtain this a group of people, all very well dressed, perfumed, powdered, and all the rest, "barged in" (to use my informant's excellently descriptive phrase) among the piteous crowd of down-and-outs who were listlessly hanging about awaiting their turn for the food-ticket that in genuine cases St. Martin's generously allows them.

Now, in the name of decency and humanity, I protest that this was a piece of outrageous cruelty in no way softened by the small contribution that I gather was given to the church on these people's departure. Imagine the feelings of a crowd of starving men and women on seeing a group of richly-dressed and jewelled idlers coming laughing among them! This sort of thing breeds Bolshevism more quickly than anything else, and small wonder! Even if they have no innate sense of human kindness that tells them how incredibly cruel they are being, one would have thought that mere good breeding (and most of the people guilty of this sort of thing, unfortunately for their own credit, are what is known as "well-born and bred") would have prevented their rubbing, as it were, the salt of their own wealth, leisure, and ease of life into the open wounds of poverty and wretchedness. This sort of thing leaves a very bad taste in the mouths of lookers-on who *do* possess some vague sense of decency and pity.

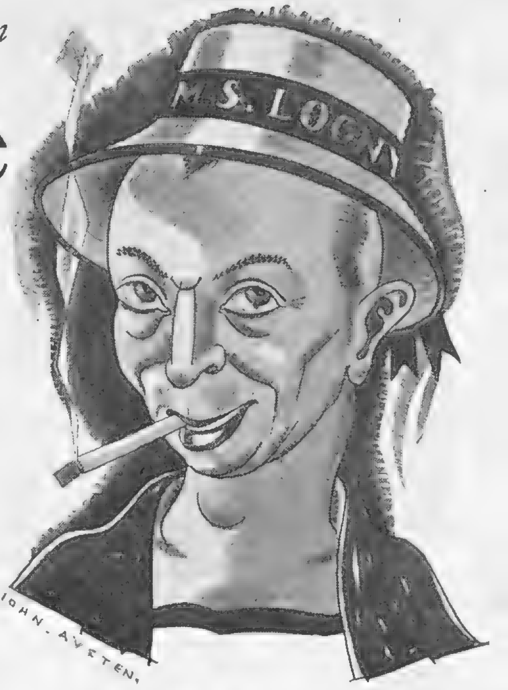
THEN take another case—the recent "firework raid" made on the country houses of two well-known people, both of whom had been host and hostess respectively to the graceless group that organised the raid. In return for their hospitality and kindness, these two householders were rudely awaked in the small hours by a group of shrieking lunatics firing off squibs and crackers on their lawns, awaking their servants, disturbing the neighbours, and generally raising Cain. . . . Were these idiots schoolboys of fourteen or fifteen, who might possibly be forgiven for such a piece of idiocy on the grounds of youth and irresponsibility? Oh, no! They were all young men of an age to be called "responsible" . . . and I repeat, belonging to a class that are generally described as "gentle-people." Then, further, I was dining in a well-known restaurant one night some time ago, when the door burst open and a group of these "society" fools rushed in in a great state of excitement. It appeared—and the whole restaurant was shrilly informed of the fact—that they were engaged in a

BABY
IOAN AVΣTEN

The fact that most of the Bright Young Revellers course, entirely their business—though the effect

Illustrated by John Austen

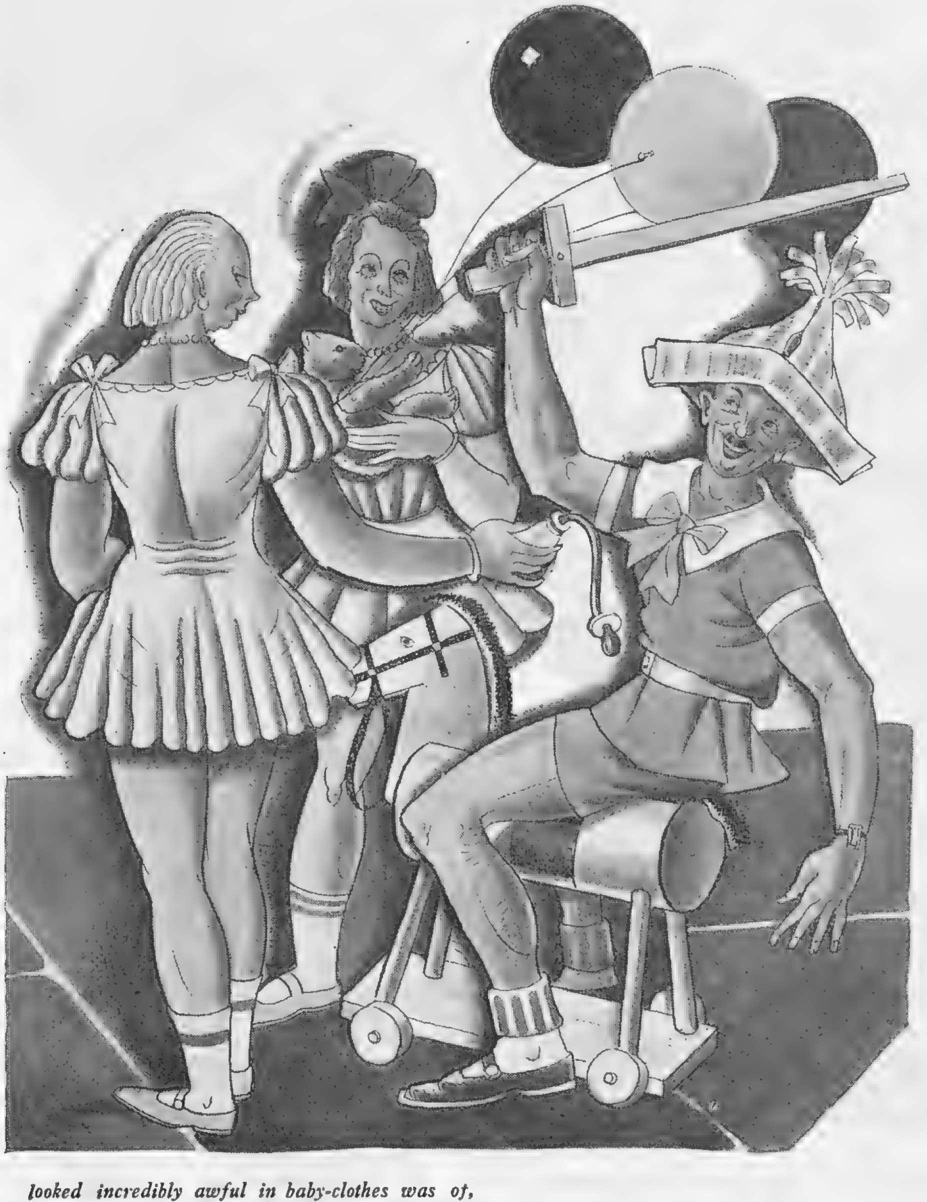
Bright Young People



"Not as young as all that"

"Treasure-Hunt," and the entire success of the Hunt depended upon their obtaining some strange oddment of sorts from the restaurant kitchen. The *maître d'hôtel* was hailed, the waiters sent flying, the entire restaurant disturbed and everybody's comfort upset, till finally the group departed, having irritated every soul in the room, bearing with them a bowl containing one live trout, which matchless treasure represented their tribute to the said Treasure Hunt! The performance was duly written up next day in the more sycophantic dailies as "Frolic in West End Restaurant." It might have done the frolicksome ones some good had they heard the vitriolic comments on them after they had left the restaurant—especially the comments of the staff who had bowed and scraped to them so patiently.

They are the plague of the restaurants' lives, these Bright Young People. Ask any responsible *restaurateur* and he will tell you—if he knows you are somebody he can trust!—that he is virtually forced into feeding a large percentage of these unscrupulous people for nothing! They know that they bring a certain amount of advertisement to any restaurant they favour, and so they airily sign bills that they have not the remotest intention of paying, and the unfortunate proprietor (unless he is lucky enough to be either very well established or very courageous!) dare not challenge them to pay lest the word go round that the "Gant" or the "Rosella" "isn't amusing any more, my dear! There's such an adorable new pub round the corner, just starting . . . let's try that for a change!" And the Bright Young People are off to another place, to work again there the same system of virtual blackmail that in poorer classes would bring them within reach of the law. It always gives me a sardonic amusement to read of some poor little three-pound-a-week clerk or typist arrested for trying to evade paying a four-shilling bill at Lyons' or some such place; it amuses me—when I think of the lists of unpaid debts I have been shown by proprietors of the fashionable London restaurants! Many an apparently successful *restaurateur* stands actually on the verge of bankruptcy owing to the bills owed him by these so-called well-bred people. I have no hesitation in declaring that there is no *restaurateur* of any standing to-day in London who will not instantly bear me out of this.



looked incredibly awful in baby-clothes was of, provided onlookers with much innocent mirth

I REMEMBER a certain much-paragraphed "baby party" in a fashionable London district—Rutland Gate, I think, to be exact. The fact that most of the Bright Young Revellers looked incredibly awful in baby-clothes was, of course, entirely their business—though the effect provided onlookers with much innocent mirth. The adult female figure clad in rompers and a pinafore is quite painfully unalluring, as likewise the adult male knee—stringy, knobbly, or hairy as the case may be—seen above socks and anklestraps. Indeed, the sight of grown-up people dressed à la nursery, playing "ring-a-roses," riding scooters or being wheeled in prams, prancing and slapping each other in an outburst of pretty baby ways is a sight definitely painful to the artistic eye . . . but that is not the point. The point was that they had not the decency to do their romping *inside* the house where the party was held, but bounced and shrieked about the streets and squares nearby until everybody was driven nearly mad, and the poor little friend with whom I had been sitting up (in the next-door house) was kept awake all night and her condition thereby seriously affected, as she had only just had a serious operation.

One could go on and quote the cruel and ill-bred "hoax" party played on a well-known young actress when she was lying ill; someone hit on the bright idea of circulating the news that "So-and-so was throwing a party," and for an entire night the unfortunate girl and her maid were kept awake by riotous groups of people arriving and arguing hilariously or indignantly on the doorstep with the frantic maid when she denied that such a party was being held . . .

One could go on, I say, and quote almost endless (*Continued on page 102*)

BIG BUSINESS:

No. 7

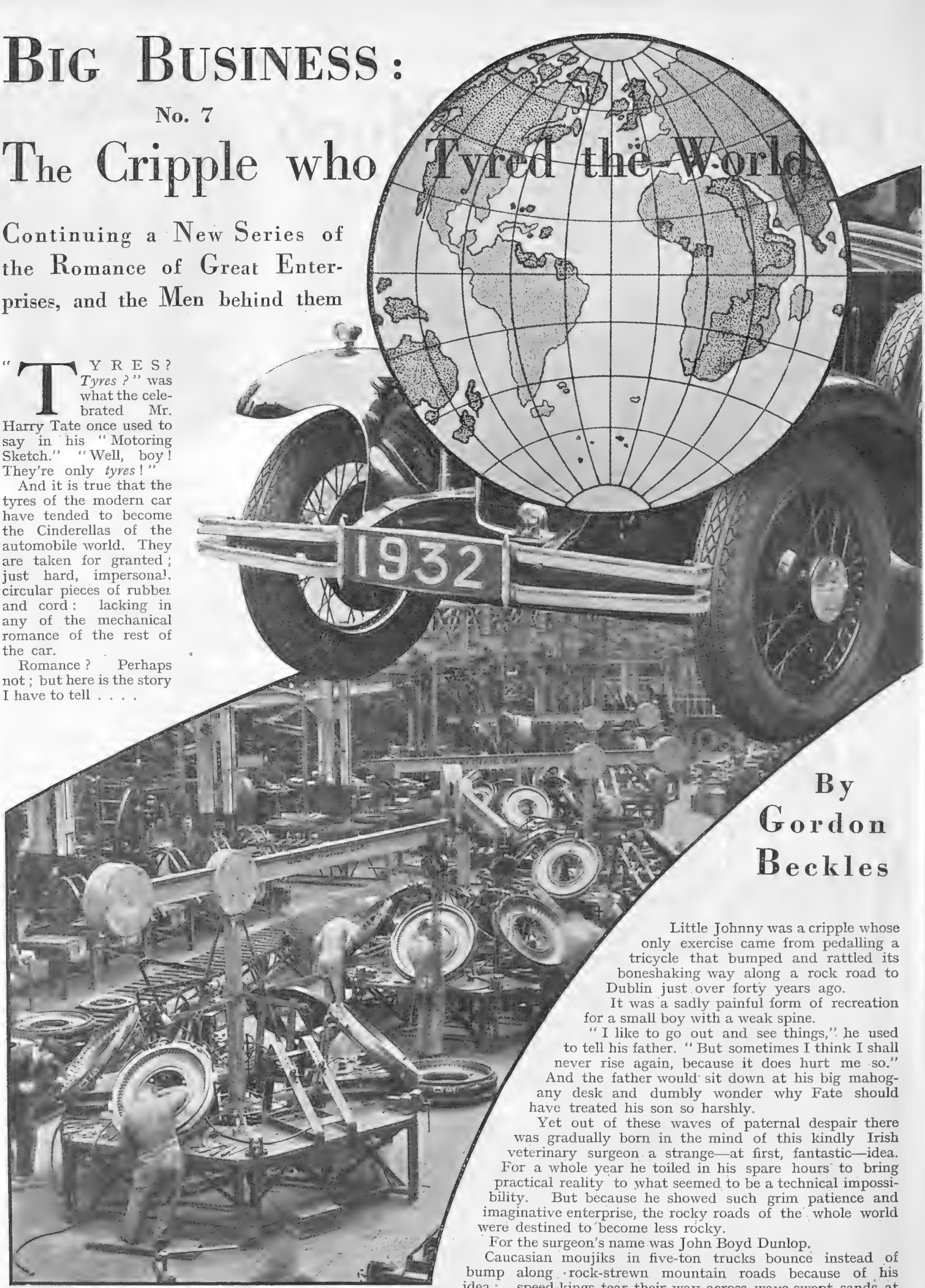
The Cripple who Tyred the World

Continuing a New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises, and the Men behind them

"TYRES? *Tyres?*" was what the celebrated Mr. Harry Tate once used to say in his "Motoring Sketch." "Well, boy! They're only *tyres*!"

And it is true that the tyres of the modern car have tended to become the Cinderellas of the automobile world. They are taken for granted; just hard, impersonal, circular pieces of rubber and cord: lacking in any of the mechanical romance of the rest of the car.

Romance? Perhaps not; but here is the story I have to tell . . . .



A VIEW of one of the vast engineering shops in one of the Dunlop factories

By Gordon Beckles

Little Johnny was a cripple whose only exercise came from pedalling a tricycle that bumped and rattled its boneshaking way along a rock road to Dublin just over forty years ago.

It was a sadly painful form of recreation for a small boy with a weak spine.

"I like to go out and see things," he used to tell his father. "But sometimes I think I shall never rise again, because it does hurt me so."

And the father would sit down at his big mahogany desk and dumbly wonder why Fate should have treated his son so harshly.

Yet out of these waves of paternal despair there was gradually born in the mind of this kindly Irish veterinary surgeon a strange—at first, fantastic—idea. For a whole year he toiled in his spare hours to bring practical reality to what seemed to be a technical impossibility. But because he showed such grim patience and imaginative enterprise, the rocky roads of the whole world were destined to become less rocky.

For the surgeon's name was John Boyd Dunlop.

Caucasian moujiks in five-ton trucks bounce instead of bump along rock-strewn mountain roads because of his idea; speed-kings tear their way across wave-swept sands at 245 miles an hour and live to tell the tale, because of Dunlop; in Tibet, Alaska, Turin and Bangkok the name of Dunlop is a household word. And all because of little freckled Johnnie!

Below:
PAINTING the tyres and (right) examining the finished product before it is sold to the public

WHAT John Boyd Dunlop succeeded in doing in 1888 may seem absurdly simple to-day. But then all inventions are simple—once they are invented. Gripped with the root idea that air makes an excellent cushion, Dunlop began to experiment with a rubber tube drawn into a tube of canvas, and then cemented to a wooden rim. The rims were then strapped on to the driving wheels of Johnnie's tricycle with wire, and the inner tubes inflated with a football pump. The first trials were instantly successful.

It was not long before Dunlop began to realise the commercial possibilities of his invention. Himself a highly successful man, he had little difficulty in persuading a group of business friends to form a company for the specialised manufacture of his pneumatic tyres.

In the ensuing 'nineties came that surprising boom in bicycling that set the young bloods and beauties of Mayfair pedalling elegantly round and round Battersea Park—on, of course, the tyres bearing the imprint of Mr. Dunlop's company. The old penny-farthing machine had been all very well for those with daring dispositions, and strong constitutions: but it was a far cry from the "penny farthing" to the bicycle whose wheels were fitted with shock-absorbing cushions.

The business of Dunlop prospered. But it would have needed a strong imagination to have prophesied that what seemed at first to be a merely temporary boom was destined to become a business with world-wide ramifications, intimately concerning a dozen widely differing British industries.

Let us jump from the garden and study of Mr. Dunlop's house forty years ago to the factories and fields of Dunlops to-day. There are, to start with, over 50,000 workers employed throughout the world; one factory alone consumes nearly 120,000 tons of coal a year, and covers an estate of 400 acres; while in Malaya over 150 square miles of land are owned by the £3,000,000 subsidiary plantation company, which in turn is controlled by the parent Dunlop Rubber Company with its paid-up capital of £12,251,000.

The story of the tyre rightly begins with the distant plantations. Of the 158 square miles owned by Dunlop's, only 50 have been so far planted. The immensity of the estate may be explained by the fact that it takes about 450 trees to produce one ton of rubber in a year. Each day over two million cups of the latex are collected from the trunks of the trees so that the annual crop of upwards of ten thousand tons may be maintained.

The scene then shifts—surprisingly enough—to the home town of Miss Gracie Fields: the great Lancashire spinning centre of Rochdale. Here, that your car may be driven in safety along dangerous roads, are the largest self-contained cotton mills in the world, owned by a two million pound subsidiary company. At full strength, over 3,000 workers keep 286,000 ring spindles spinning the cotton material necessary for the casings of the tyres.

At first Dunlop had only conceived his invention in terms of rubber. Through the following years constant experiment had shown that cotton was quite as vital a constituent. As high speeds began to come in, coincident with the early popularity of the automobile, this fact became all the more clear. To-day the ability of a tyre to stand up to modern stresses and strains is largely dependent, not upon the quality of the rubber, but upon the cord fabric.

Thus the two essential constituents, rubber and cotton, are then brought together in the immense churning machine of Fort Dunlop, on the outskirts of Birmingham.

WHAT goes on in these endless glass-roofed buildings it is beyond the scope of this article to explain; nor can the lay mind—such as mine—be expected to follow in detail the processes of manufacture without copious illustrations and diagrams. One point in the process, however, is illuminating. This is in the masticating machine, where the crude crêpe rubber is mixed with a number of other materials, vulcanising agents, softeners, and colouring matter. There is thus more in the rubber of your Dunlop tyre than meets the eye.

POSSIBLY the most interesting department in all this great centre is the laboratory, where are conceived endless new abuses to which the finished tyres may be subjected. The Test House could, indeed, have given the Spanish inquisitors a few tips in the art of torture. There is a drum which revolves at high speed so that the obstacles on its surface are brought into contact with a brand-new tyre. Other machines drop giant hammers on to unsuspecting rubber and cotton rims. If the tyres burst, the laboratory watchers have enriched their store of knowledge on the subject of bursting tyres . . . .

Yet the story of the manufacture of Dunlop tyres is the same—in varying degrees—as the manufacture of other tyres in other factories, and in other countries.

Why Dunlop qualifies for a place in this "Big Business" series of the great firms which have carried the story of British skill and craftsmanship around the world is best understood by tracing the progress of the company globe-wise.

The first home-made pneumatic tyres made for the Dunlop tricycle were still in use when the idea of starting a factory in France was first conceived by the Dunlop people. This was in October, 1893, under the title of the Société Anonyme des Pneumatiques Dunlop. It has proved a progressive unit.

To-day, with its big factory at Montluçon, covering an area of over 20 acres, it employs over 3,000 people, selling its products to the motorists of France through nearly forty depots. Most Frenchmen have come to think of the word "Dunlop" as of French commercial origin: yet the Société Anonyme is all part of the great chain of factories controlled by Sir Eric Geddes from London.

Next, moving eastwards, we find the company's activities being carried on under the title of the Deutsche Dunlop Gummi Compagnie Aktien-Gesellschaft. This branch was also founded in the early 'nineties, in the neighbourhood of that most English of German towns, Hanover. The works cover an area of 26 acres, of

(Continued on page 109)

Open Letters to the

DEAR MUGWUMP,—You could start at being a censor now, while you are very young. You could rub from the playground walls all the naughty words the other boys wrote on them. The other boys may call you a prude, or think you sloppy, but do not let that deter you.

For behaviour like theirs has even gone on in lunatic asylums, in one of which I remember a lunatic being followed everywhere by keepers, whose duty it was to erase from the walls the wicked words he wrote up with chalk.

When asked why he wasted so much time in writing words which would immediately be wiped away, he said he was always at least six wicked words in front of the keepers! Pinhead playwrights, who want to be thought original or daring, are just like that looney. They make a boast of it.

Or you may erase from the school books the naughty things that other boys have written on the sides.

Censorship is a war between the unutterable and the unkissed.

Strange as it may seem, it is necessary. In theory, the censored thinker is a martyr, saintly, unafraid. In practice, he is usually merely a sneaky purveyor of something so slimy that he thinks it ought to slink by. You have seen those men who want to sell you "dirty" postcards in Paris. They are no better than most of them.

Through all history, all writers have, at some time or another, objected to censorship. And yet nearly every one of them has, on some other occasion, demanded the censoring of something he had not written.

If you would become a censor, remember all the answers to make to them.

Even the great Bernard Shaw, the self-avowed enemy of censorship, who has always flaunted all authority except the venerableness of his own whiskers, was shocked when, at Malvern, not very long ago, he saw a private view of "The Blue Angel."

The manager was not surprised when two women councillors walked out, or when their husbands went out after them. But he was a little startled when, next day, he got a letter from G. B. S. saying he was glad they had seen it shown privately so that they could stop it from being shown publicly in Malvern, this in spite of the fact that it had already been publicly shown all over England!

IF there were no censorship, one of the greatest publicity stunts of all time would end to-morrow morning.

"Banned By The Censor" is a splendid line to put outside a theatre. "The Play That Shocked the Censor" is another.

Theatres object to him and make money out of him at the same time. If you want to be censor, learn how to sit by and laugh. . .

For many years "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was banned by the censor. Shaw kicked up a deuce of a fuss, and then, years afterwards, when we saw it, we saw it was the most dull and unutterable nothingness.

Shaw had said in it that while you paid your streetwalkers more than you paid your dressmakers, you would always have streetwalkers.

By the time his play was licensed, of course, even the dressmakers knew that. The streetwalkers had never studied the economics of dressmaking.

Even then, Arthur Bourchier made the proud boast that he would add some lines on the first night and defy the Lord Chamberlain.

He intended, of course, to do nothing of the kind. For one thing, Shaw would not have allowed him to alter his play. For another, he would automatically have lost his licence.

But still the theatre is like that. It makes up everything except its mind.

I do not know how you should train yourself to become a censor. George Alexander Redford, who had the job once, was a bank manager before then. To-day, a bank manager might do, so that he could study the Naughton and Gold standard.

Then Ernest Bendall, who followed, was a dramatic critic. But I do not advise you to start by becoming a dramatic critic. No sane dramatic critic would give up his job in order to become a censor, for, bad though it is, it is not nearly so boring to see 200 plays a year as to read 2,000.

Then Charles Brookfield, who joined Bendall as joint censor, was a playwright; but, usually, a man would rather write his own plays than read other people's. They gave Brookfield the job because he was hard up. I do not have to tell you how to get hard up—if penury to-day is the chief qualification.

Brookfield started in a strange way. He got into trouble at his university over appearing in a naughty French farce, one of his fellow actors, strangely enough, being Earl Spencer, the Lord Chamberlain who appointed him!

Now, a few months before Charles Brookfield became joint censor, he wrote a terrible play called "Dear Old Charlie," which horrified Ernest Bendall, then dramatic critic for the *Observer*.

Well, Bendall became censor, and then when, a few months later, Brookfield joined him, Charles Hawtrey, seeing the publicity value of it, revived "Dear Old Charlie."

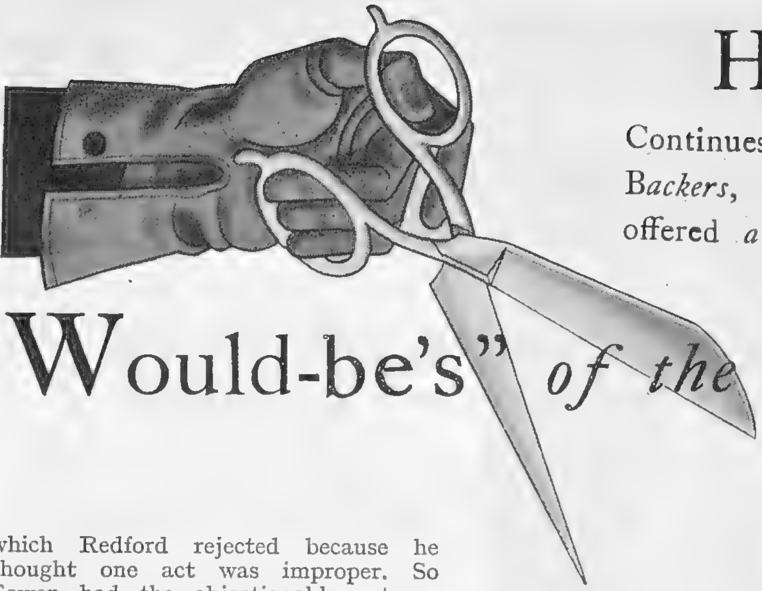
So we saw acted on the London stage a play which one censor had written, another one had licensed and another one had objected to!

When I sent down a reporter to see Bendall, he was told to ask him "Would you license 'Dear Old Charlie' if it were submitted to you now?"

When he hesitated, he was confronted with the *Observer* criticism, which he had written a few months before.

Redford lost his job in a strange way, which may warn you that the greater always includes the less.

Laurence Cowen wrote a play called "The World, The Flesh and the Devil,"



Hannen Swaffer

Continues *a* Series *in which* aspiring Managers, B*ackers*, Authors, *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage

"Would-be's" *of the* Theatre:

No. 8—T*he* Censor

Decorations by Eric Fraser

which Redford rejected because he thought one act was improper. So Cowen had the objectionable act retyped and then sent it in under another name, as a one-act play.

This time, it was passed without comment. When I published all the facts, there was a devil of a row. Soon after, Redford got the sack. Then it was actually suggested that he should be a sort of Film Censor.

So, perhaps, if you want to become Film Censor, the best thing to do is to make a fool of yourself as Play Censor. Or, judging from the Brookfield experience, you can become Play Censor if you write a dirty play. Or, if the Bendall experience is a guide, you can become Play Censor if you object to a play that the next censor has already written.

ONE censor was clever enough, not long ago, having peered into Burke's Peerage, and perhaps *Who's Who in the Theatre*, to know that a line "Lord Robert in his car" was a reference to Lord Robert Innes-Kerr and his wife, Jose Collins.

Now if you are clever enough to find anything objectionable in this, well, the next censorship job is yours.

Then in an Archie de Bear revue, there was once a mention of Stanley Baldwin's pipe. This was taken out. If you object to pipes, either on principle or because you do not like the smell, you might become eligible.

You must know the other meaning of every word in the language, for plays, to-day, consist of a few words with two meanings and a great many words that have no meaning at all. So you must be able to find meanings in words that have no meaning of any kind.

For instance, for many years the word "bloody" was objected to, although it is so meaningless that you hear it at meaningless cocktail parties where, indeed, it is sometimes the only word that many of the cocktailers seem to know. They can express their utter lack of intelligence, most of them, by repeating just that one word all day. In fact, most of them only learn other words so that they can use that one in front of them.

And, if you want to be censor, do not have a memory.

When Shaw, knowing the word "bloody" did not mean anything, wrote a play all about it, the Play Censor passed it to the surprise of all London.

The time came, not many years afterwards, when as the word appeared on several occasions in "The Wolves," they put it in eleven times more than it was in the original script, to give the Play Censor a chance of cutting out some, and still leaving a few of them. They found that he passed all the lot!

Do this sort of thing for the newspapers' sake. They live on it.

Then, I caution you, do learn to be more tolerant towards the plays and films imported from foreign lands than you are to the products of your own country.

If you make foreigners comply with your ideas, when they come here, you are called insular. If you tamely comply with theirs, you are called international.

So it is that you must always remember that things that should be banned on our English stage, where only adults will see them, should be licensed if they are shown on the screen by some American film which will be seen by children.

Always learn to pass, in a foreign film, jokes about sanitary arrangements, or anything of that sort, which could not be seen on the stage. That is what is called having a broad mind.

Then remember, too, when you want to strike out something dirty in a play or a film that, after all perhaps, that is all that the poor authors know, and that if you won't let them write about that, the poor things will have to join one of the honest trades.

Always give the poor things a chance. They have dirty minds. They can't help it. Have pity on them.

THEN try not to be logical. Always remember that a censor for years refused to license "Monna Vanna," in which Maeterlinck had shown a woman going into a man's tent with nothing on under her cloak, whereas, at the same time that Maeterlinck's play was banned, a much less intelligent play, one called "The Devil," which contained an exactly similar scene, was licensed and acted at the Adelphi Theatre with Lyn Harding in the leading part.

Yes, you must always learn that what must not (*Continued on page 89*)

ERIC FRASER 32

Reproduction

OF interest to those who favour period furnishing and an appeal to those who don't

By Winifred Lewis

THE slim grace of Queen Anne style furniture lends itself particularly well to the more formal room though comfort is by no means omitted. Two charming reproductions occur in the walnut corner cabinet, price £14-10-0, and the chair of green crushed velvet, price £7-18-6, from William Spriggs. The Persian rug, the absolutely perfect accompaniment to this scheme, costs 63/- only from Harvey Nichols

THOUGH not conforming to any particular style, this oak armchair would hold its own with Tudor, Jacobean or contemporary periods. The high back is a feature of special comfort, and the cost equally inviting. Price £6-15-0 from William Spriggs

I AM the last person to decry the merits of modern furniture. I believe in its unrivalled utility and in its pleasing effect. I am convinced also of its supreme adaptability to certain modern conditions; but, for all this, I hanker for the grace and the immeasurable dignity of period styles.

One may be admiring, stimulated, even amused at modern furnishing schemes, though seriously doubting the possibility of their enduring pleasure, whereas one has convincing proof that the appeal of period styles is only enhanced by time and that their influence is softening to the last.

There is another aspect also to be considered. Whatever one's personal preference in regard to modern schemes or otherwise, it sometimes happens that the house in which one has chosen to live is most responsive to the more mellow treatment. This is specially so in country houses which rejoice in the soothing influence of the open, and equally as much to others which, though new and modern in their equipment, are designed on period lines.

But popular as period furnishing undoubtedly is, some misunderstanding appears to bar the way to its even greater use. A general impression that one must have some expert knowledge is partly responsible, while some fear that it will prove of greater cost is also apparent, whereas both are far from true. In the first place, anyone with sufficient natural instinct to avoid the incongruity of Tudor with Hepplewhite, or Jacobean with Chippendale, is perfectly capable of creating a reproduction room with success. Apart from such obvious mistakes, period styles blend admirably together; in fact there is often some advantage in the alliance of several. Sheraton and Chippendale, for instance, Queen Anne and Georgian, or all four together. Reproductions in each of these styles are faithfully reproduced to-day.

THE remaining, and perhaps more vital, problem of cost is quite as simply dispelled, since good modern reproductions are inexpensive at this present time and simulate the virtues of their originals with perfect grace. Moreover, in furnishing with reproductions, one is saved the necessity, often troublesome in regard to genuine pieces, of searching for the right article at a suitable price. Our modern requirements are often more conveniently met, in fact, by the less elusive copies.

It is probable that in regard to reproduction opinion has suffered to some

IN the smaller dining-room sideboard and occupies less

Rooms

extent by examples of the shoddy "Jacobean" furniture which has been so familiar of late years and which has had as little right to be called "reproduction" furniture as it has had claims to beauty. Because some modern designers have incorporated a few features of a past period in their cheaper productions is no reason to dismiss all reproductions as inelegant. This fact is endorsed by some of the furniture which has been specially photographed for these pages, and which shows that good period furniture is reproduced with faithful craftsmanship. Moreover, if the newer pieces lack the masterly beauty of their originals they make up for it to a large extent by their infinite suitability to present needs.

In planning to furnish a house in period style it is doubtful if, for practical purposes, one is wise to stick to one period throughout. Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Chippendale styles, though infinitely suitable for formal rooms, are often by the fragile nature of their finish something of an anxiety in dining-rooms and others primarily intended for service. For really practical purposes oak has an undoubted advantage.

Pictures by Helen Macgregor

THIS attractive corner of an entrance hall shows how "atmosphere" is imparted to a reproduction scheme. Sometimes a corner will reveal interesting possibilities and, with intelligent handling, can be made to dominate a whole scheme

this reproduction Tudor buffet, price £9/9/0, fulfils the services of a space. The stool has a compartment for logs. From William Spriggs

In any case, these are points worth considering. Moreover, it matters not at all if the dining-room is of a different period from the drawing-room so long as each is complete in itself. It is true that period styles can be mixed, but it is also essential that the alliance should be harmonious.

Concerning decorations for rooms of period style, the problem is, of course, to create atmosphere with the least architectural adjustment. This can be most easily done in a Tudor or Jacobean room by the adoption of imitation wood panelling, or if that is impossible, a rough-cast wall surface and matchwood beams for the ceiling. Modern wall-papers are, in most cases, wrong except in circumstances of which I shall speak later.

Oriental rugs are always at ease in period rooms and blend their sombre colouring exquisitely with "old" oak. Fortunately these rugs are cheaper now than they have been for many years and, in fact, really beautiful Persian rugs in good, average sizes cost as little as three pounds.

LIGHTING in the room of Jacobean or similar style should be carefully considered and the fixtures should, if possible, be of the candelabra or hanging lantern variety. Modern lamps for portable lighting are advisable only if the design of the lamp is suitable to the scheme or its colouring valuable as a foil. Coloured glass lamps with plain vellum or pleated shades have been used with good effect and sometimes provide an interesting note of contrast in a scheme that is

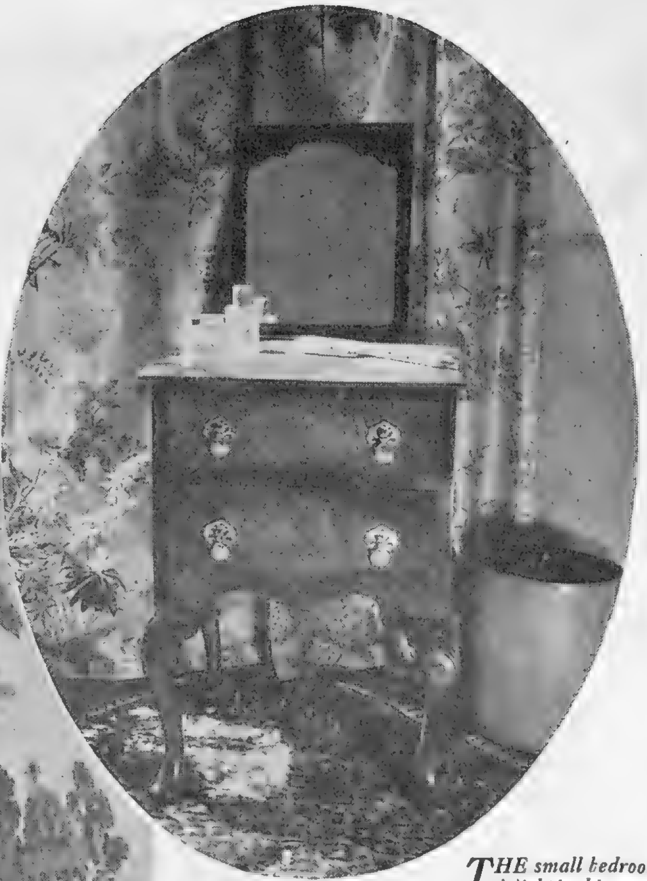
Reproduction Rooms—Continued

somewhat lacking in colourful features. I have seen an oak period room in which curtains of shrill green silk were used in preference to a more conventional fabric, and the scheme certainly gained an arresting vitality thereby. In this case two green glass lamps 'picked up' the colour elsewhere.

Backgrounds for Sheraton, Queen Anne and contemporary styles call for no greater expenditure than the average modern scheme. Here is a simple background for rooms of this type.

The walls should be stripped of paper and the plaster repaired if necessary. Simple deal mouldings should then be fixed to the plaster in panelled effect, spaced in proportionate size to the room. The ceiling is now washed antique ivory and the plaster painted a dim green, shading to a lighter colour inside the panels. A coat of lacquer gives the paint a mellow tint of age and should be applied to the doors and skirting as well, which are shaded in the same way as the walls. A plain Wilton carpet could be used in this room, though Persian rugs are infinitely preferable.

Glazed chintz has a sedate charm which recommends itself for use in such a room, and from the strictly practical point of view is most satisfactory. I have known glazed chintz to outlast other fabrics in a much used room and even then to return, after cleaning and glazing, restored to all its youthful freshness.



THE small bedroom would delight in this reproduction Queen Anne dressing table. When not in use the mirror slides into a hidden compartment. Price £6 / 10 / 0 from William Spriggs

A PRINTED linen of formal design in "faded" blue and green colouring on a natural background suggests a suitable medium for covers or curtains in an oak period room. Price 3/11 per yard

FOR a drawing-room or bedroom in one of the lighter periods, cream batiste curtains are deliciously quaint and inexpensive. For perfect effect they should be trimmed with ball fringe, which can still be obtained in colours. Cream batiste with blue fringe in a dainty Sheraton style bedroom of cream and blue would be irresistible, while the bed-spread should be to match.

Plain cotton voiles are valuable also for the less formal scheme and should be made with ruffled edges. Both fabrics are fresh and charming in their effect and have the special advantage of being easy to launder.

Some modern wallpapers are made with a quaint, all-over pattern, and in bedrooms of the early English style these can sometimes be used with effect, especially if the room has a sloping roof. Designs showing figures in quaint costume, and others with pastoral scenes, are sometimes procurable and can be used in the usual way or in panels outlined with wood moulding.

One attractive scheme was carried out in a country house where the bedroom walls had been painted a glossy peach and the sloping ceiling papered with a quaint sprig design in pink and several shades of green. This reversal of the usual procedure was amusing and effective without in any way detracting from the charm of the actual furniture.

LACQUER is valuable in providing the right note of contrast to period styles. This cabinet is from Drage's

A COMPLAINT one hears in regard to period schemes is that they lack comfort. This might perhaps be true in many cases if one were to be confined strictly to pieces of period style and were to omit those essentials of comfort, the modern easy chairs. There is no reason, however, why this should be done when the contours of the average modern piece are so uncompromising. For my own part, I would not hesitate to indulge my indolent taste for the more luxurious easy chairs, though I should take the utmost care that a suitable covering would give them some relationship to the scheme. Here again a certain discrimination is advisable in choosing fabrics for a small room where old-world designs or fussy chintz often has the effect of crowding the scheme.

In such cases I am in favour of plain materials. That is to say, canvas and crash linen in oak rooms and a plain glazed chintz or silk slub for the lighter styles. Plain natural linen covers can be charmingly decorated with crewel work in bold design of coloured wools, particularly if the chair is of the high-backed variety, when the design should appear in the centre of the back. Small chair seats can be covered and embroidered in the same way—in fact, the method is very helpful in uniting pieces of incongruous design.

All these matters will assist in the ultimate aim of reproducing a period room, though most will fail if, having earnestly studied the major points, one is careless of minor ones.

One sees the effect of so many period schemes, carefully planned in every other respect, utterly destroyed by the use of unsuitable pictures and accessories which disturb the unity of the scheme. Photographs, for instance, can be particularly disturbing to a scheme, particularly if one should be rash enough to decorate the walls of a "period" room with portraits of an aggressively modern kind.

The really excellent reproductions of Old Masters, particularly those of the Dutch school, lend themselves perfectly to the atmosphere of a Jacobean or Tudor furnishing scheme; while pleasant effects are obtainable with maps.

HAVING the covetable quality of the authentic period room, this entrance hall is actually a reproduction of the early Yorkshire style by Maples

SHOWING a graceful Queen Anne style commode against the soft lighting of a deep window, primly curtained with glazed chintz of softest pink, patterned with green. The commode costs £10 10s. from William Spriggs

SIMPLE panelled walls of old vellum tone, or shaded green seem to be the perfect background for the more delicate period styles. The admirable corner group above again illustrates the effective influence of lacquer in such a scheme

Tapestry and petit-point are so exquisitely reproduced in modern fabrics that some examples are well worth exploiting for the purpose of wall decoration in reproduction rooms. Framed in gilt or wood, these fabrics frequently lend themselves to interesting arrangements and offer special scope for enlarging upon the more conventional wall decorations.

A long, narrow panel of "tapestry" fabric, framed, is often suitable for a mantel treatment, and is a welcome improvement upon the more monotonous mirror arrangement, which is a delightful means of decoration elsewhere.

Formal flower paintings are always at ease in rooms of Sheraton and contemporary styles, while needlework pictures are capable of the most cunning effect. Recently the taste for this work has revived, and women are rediscovering their prowess in delicate needlework. Sampler transfers offer immense possibilities of decoration to those who have patience to attempt the intricacies of these designs and as pictures or fire-screens have a quaint and colourful effect.

Secrets of the Salons: A BEAUTY

Eternal Questions—
Practical

The answers to these questions
to all interested readers. Write
and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2,
questions to which you

Miss Mae Madison, a Warner Brothers star, paddles her own canoe with great efficiency

Do you Know that—

1. IF you are naturally fair, and wish to retain the radiant colouring and fine textured complexion which is your heritage, the use, at night, once or twice a week of a famous English Beauty culturist's "Special" lotion will whiten and refine the skin, keep it free from all impurities and acidity and prevent sunburn ?

2. THERE is a sun- and sea-proof protection cream which makes it possible to indulge in athletics and even to bathe in any climate with confidence, knowing you will retain indefinitely the perfectly soigné complexion with which you started out ?

3. THERE are two toilet lotions, one an inoffensive liquid with depilatory qualities, the other a beneficial skin lotion which, at the same time, prevents the recurrence of superfluous hair or cures downy growths ? These lotions will enable you to keep arms and legs smooth-skinned and free from hair.

4. TO have beautiful and amenable hair you must have a thoroughly clean and healthy scalp, and that the special lotions and shampoos of proved pharmaceutical purity, advocated by a famous firm of manufacturing chemists and beauty specialists, have proved of inestimable benefit to women who are fastidious in this respect ?

5. THERE is a new beauty mask which is so simple to use that any woman can rejuvenate herself secretly by its use ? This "mask treatment" not only smoothes out wrinkles, but improves the colour and texture of the skin, and can be used frequently, as its effect is progressive.

6. COSMETICS, nowadays, are adapted not only to every type, but for every occasion and for every costume, from the simple out-of-doors, sunburn effects to the most subtle and exotic tones of rouge and eye-shadowing, and that the famous beauty specialist who sponsors them will give valuable and sophisticated advice about their most effective application ?

7. THERE are two new complexion creams, one for day and one for night use, containing valuable glandular components, which give back youth and vitality to the skin and eliminate wrinkles by supplying the hormones, a deficiency of which causes the symptoms of age ?

8. THE endocrine gland deficiency, which is the cause of so many ills, fatigue, lassitude, ageing skin, wrinkles and skin troubles, can be corrected by some marvellous skin tablets, of guaranteed harmlessness, made from the prescription of a famous experienced German chemist ?

9. A FIRM of London beauty culturists have long specialised in special hand treatment which not only smooths and whitens the skin of the hands, but improves their shape and stimulates the circulation ?

10. THERE is in existence a lotion, which can safely be used at home, for the removal of those often humiliating and unsightly disfigurements, warts and moles ? The lotion is made by a long-established and proved firm of manufacturing chemists who have specialised in beauty products.

11. YOU can take a course of beauty exercises to improve your health and figure, in your own home under expert tuition, by means of a graduated series of gramophone records, so that you can have the voice of the beauty specialist who evolved them to guide and instruct you, and music to make the exercises rhythmic and amusing to perform ?

12. THERE is a new radio-active skin food, the simple application of which acts as a tonic, curative and rejuvenating agent ? This cream preserves its radio-active properties indefinitely. It not only nourishes the skin, but has valuable remedial properties for the treatment of skin affections.

13. PAINFUL feet, swollen joints, ankles, and fatigue are often due to lack of balance and support, and that a scientific support for the instep, and a pliable bandage to prevent the strain on weak ankles, and other simple correctional implements may make all the difference between pain and misery and comfort and content ?

14. THERE is a valuable medicated face mask for the treatment of acne, blackheads, and general purification of the pores of the skin ? This mask, incorporated by a beauty specialist among her many effective treatments, contains the scientifically extracted elements from peat, and is recommended by many medical men.

QUESTIONNAIRE

to which there are Answers

will be sent by return of post
to the Woman Editor, "Britannia
and mention the numbers of the
require the answers

By "Chrysis"

The blonde beauty of Miss Bette Davis is much admired. She is one of Warner Brothers' rising stars

15. THERE is a special treatment for tired and lined eyes which includes herbal sachets, stimulating and tonic in effect when they are steeped in hot water and applied to the eyes; and a special light and easily absorbed cream, particularly suited to assimilation by the delicate skin of the lids and around the eyes?

16. CERTAIN toilet sachets, of which there is a variety, so that every type of skin can be suited, added to ordinary washing water, will not only neutralise all lime and the harmful effects of hard water, but will act independently as beautifying agents, eliminating blackheads and other secretions, and leaving the skin soft, clear and supple?

17. A COARSE skin, and even open pores of long standing, may be cured by a well-known specialist's pore cream? This should always be used, after the steaming or warm oil treatment for blackheads, to close the pores and prevent a recurrence of the obstruction. The cream is healing, stimulating and protective.

18. IF you have an oily skin which makes ordinary make-up impossible, there is a special liquid cream, advocated by a well-known plastic surgeon with medical training and wide experience, which can be used as a substitute for powder, giving the skin a fair mat appearance and preventing any greasy exudation?

19. YOU can make your eye-lashes grow longer, thicker and darker by applying to their tips at night an authenticated dark-brown cream. It is quite harmless and painless (even if it gets into the eyes). It runs down the tube of the hair to the roots, which it nourishes while adding to the pigmentation, so that the lashes not only grow more luxurious, but darken.

20. YOU can have your hair done, by an artist in "head-lines," to suit your individual type, with the newest alluring curls around your face, by a new method which assures that every curl will come back into its allotted position, no matter how much it is combed or wind-blown?

21. BY the practice of special exercises, evolved by an expert in physical beauty, you can make your bust firm and shapely, and so conform to fashion's latest demands for the return of the feminine figure? If through illness or other causes your figure has become flabby or your shoulders hollow, it is worth while to consult this specialist, who will put you on the way to regenerate your décolletage by natural methods.

22. IF you use a day cream, it is important that it should be pure and soluble to a high degree, so that there is nothing to clog the pores or ooze out subsequently? There is a vanishing cream which fulfils these requirements, is fragrant and beneficial in effect, and makes a delightful base for powder. It is the complement of a good cold cream from the same firm.

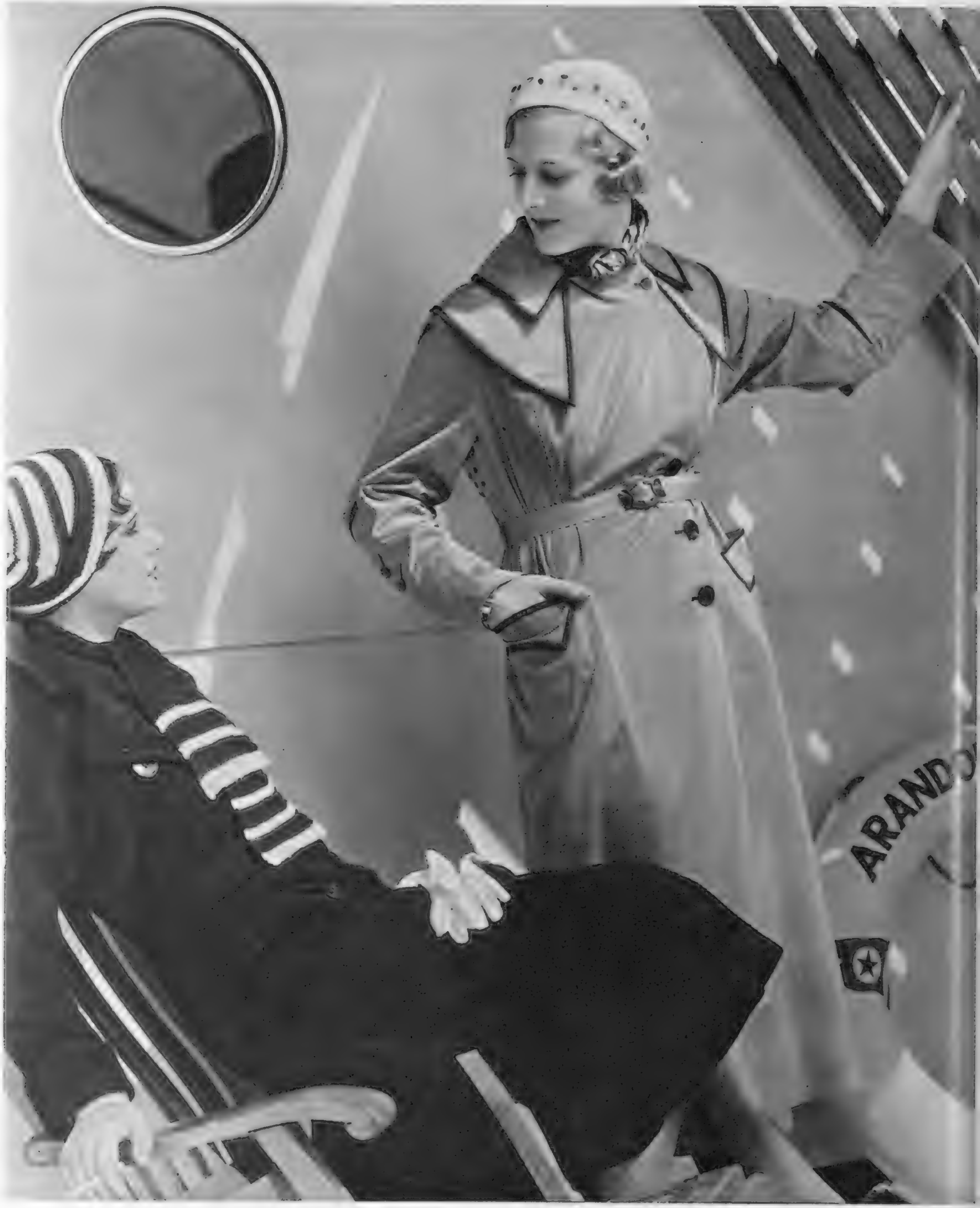
23. MANY toilet problems are solved by the use of a good complexion milk? There is one which is emollient and protective, and can be used with equally good results on face, neck and hands—a "compactum" beauty aid, in fact. In winter it protects the skin from the effects of wind and frost, and in summer from sunburn and from insect-bites.

24. THE importance of a good toilet soap cannot be over-estimated? One of the internationally famous soap manufacturers, which happens to be British, has specialised in the production of a pure white soap, of guaranteed purity, which has a pleasant though light scent, lathers easily, and contains none of the harmful ingredients which make some soaps a danger to the complexion. This particular soap is a great help in keeping the hands smooth and white.

25. YOU can, virtually, take a spa treatment in your own home by adding to your bath water alkaline and oxygenated salts which combine the natural salts contained by the waters at Carlsbad, Vichy, Aix, and other famous "cures"? These bath salts will draw the impurities and acids out of your system, cure rheumatic and gouty aches and pains, and improve the condition of your skin.

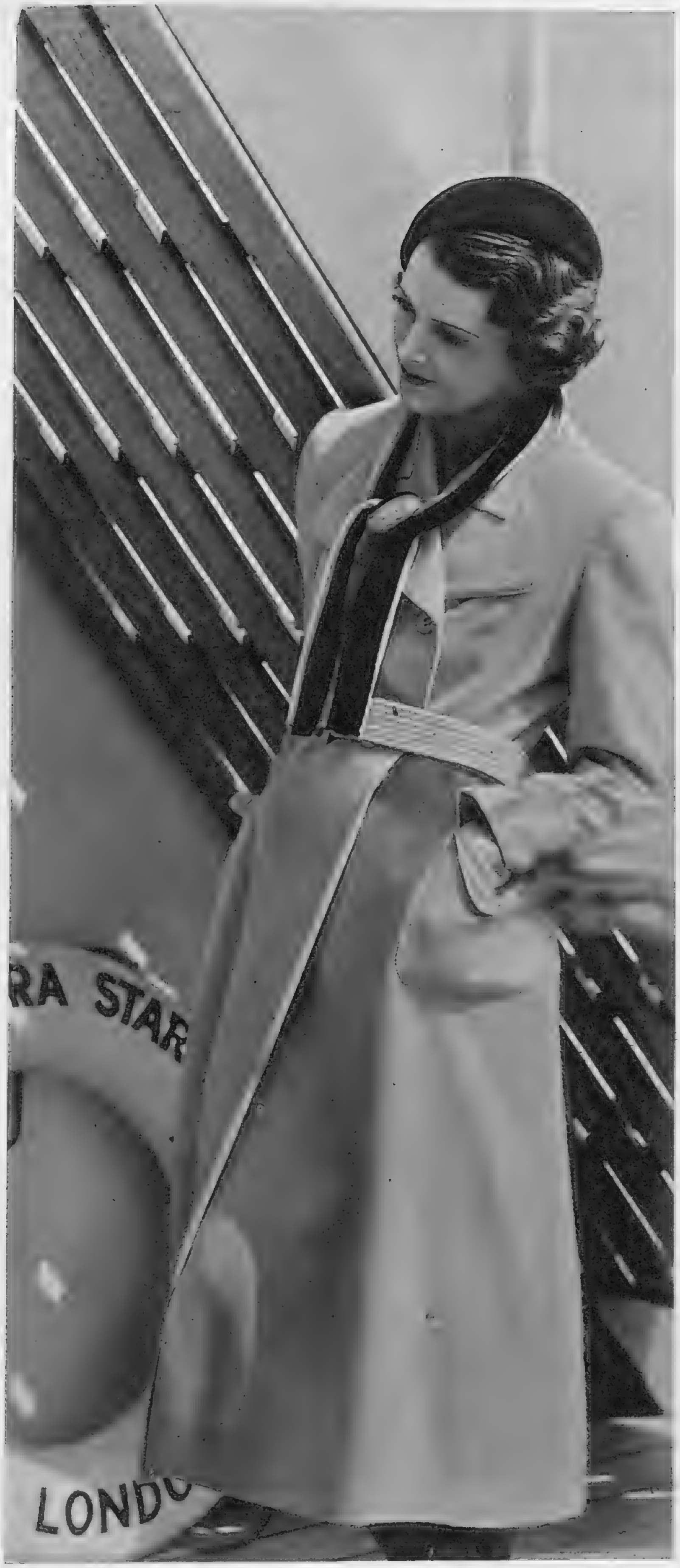
26. A SERIES of really luxurious bath accessories can all be had in the same perfumes—lovely scents with provocative names: "Chaminade," "Mystérieuse," and many delicious floral bouquets? One's bath becomes a refined indulgence when one's soap, bath salts, dusting powder, and even talcum are all redolent of one's chosen perfume.

27. YOUR whole life will be happier and more enjoyable, your nerves and temper better, and your carriage more graceful if your feet are comfortable and in a thoroughly healthy condition? One of the famous firms of beauty specialists has a department devoted to chiropody and pedicure, where everything, from the cure of corns, etc., treatment for weak arches, to strengthen and improve the shape of the feet, to nail-tinting is undertaken.



CRUISING IN COMFORT:

or, A Modern School



Shaw · Wildman

HOLIDAYS aboard, or indeed, holidays almost anywhere except in the Tropics—and I am told that even they are getting colder with the passage of years and/or because of the depression—necessitate a warm and serviceable top-coat. In these days this means a double-breasted full-length coat with a belt at the normal waist-line, wide revers and adequate pockets, and if this description sounds so ordinary as to be unnecessary, one has only to consult a catalogue of even five years ago to see how recent is this eminently suitable recipe.

Three different versions are illustrated on these pages, and all three, although quite different in appearance, conform to the given regulations. On the left is an Aquascutum coat of specially proofed navy-blue cloth which has a particularly good fitted waist-line and neat back. This is only one of the several excellent models which Aquascutum are showing for travelling and country wear, and all of them are in the special Aquascutum cloth, guaranteed waterproof, and which are to be obtained from as little as 5½ guineas. Some of them are in tweed and homespun designs, and for these there are featherweight travelling rugs of homespun to match. Lighter weight woollens are made into attractive coats and skirts, most of which show double-breasted coats and slightly flared skirts.

With this top-coat the seated figure is wearing a matching cap and scarf of navy blue and white wool from Woollands. These little sets, which may be obtained in several designs and colours, are the perfect solution to the problem of travelling millinery, for they are as comfortable as they are *chic* and are impervious to all weathers.

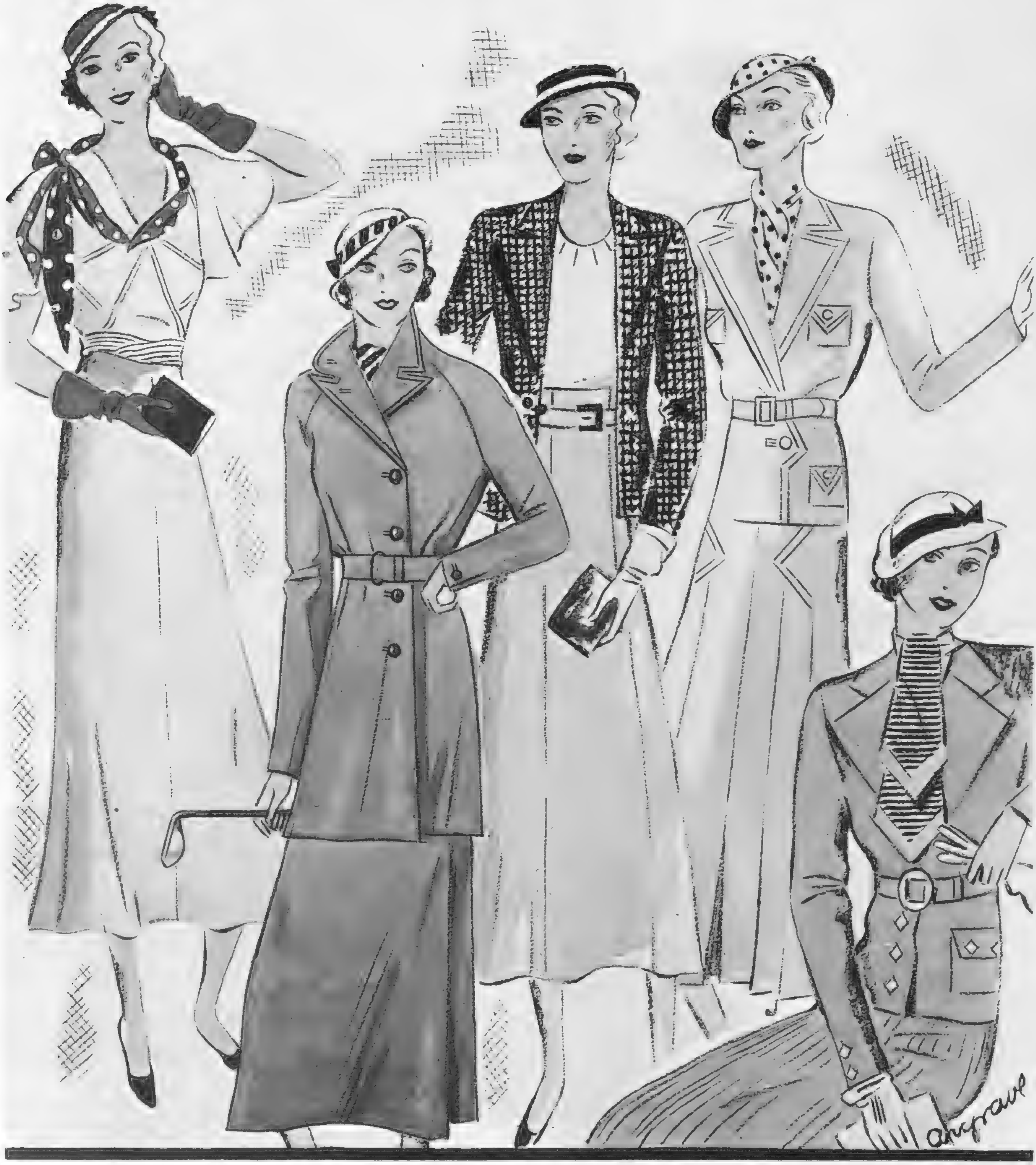
THE centre figure is wearing a Zambrene waterproof of blue and white check silk piped with navy blue which has a double shoulder-cape and the semblance of wide gauntlets on its sleeves. This is one of many equally attractive Zambrene models, all of which are noticeable for their excellent cut and for their light weight. Most of those destined for town or everyday wear are of silk proofed on one side only, as is the coat in the illustration, but for really hard sports wear there is the famous Aintree coat of white Indiana proofed on both sides, and which no rain, no matter how persistent, can penetrate. This coat has a double box-pleat at the back, in order to give the wearer complete freedom whether on foot or on horseback, and storm sleeves and collar. For town wear Zambrene are showing a remarkably wide range of patterned silks, shadow stripes, spots or checks, so perfectly proofed that the fabric remains absolutely soft and supple.

For the autumn, for shooting and winter wear Zambrene have prepared a range of coats, both long and short, made of proofed velveteen and tweed in many attractive checks and plaids, and a novelty is velvet stamped to resemble sharkskin. This is sometimes used for an entire coat, but more often makes a collar and revers on a coat of plain material.

ON the right is an example of one of the season's favourites—off-white. This woollen coat from Marshall and Snelgrove is made of light weight off-white woollen material, and is double-breasted with high revers and a knitted scarf of black, yellow and red attached to the back of the collar. A wide stitched belt and patch pockets add to its *chic*.

for Scandal. By Madge Garland

A Page *for the* Sportswoman



A SMART summer frock from Richard Sand is made of a new silk jersey which resembles an open hopsack weave and which hangs extremely well. This has cape sleeves and a cleverly cut and slimming bodice which radiates from the point of the V décolletage. The long scarf is of green and white spotted crêpe-de-Chine

FOR the golfer Zambrene has devised an ingenious waterproof costume which consists of a three-quarter length coat and a wrap-around skirt with an adjustable waistband which may be put on over one's own skirt. The featherweight material of which this is made permits the skirt to be kept in a handbag when not in use

REALLY good tailoring is as rare as it is desirable, but Harry Hall of Oxford Street can be guaranteed to carry out successfully any given design. This attractive two-piece consists of a white flannel skirt with a high waistline and a short jacket of blue and white check tweed which has square shoulders and broad revers

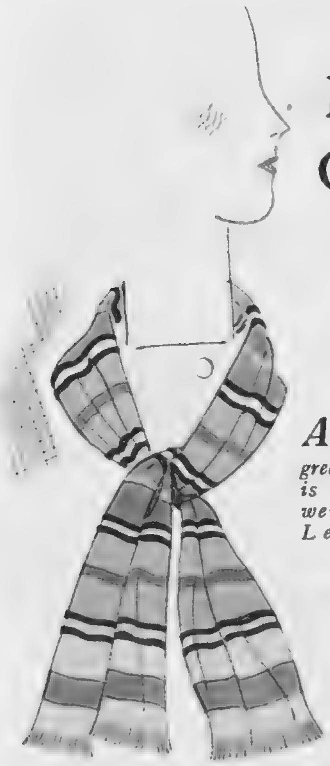
THE popularity of leather for sports wear is to a great extent due to the excellence of Leathercraft models, and this home industry is one of which we may well be proud. The attractive model from their Berkeley Street shop sketched above is carried out in the softest and most supple suède, and can be obtained in a range of colours

THE seated figure above is wearing one of the many excellent woollen models to be found at Woollands. It can be obtained in beige, brown, grey, and blue, and costs only 3 guineas. The skirt is woven into pleats, which can therefore never get out of order, and the coat is finished with a smart striped scarf

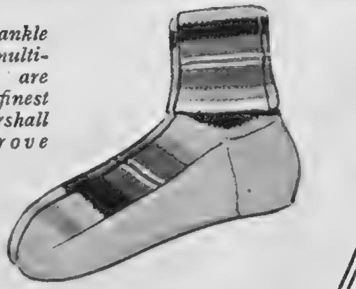
For the Wearing of the Green

Some New Regalia *for the* Queens *of* Clubs

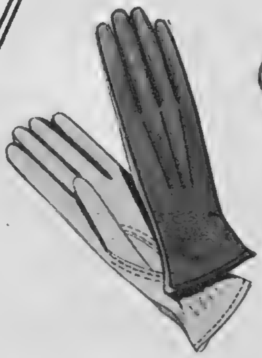
By
Barbara
Locke



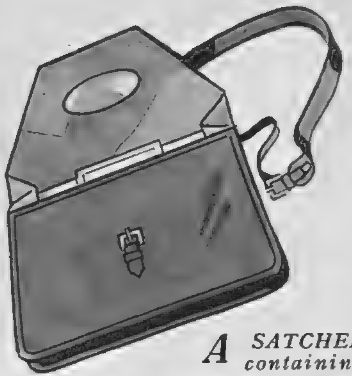
A STRIPED scarf in white, green, red and black is made of heavyweight romain. Leathercraft



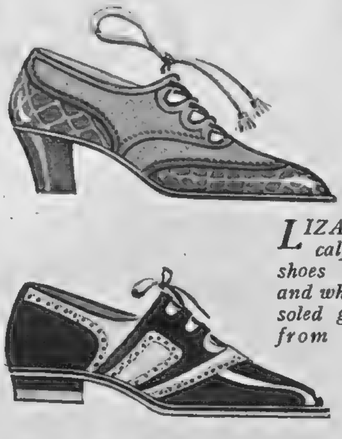
VERY neat ankle socks with multicolour stripes are made of the finest cashmere. Marshall and Snelgrove



EXCELLENT golf gloves with backs of coloured leather and palms of chamois leather. Leathercraft



A SATCHEL containing powder-puff, comb and mirror is essential to the woman golfer. Fortnum and Mason



LIZARD and calf walking shoes and tan and white rubber soled golf shoes from Thierry

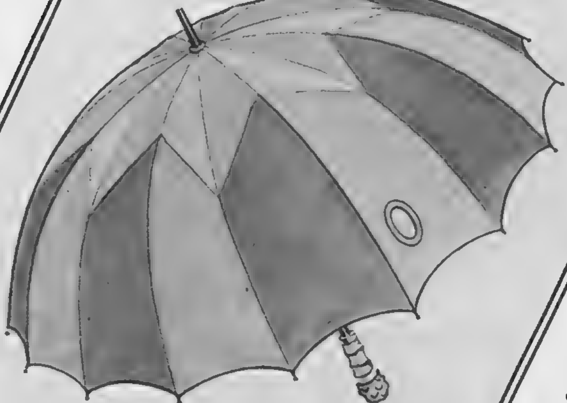
THE golfing woman, no matter whether she may drive like the kick of a mule or face the roughest weather like a Scotch gillie, remains ravishingly feminine, and the sports designers must cater for her femininity. What a pleasure it is after being thrilled by the masculine vigour of Miss Wanda Morgan's drive from the tee to let one's eye dwell on her well-thought-out ensemble! Or, after seeing Dorothy Pimm's putt unerringly find the hole, how agreeably can the eye rest on her trim neatness, from the skilfully blended colours of her sweater and skirt, down to her immaculate shoes! What then has London, the home of sports fashions and equipment, to offer that is new or novel for the woman golfer . . . to contribute to the efficiency of her game?

Marshall and Snelgrove's have an excellent golf glove: the chamois leather back is perforated for ventilation, the very supple cape leather palm has three small tucks that may cause you to bless them when the devastating slice that appears when the club turns in your hand is conspicuous by its absence.

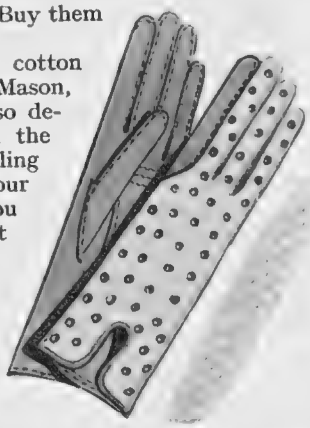
Thierry's, of Regent Street, have a selection of the light golf shoes now so generally adopted for warm weather, in either brown and beige or black and white, the white always at the top to avoid the probability of grass stains. I saw at the same shop a number of gillie models too, and for really rough weather, the Derby shoe, which has borrowed its design from the ski boot. It is a mistake to buy your shoes and have them nailed after. Buy them ready nailed.

For the rain, a gay cotton umbrella from Fortnum and Mason, in your own colours if you so desire, may have a porthole in the cover. It saves you from falling into a bunker or hurting your ankle in a rabbit hole when you are holding the umbrella in front of you as a protection against driving rain.

The light "auto-caddy" bag for those who wish to dispense with caddies, either to reduce expenses or figures, stands up obediently while you are making your stroke (two legs and the bag form a tripod), instead of lying on the ground where it would collect dirt and rust.



THIS umbrella may be made in whichever colours you prefer and has a useful peephole. Fortnum and Mason



PERFORATED backs of chamois leather and palms of cape leather compose these smart golf gloves from Marshall and Snelgrove

Improve Your House—II.

Gates *and*

By Peggy

GATE-PIERS of local Somerset stone, and a lily pool by the front door at Stowell Hill. (Right) Good, but cheap! For the small sum of 15s. a gate like this, including the oak posts, can be erected

HOW surprisingly obstinate are first impressions! The uneasy feeling engendered by an overlong wait for a front-door bell to be answered, or by the sour face of the person who answers it, often persists throughout an otherwise pleasant social encounter. A gate that jams or squeaks, or is merely ugly and badly proportioned, can be equally unwelcoming. So let us discuss gates, that our friends may be charmed before they reach our doors and even the rate-collector wear a smiling face!

A gate can give a whole house a shabby, down-at-heel appearance, or, alternatively, it can be so attractive as to deflect attention from other deficiencies which may unhappily be present; its importance to a small house cannot be over-estimated.

Let me describe to you the entrance to a small house with a piece of garden separating it from the road. It is one of the nicest gateways that I know. It beckons to me with a welcoming gesture every time I walk that way. The gate-piers are of solid brick, four-square and shoulder-high, surmounted by stone slabs and stone cannon-balls. The old brick wall is lower, and backed inside by a thick yew hedge, cut out squarely to make room for the gate-piers and to give a dark background to the cannon-balls. The wrought-iron gate is perhaps a little too light and thin in design, but it is surmounted by a lantern of robust proportions carried on an arching iron bar. A path of square red tiles takes you straight to the door, between trim grass verges and two long flower-beds, filled in the Spring with Prince of Austria tulips (rich orange) in strictest review order. I should like it as much if the cannon-balls were transmuted into carved stone pineapples; I should like it even more if the red tiled path were, instead, a stone-flagged one. (But I shall come back to that.)

This, though it may have many variations, seems to me to be the perfect type of gateway. It has dignity and charm, and affords the windows privacy from passing eyes, without the complete and forbidding secrecy which a solid gate would have effected. How tactfully our ancestors managed these things!

THE MANOR
HOUSE

THE entrance to the Manor House, Petersham, comes very near to perfection of a simple 18th-century type

NOW for the ways and means of the sincerest form of flattery. Brick and stone, as we all know, are expensive; concrete is cheap. Wrought-iron gates can be picked up cheaply enough in junk-shops and second-hand dealers" or can be made by a village blacksmith, if he is given a model to copy. In the South of France they make white plaster walls with little roofs on them of gay red or green tiles. Their gate-piers are often capped by earthenware pots, overflowing with the brilliant, haphazard flowers of the South. Though a plan of this sort does not suit the average English house of uncertain age, it could be very stimulating in a new suburb, or as a finishing touch to a gay seaside cottage. To fit our rather more sober scheme of things we in this country prefer our mellow brick, or, if concrete it must be, let it look as much like stone as possible, without, of course, degrading it into rank deception.

A low wall, only a foot or eighteen inches high, can form the base for iron railings, either the kind which look like a row of spears, or a simpler type, plain iron bars, interspersed at intervals by narrow decorated sections. A hedge inside will satisfactorily complete the boundary. The low wall will lead naturally to the solid gate-piers. Gate-piers must be solid. A gate is a heavy thing, or, if it is not, it looks it, which, from the

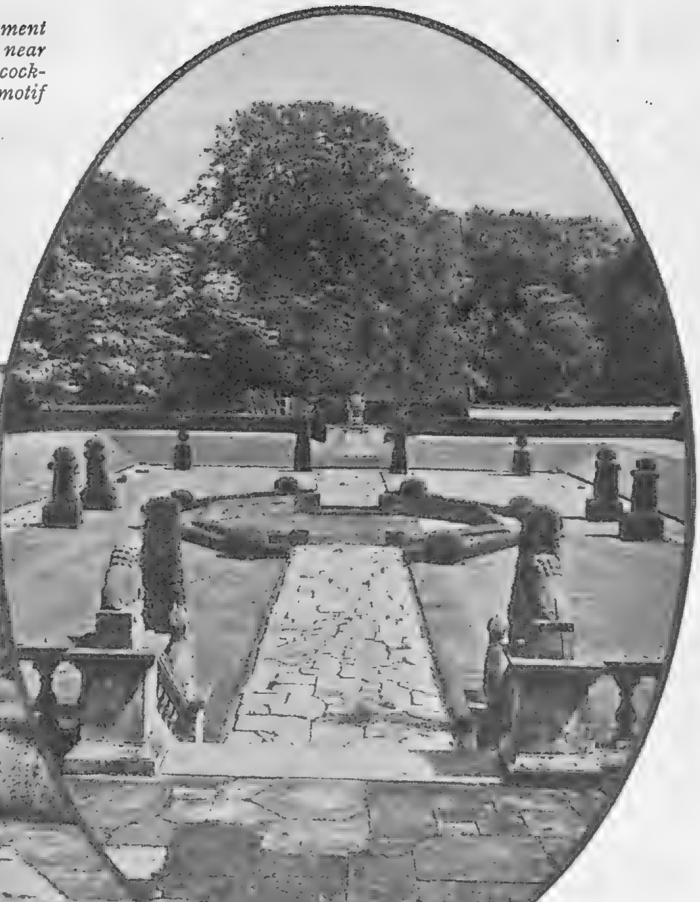
Gardens

Fremantle

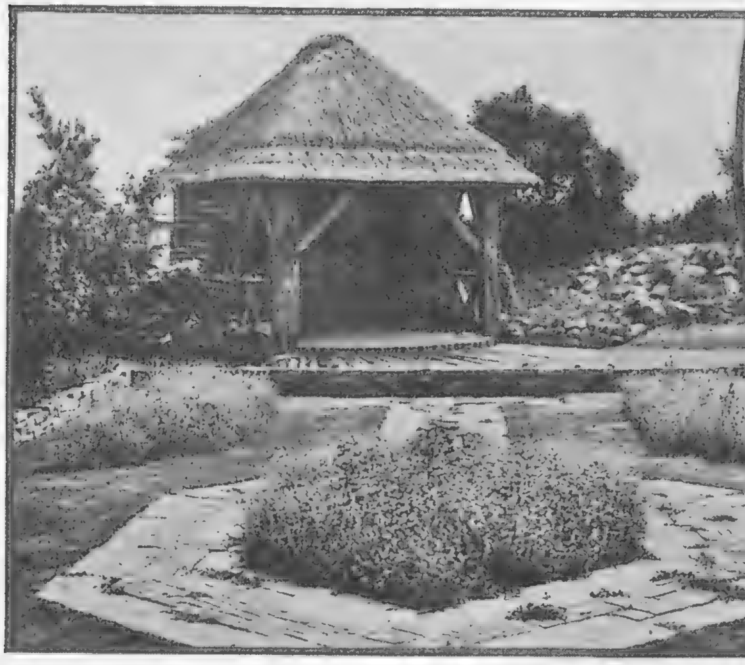
point of view of design, amounts to the same thing. I once saw a nice little wrought-iron gate hanging, apparently unsupported, in a gap between two yew hedges. Of course, it did possess gateposts, but they were thin iron things which had been overgrown by the hedge, and the result, from a visual point of view, was highly unsatisfactory. In all branches of design the thing which supports, or appears to support, should always be more substantial than its burden. Even a strong oak post is not really a suitable thing on which to hang an iron gate, for the post, being of a more perishable material than the gate, will eventually rot and the gate will fall to the ground.

If a wrought-iron gate is not advisable, and a solid one becomes necessary, in order to block out traffic, a gate of the panelled type, in oak, has much to recommend it. I should like to see a smaller reproduction of Lord Harewood's magnificently proportioned gate to the now sadly uninhabited Chesterfield House.

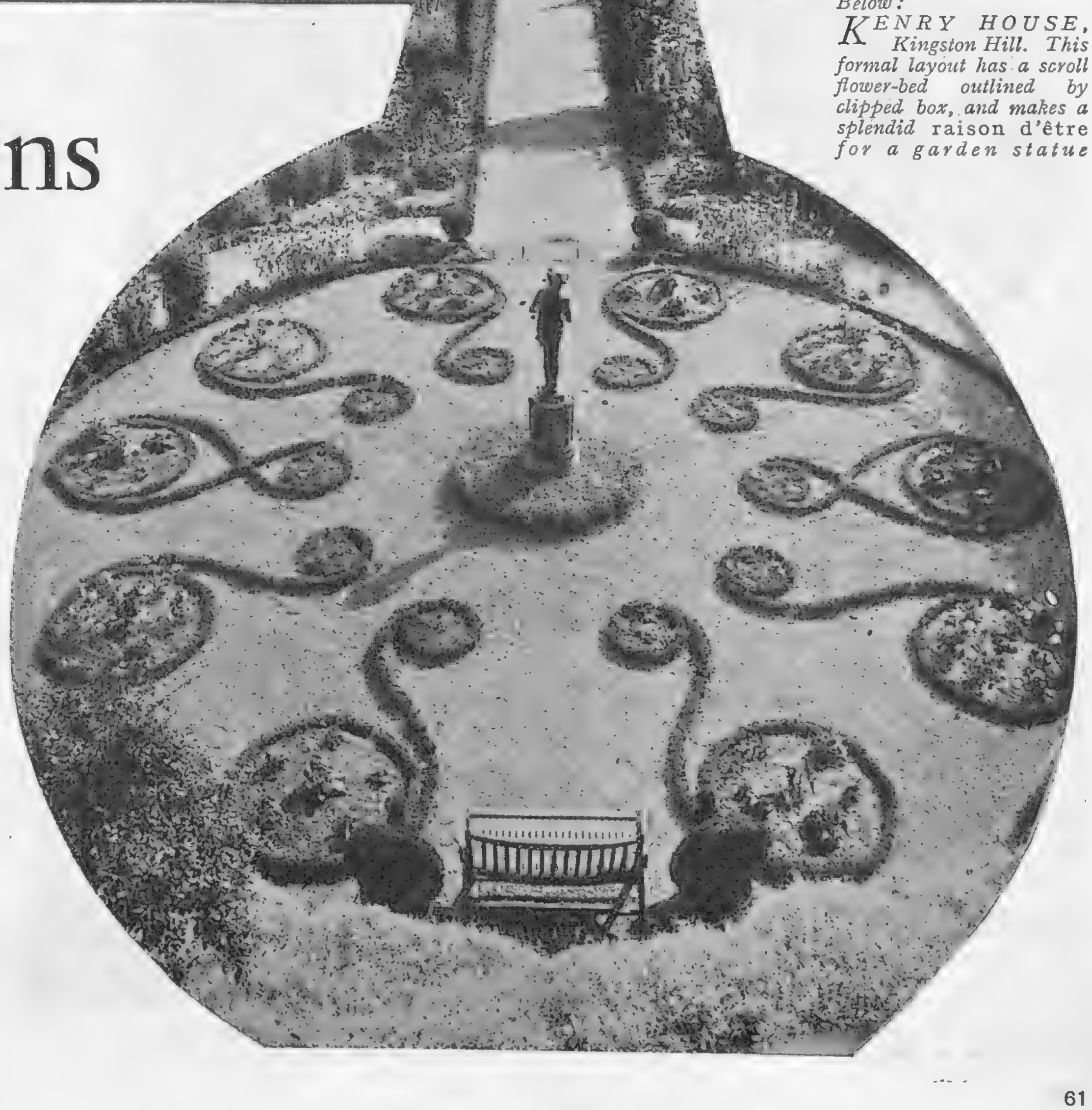
THE path from gate to front door is an important item in the planning of a new entrance, or the reconstruction of an old one. It must be thought out from the practical point of view, as well as that of beauty. Several alternatives present themselves. Crazy (*Continued on page* 96)



Right:
A FORMAL arrangement at Shawford Park, near Winchester, with an old cock-fighting pen as the central motif



Below:
AN unsophisticated summer-house suitable to a country house is here happily situated near an octagonal rose-garden



Below:
KENRY HOUSE, Kingston Hill. This formal layout has a scroll flower-bed outlined by clipped box, and makes a splendid raison d'être *for a garden statue*

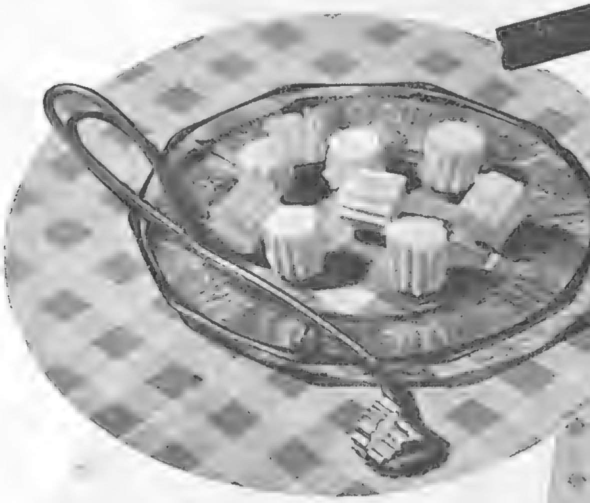
WHAT I have BOUGHT this Month

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

WHETHER you are just setting up house or replacing kitchen equipment, the point of "How long will it last?" must come into the question. At first thought it seems that the price is opposed to us buying the long-lasting article, for it does require a strong mind to pay twice the money when we can get something "that will do" for half. These aluminium saucepans, for example: they cost more than the average, but the money is quickly covered by the saucepans outliving the many renewals of the cheaper kind. Nor is this the only way in which they ultimately economise, for these Solar saucepans are so made that there is perfect contact with the hot-plate on an electric stove. The bottom is considerably thicker than the side, which makes for even distribution of heat, and the pan is fitted with insulated handles. The fundamental difference between these saucepans and the cheaper kind of aluminium is that these are "cast" aluminium, while most of the thin ones are "beaten." Size 6 in. square, price 19/6.

CAST aluminium saucepans in the new square shape

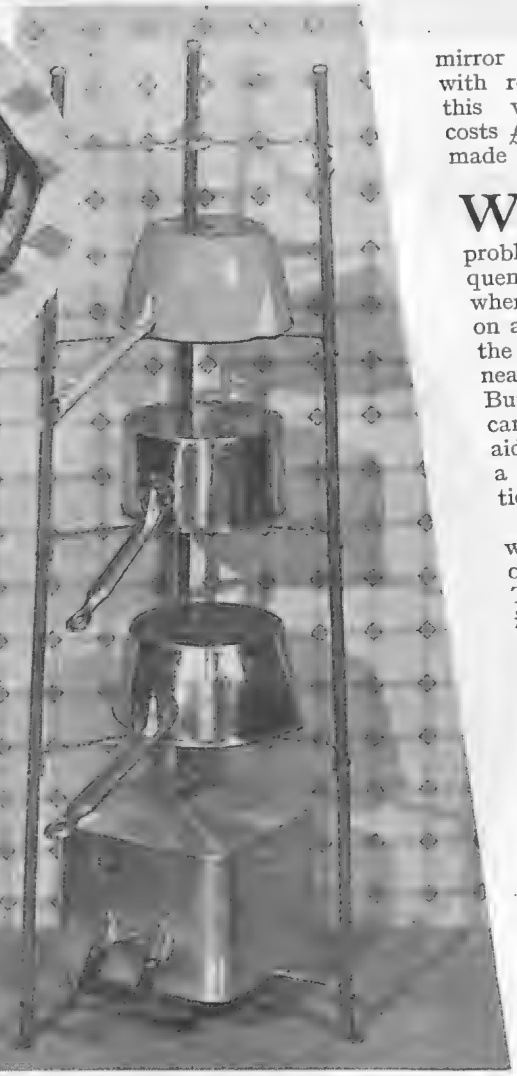
THIS smart bag is of red patent calf and has an enamelled frame to match



THESE butter rolls are made by simply pressing the small gadget into the butter

LITTLE money and less time are needed to make the butter pats shown in the photograph. The small gadget costs but 9d., post free, and you can see at a glance how it is worked—simply press it down into the butter, or else draw it along a pat of butter; either way is efficient.

OF many new handbags made by Shillacraft, I noticed one especially. This was very smart, a thumb pochette, yet not too small, and made of red patent calf. You can see it in the illustration, though some of its smart appearance is lost, with the colour, in a black and white reproduction. The frame of the bag is enamelled in a shade of red which matches the patent perfectly, and the clasp is most intriguing—more than that, it is safe! Nor does the lining take away any of the pleasure of the outside; it is pleasingly lined with red, the inside pocket being half white. A bevelled mirror of useful size and backed with red patent leather completes this very attractive bag, which costs £1 1s. This particular bag is made in many other colours.



A POT STAND which will hold your saucepans and take up very little room

WHERE to put all the kitchen etceteras is ever a problem, and one that is frequently cropping up. Saucepans—where to put these? In a row on a shelf they line the wall, on the dresser they are nowhere near the stove or the sink. But the problem of saucepans can be easily solved with the aid of this rack. It stands in a corner and takes up practically no room at all.

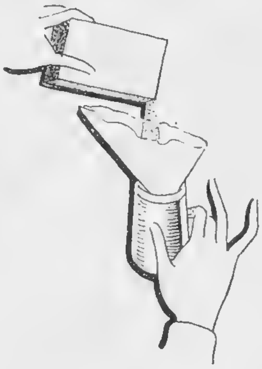
These pot stands are made with 4, 5, 6, and 7 tiers, but other sizes can be had to order. The upright tubes are finished in blue cellulose enamel and the supports in aluminium colour. The prices of these stands are:—4 tier, 6/9; 5 tier, 8/-; 6 tier, 9/6; 7 tier, 10/9.

By the side of this stand I have another small rack which is equally useful. This holds the lids of the saucepans and also takes up very little space. It is quite a new production, and I consider myself rather lucky to find it. It is made of pressed steel, holds six lids, and can be had in white and olive green enamel at the cost of 1s. 6d.

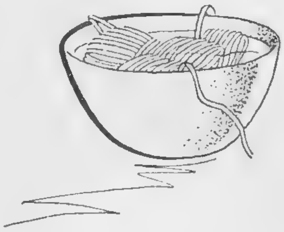
Madam, did you Know . . . ?

Practical Paragraphs *for* Home *Consumption*

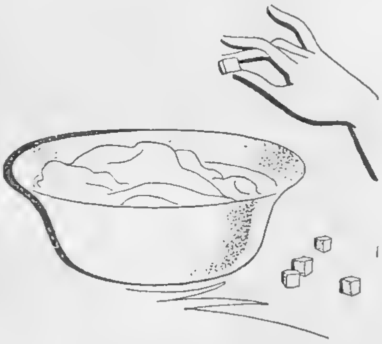
THAT when you fill your pepper and salt castors, and no proper funnel is available, an envelope can be used instead ? Take an ordinary square-shaped envelope and cut off the flap and one of the corners. Put this corner into the top of the castor and pour the pepper or salt through. This is such an easy way out of a difficulty—and a successful one too.



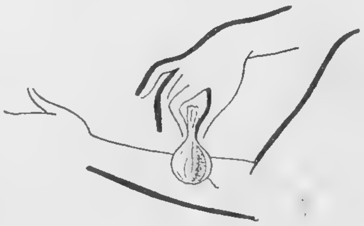
THAT garden bass will not break so easily if it is soaked in water before using ? When used dry it so often snaps just as the last knot is tied. A ball of the bass should be wound and then soaked in a basin of cold water for a few minutes. Care must be taken with it after soaking, but you will find it is not nearly as brittle as when dry.



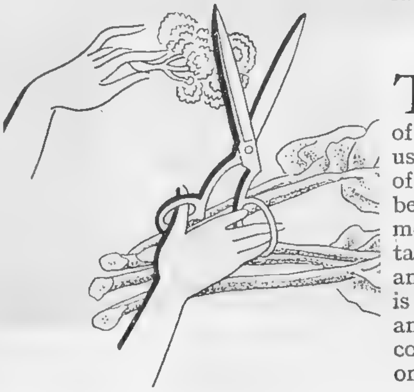
THAT it a few lumps of sugar are added to the last rinsing water, when washing silk blouses, these will be much improved ? The sugar gives a gloss and just that slight stiffness which is necessary if the silk is to look like new after laundering. After rinsing, squeeze the water out—don't wring—and roll the blouse in a cloth until nearly dry, then iron with a moderately hot iron.



THAT if an onion, or piece of moist washing soda, is applied to the affected part immediately after being stung the stinging pain will soon go off ? Should the wasp have left its sting behind, this should be taken out before applying the remedy. If it is in deeply, press a small hollow key over the spot in order to force the sting out far enough to be gripped with a pair of tweezers.

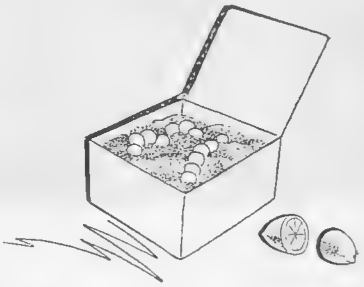


THAT scissors have many kitchen uses ? They can be used to trim fish, to cut the rind from bacon, to cut up rhubarb, to top and tail gooseberries. They will also "chop" parsley and mint. When making pastry, scissors can be used to trim the pastry round the edge of the pie dish, and they are really excellent for cutting out leaves with which to decorate the top of a pie.

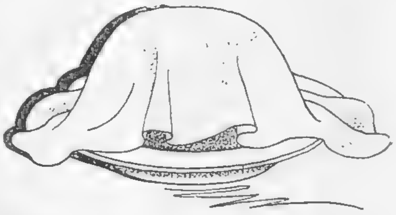


THAT an earthenware flower pitcher which is porous can be made non-porous in the following way ? Put a little paraffin wax into a jam jar and stand the jar in a saucepan of water. Put the saucepan over the gas until the wax is melted. Stand the pitcher in hot water for a few minutes and then pour the melted wax into it. Swirl this round inside and then allow it to cool.

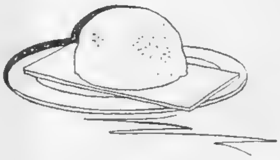
THAT ivory beads will keep a better colour if they are stored in a box of french chalk when not in use ? Any box will do, but if you choose a decorative one this can stand on the dressing-table and so be always at hand. Should the beads turn yellow, make a paste with whiting and lemon juice and rub the beads with this. When dry, brush the powder off and polish with a soft chamois leather.



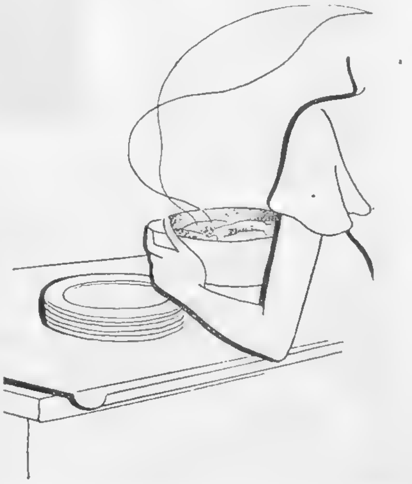
THAT if you have taken a furnished house where there is no butter cooler you can improvise one with a soup plate, a saucer, a basin and a cloth ? To do this put water into the soup plate and stand the saucer in this upside down. Put the butter on the saucer and cover with the basin. Soak a piece of linen in water and place over the basin so that the edges rest in the water in the soup plate.



THAT when serving an ice on a glass or china plate it will not melt so quickly if a wafer is put on the plate first ? Actually the wafer prevents the warmth from the china or glass from melting the ice quickly. This is an idea which is worth trying, for ices, to be satisfactory, should be firm.



THAT the enamelled tray from under the grill of the cooker is extremely useful if put on the corner of the kitchen table. It can be used for the dishing-up of meals, for preparing vegetables, for washing-up china and many other things. It is quite a good idea to buy an extra tray from the local company and to keep it on the table ready for use.



Are

By
Sydney
Tremayne

JOAN CRAWFORD, who stars in "Letty Lynton." The scene depicted shows her illicit lover taking the poison intended for herself

JAMES CAGNEY as a gangster in the film "Enemies of the Public"

"THE Man I Killed." The Frenchman watches the German soldier die, after the attack on the trenches

GANGSTERS shooting down a rival with "Shortt" shrift, being banned by the Censor,

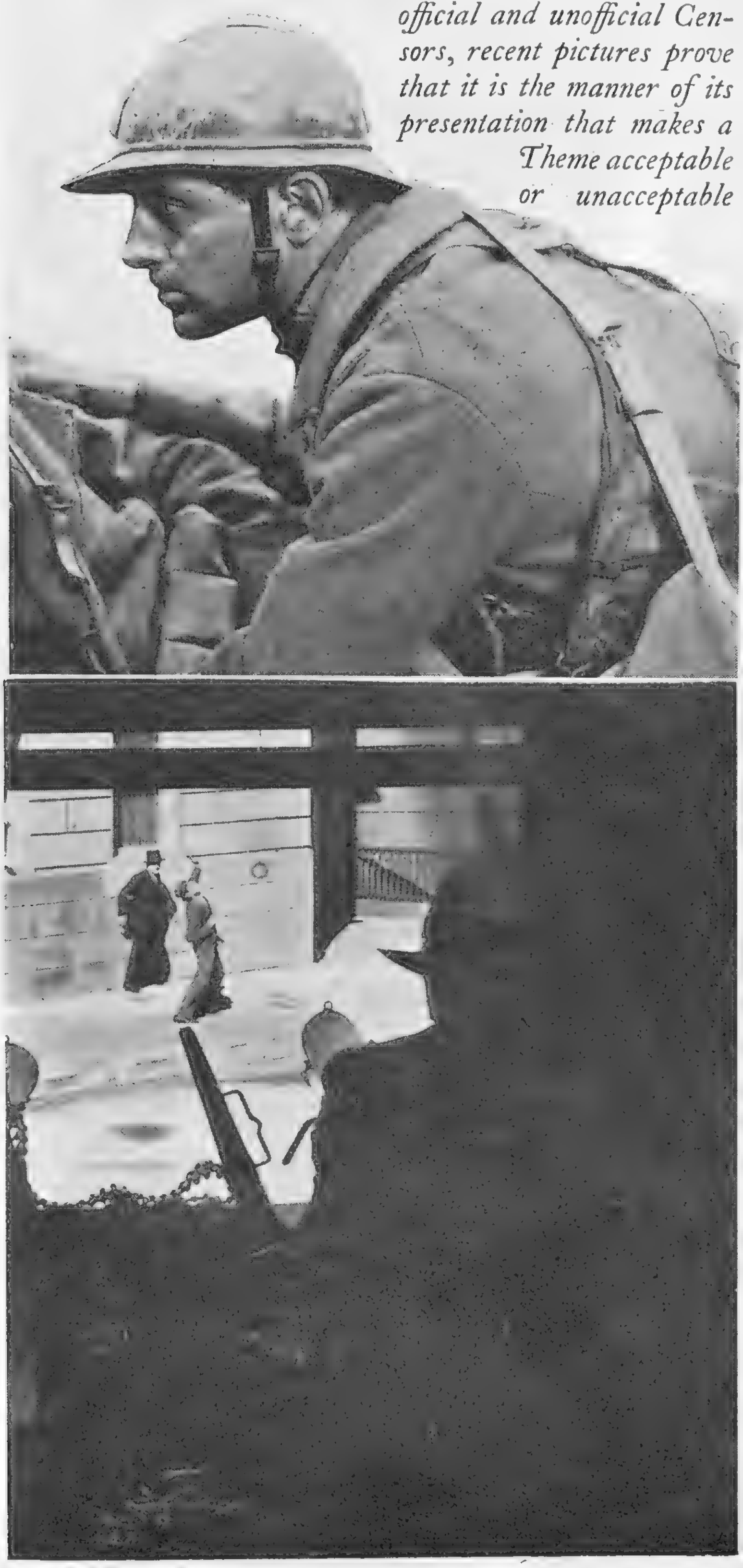
THE old, controversial question of permissibility of theme for screen plays has been reopened by the censorial and public attitude towards certain films shown in London during the summer. Actually, of course, the answer is concerned not with the matter but with the manner of its presentation. Art, and even near-art, covers a multitude of sins and can even *discover* them without offence while the same subjects dealt with vulgarly (and vulgarity embraces false modesty and sentimentality equally with coarseness and crudity) become embarrassing, suggestive and intolerable.

If we analyse one "batch" of films which happened to be running concurrently in London we shall find that the question of suitability of theme hardly arises, while the way in which the subjects are treated is of supreme importance and influences, no doubt unconsciously in the majority of cases, the attitude of the public towards the pictures in question.

A year ago in America James Cagney made his name in "Enemies of the Public," a frankly brutal exposition of gangster warfare. The Board of Censors refused to pass this film until recently, after certain of the more horrible episodes had been cut. The objection was, presumably in the interests of public morality. It was thought inadvisable to initiate the English public (regarded as potential criminals ?) into the ways of American gunmen. If that objection ever had any validity it exists to-day as surely as it did six months ago, and the film as released, minus the more brutal incidents, is less of a "warning" than it was before ! But the censors weakened and the public "ate it up,"—because it was good entertainment. The moral escaped them because it was so inapplicable, but the thrills "got" them !

some Subjects Unsuitable *for* the SCREEN?

In spite of the dicta of official and unofficial Censors, recent pictures prove that it is the manner of its presentation that makes a Theme acceptable or unacceptable



machine guns. A scene from "Enemies of the Public." The film received until certain necessary expurgations of brutal incident had been effected

No objection was raised either by the censor or the public to "Letty Lynton," the picture in which Joan Crawford starred with Robert Montgomery, although, taking the same standard as governing the censorial attitude, this picture might be taken as a lesson for potentially rebellious daughters in how successfully to eliminate by murder the troublesome and too passionate partner of an illicit love affair when true love intervenes!

Fritz Lang's intellectual and psychological murder film "M," based on the Dusseldorf murders, had a smooth passage through the Censor's office, but squeamish members of the public raised an outcry and accusations of unsuitability of theme. The reason for this was that the subject of child murder by a maniac appeared to be treated seriously instead of melodramatically and therefore ceased to be "entertainment." The public felt that they were being called upon to think—a process practically impossible to the average film-goer and therefore naturally resented.

"The Man I Killed," the much-boosted vehicle of Lubitsch's art as a director, was one of those films about war and its consequences which may be called peace films because they are based on pacifist propaganda. Any objections to this screen adaptation of Rostand's play were on the æsthetic grounds that the theme was not appropriate to the form, but would have been more justly aimed at the treatment of the subject which was maltreated, sentimentalised and falsified.

IN his introductory speech before "War is Hell," Sir Gilbert Murray said that there were many aspects of war so terrible that they "could not and indeed *should* not" be shown on the screen. Our text forces us to disagree. There is nothing that cannot and should not be shown, provided the artists concerned—the creator, the director and the actors—are capable of interpreting it in the *only* way in which it will be acceptable.

Fundamentally all these films, superficially so different in concept and content, have the same motive: the right to kill, for personal or patriotic reasons. Once murder, in fiction, was confined to melodrama and detective stories, but since the war it has become pervasive: we are on familiar terms with death and, as living becomes more expensive, life becomes cheaper.

In spite of the mass of vulgar rubbish that comes from Hollywood there is no doubt that the American production of films is still the most efficient in the world. Their pictures are finished and workmanlike; their stars, male and female, whether they are home-grown or imported, are better served and better produced than those of any other country, and the reason that films dealing with situations and aspects of life utterly unrelated to anything within the experience of the English public make the appeal they do is that the Americans concentrate always on the entertainment value of a picture and, up to date, that is what cinema audiences want.

"Letty Lynton" is an adaptation of a novel by an English writer, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, but in its film form it is American in every respect. Letty, estranged from her mother, who has been dehumanised by the infidelities of her defunct husband, is travelling, accompanied only by a maid, in South America, and, let it be said, she is travelling in a state of luxury only conceivable to Americans and millionaires at that. She is in the throes of a love affair with a monstrous and unreal Dago, portrayed by Nils Asther, and the picture opens with a love passage between them in a crowded dance hall in Monte Video—the sort of place to which, if it existed, not even a man like this Renaul, if *he* existed, would take an unmarried girl whom he loved, whether she was his mistress or not. (Incidentally South Americans are, no doubt with reason, much more strict with their women than are Anglo-Saxons.)

They return to her hotel at dawn, and in the car she tells him that she has had enough and is going home. He forces his way into her rooms, orders her maid out and makes passionate and threatening love to her, to which she apparently succumbs, but next morning she escapes to a convenient liner about to leave for New York.

On the ship she meets Jerry Darrow (Robert Montgomery, hall-marked "hero"). Letty wears fabulous clothes, scenically effective and exciting to the female members of the audience but quite inappropriate to her supposed youth and social circumstances. A romance develops. Letty truly loves at last. She will forget the past and live happily and purely evermore with this delightful and respectful young man.

An aeroplane circles over the ship, which prepares the experienced film viewer for the presence of the unspeakable Renaul on the quay when they

(*Continued on page* 106)

Azalea ABDIC

The Story of a rather risky Experiment in Matrimonial Strategy

By George Froxfield

"HAVEN'T inquired" answered Gavin. "Heaps of time for all that."

IT was just after midnight when Gavin knocked on Azalea's door, waited for her quite unnecessary "Who's there?" answered apologetically, "Only me, Zalea," fingered the handle till he heard her cold "Oh! Come in, then," opened the door, tip-toed across the dark room, blundered against the edge of her bed, ejaculated "Sorry! Frightfully clumsy" and then said:

"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shamefaced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing-room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents.

In March, 1917, when Azalea was twelve, one of her many governesses believed that the formation of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was a direct product of prayer, and, as a Waac, gladly encountered the perils of death (and as her mother said "of worse than death") rather than face complete annihilation at the hands of Azalea.

As at that time Azalea's father had already manœuvred himself into a staff job at Le Havre and her mother's secret fear was that peace might break out and end her "work" in a friend's country house which had been converted into a convalescent home for poor darling young officers, Azalea developed in that perfect freedom which the psychologists of yesterday declared ideal for the young.

When Azalea was twenty, velvet gloves on her iron hands, her curved claws sheathed, her extremely pretty face a mask, she first heard of Gavin Armstrong.

On his thirtieth birthday Gavin, who had spent a few years in a Lancer regiment and then inherited Bradcombe and its thousand acres and retired to hunt, shoot, play polo, steeplechase and form a flying club, wrote to Azalea's father, thanking him for sending the millionth ash-tray that littered Bradcombe like leaves and stated, "It's exactly what I've long wanted. No, I'm certainly not thinking of marrying and settling down. Women leave me absolutely cold and I'm through with the whole pack of 'em."

AS she spoke the door opened and John! Do I intrude? Looks

Azalea took the letter out of her father's hands, read it and said, "What's he like and where's Bradcombe?"

Gavin, who, according to Azalea's father, was just an ordinary sort of chap, was in reality Reginald Dennyish only bigger and more leisurely, and Bradcombe instead of being "a queer old barn" was actually a genuine old Tudor house only partially ruined by "improvements."

Azalea commandeered the services of an admirer and his aeroplane, landed in the park at Bradcombe, lunched with Gavin, had him "eating out of her hand" by tea-time and married him ten weeks later.

Her ideas of married life and his

ATES

Illustrated with Photographs by Peter North

Gavin walked in, stared and ejaculated: "Hello, as though I ought to ring for pistols for two."

AT the first tinkle of the telephone bell she seized the receiver.

didn't at first coincide, but Azalea's cold astonishment soon chilled him and her sighing acquiescence, her smiling, shoulder-shrugging, contemptuous reception of his attempts to be the lover-husband he had read of in novels or seen on stage or screen, cured him of what she called his "silly fits" and taught him that being married needn't really alter the routine of a man's life at all except by sparing him the ignominy of being put in his place by domineering hired housekeepers.

Harder than ever, Gavin played tennis and golf and squash-rackets (before breakfast) and swam and rode and Azalea treated him in public with the respect Mussolini undoubtedly shows the King of Italy, while she ruled him, everybody else and everything at Bradcombe with the rigidity and immutability that suggest clockwork as the only possible explanation.

WHEN Azalea asked Gavin (and asking him meant in the end compelling him) to do some really outrageous thing, he seldom got further than saying, "But, oh, I say, hang it, you know!" before he quailed before Azalea's eyes with their look of surprise at his selfishness, their glint of patient pertinacity, their threat of cold displeasure (a breaking-off of all communications might ensue for days) and he would mutter "Oh, well, if you insist, of course. . . ."

The Gavin Armstrongs had been married exactly five years on the 2nd of August when they, their servants and a mountain of luggage arrived in a limousine and a motor-coach at Beaconhurst, on the Aldwick side of Bognor. They had taken the house for six weeks, while its owners, Azalea's impoverished cousins, the Wheatleys, were temporarily to starve in a cheap boarding-house.

"John and Agnes," Azalea had said, "are darlings—collectors' pieces. I believe they still put novels away on Sundays—no Mudie and all Sankey. You know the type. Change your wet boots. Be careful of the night air. And 'Not before the children' censoring every conversation. They've two kids: the boy's the usual result—gone to the bad: shipped to Canada or somewhere; bated breath; Agnes's 'great sorrow'. The girl—Cecily, a regular little brownie—is perfectly sweet. You'll love her, Gavin."

Before the Armstrongs had been a fortnight at Beaconhurst it looked as though Azalea was perfectly right. Gavin was teaching Cecily golf and how to ride—the girl stood up for tea after her first lesson and scandalised her father by openly admitting that she was more comfortable that way than seated—and all day and every day they were swimming, hiking and dancing together. Meanwhile Azalea seemed content with sun-bathing by the beach-hut surrounded by a succession of people she had asked to stay.

One night Azalea had just got into bed when her maid knocked, entered and announced that Mr. Wheatley had called.

Azalea, a marabou-edged broche velvet dressing jacket over her pyjamas of jade satin, found John Wheatley in the empty drawing-room glowering at the bridge-tables, the litter of cigarette-ends and the array of empty glasses.

"Azalea," he began, his long face seeming more equine than ever, "I've been most reluctant to come and disturb you. But I felt it—incumbent. Do you know where your husband is?"

TEN days later Azalea called on Agnes Wheatley at the boarding house and had tea . . .

"You want him? I expect he's in bed. I'll ring."

"In vain," said John, "unless your bell rings in London."

"Dear Cousin John," was Azalea's comment in soothing tones, "do please explain. I'm so terribly slow in the uptake."

"Mrs. Pepler, at our wretched boarding-house, has just brought me this message," he said. "Cecily telephoned. I'm ashamed Mrs. Pepler should have had to write such a communication. A daughter of mine!"

"John dear, what's Cecily done?"

"Read it for yourself," he directed.

"Awfully sorry, Mums darling, but Gavin and I motored to Chichester where he keeps his aeroplane and then we flew to Croydon. In landing some little thing got smashed, so while it was being repaired we went to London and had dinner. We've been dancing and I've had a gorgeous time but I'm afraid I'll be a wee bit late home. Gavin's taking the greatest care of me, so please don't follow father in off the deep end, ever your loving, Cecily."

"Well," exclaimed Azalea, her eyes expressing complete mystification, "what *are* you worrying about?"

John, having glanced round the room as though eavesdroppers might be lurking in it, said:

"Cecily, is only nineteen but she's not a child."

"John dear," declared Azalea, "when a father can say that, it shows he's growing up. Of course Cecily isn't. She's a terribly attractive young person."

"Your opinion," he observed nodding, "is shared by—others. Azalea, you know your husband better than anybody else ——"

"Thank you, Cousin John," she murmured.

He shot a glance of suspicion and resentment, seemed to bottle himself up and said:

"One of the others who find Cecily attractive is—Gavin. You must have noticed it. Nobody could help noticing it. Azalea, I am *not* modern."

She looked as dumbfounded as if he had declared that he wasn't a biped.

"If moving with the times," he went on, "means the husband consorting with other women and the wife receiving the attentions of other men, both indifferent to the other's fate, undisturbed by the possibility of his or her partner being swept over the cataracts of sin into the whirlpool of the Divorce Court, I ——"

"John, I won't listen!" broke in Azalea, emphatically. "You're suggesting that Gavin and Cecily—— It's too dreadfully modern and outspoken! *Her* father to suggest such a thing to *his* wife! I ——"

"I'm suggesting nothing of the kind," interrupted John. "All I was attempting to discover was your attitude. You must have noticed how inseparable Cecily and your husband have become. Our old friend Mrs. Clason was saying only this morning—— But she's prone to gossip, a charge nobody could bring against Mr. Scammell, our estimable curate. Scammell, I'm sure, felt it his duty ——"

"Curate — incumbent," broke in Azalea. "Your own word! Fancy having the strength of mind to ignore the chance of dragging in that hoary jape! So the curates are chattering, are they? Dear us! Does he suggest that Gavin is—is contaminating Cecily? John dear, you mustn't be *too* ludicrous. Gavin's one of those darling, friendly animals—like a spaniel, you know, circling round a person, wagging his stump, brown appealing eyes. Cecily's as safe with Gavin as—as I am with you."

"Please don't jest. My dear, your

BEFORE the Armstrongs had been a fortnight at Beaconhurst, Gavin was teaching Cecily golf trusting Gavin so implicitly may do credit to your heart, but——"

" But I'm a fool. Say it, John. Say anything you like. I promise not to be offended. I think it's sweet of you to be such a darling, fluffed-out, clucking old hen over your chick. I do—honestly. And I apologise if I called you old-fashioned. You aren't yesterday. You're to-morrow. We're coming to it. If ever I have a kid, I expect I shall bring her up like Victoria brought up Edward. But, honestly, it's only talk. Gavin wouldn't hurt a hair of Cecily's head, I promise you."

" You're a dear good woman," gushed John, heaving a huge sigh and beaming on her and putting down the biting of her lower lip to her natural discomfort at his compliment. " Azalea, this—this worry has made me re-consider my position and Cecily's and young Cameron's."

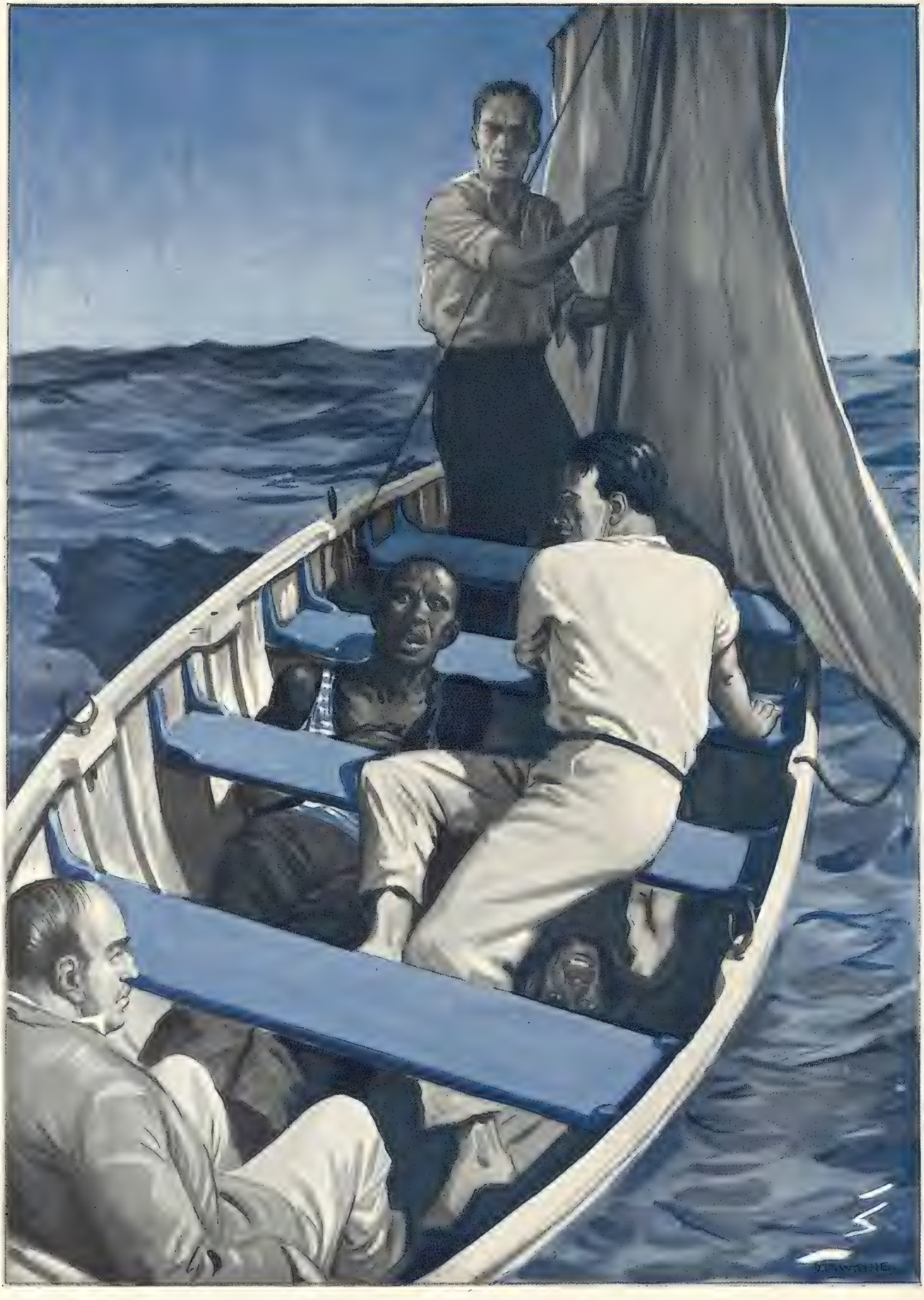
" Young Cameron ? Who's he ? "

" Hasn't Cecily spoken of him ? Well, it only shows how far the matter's gone. Young girls never do mention what's nearest their hearts."

JOHN proceeded to confide. Peter Cameron was a sub-lieutenant R.N. On a horribly

(*Continued on page* 92)

TO her dumb dismay she found herself breakfasting with Gavin at the Café des Arcades. Over the little red and white table cloth, she heard him calmly talking of the alimony he was prepared to pay . . .



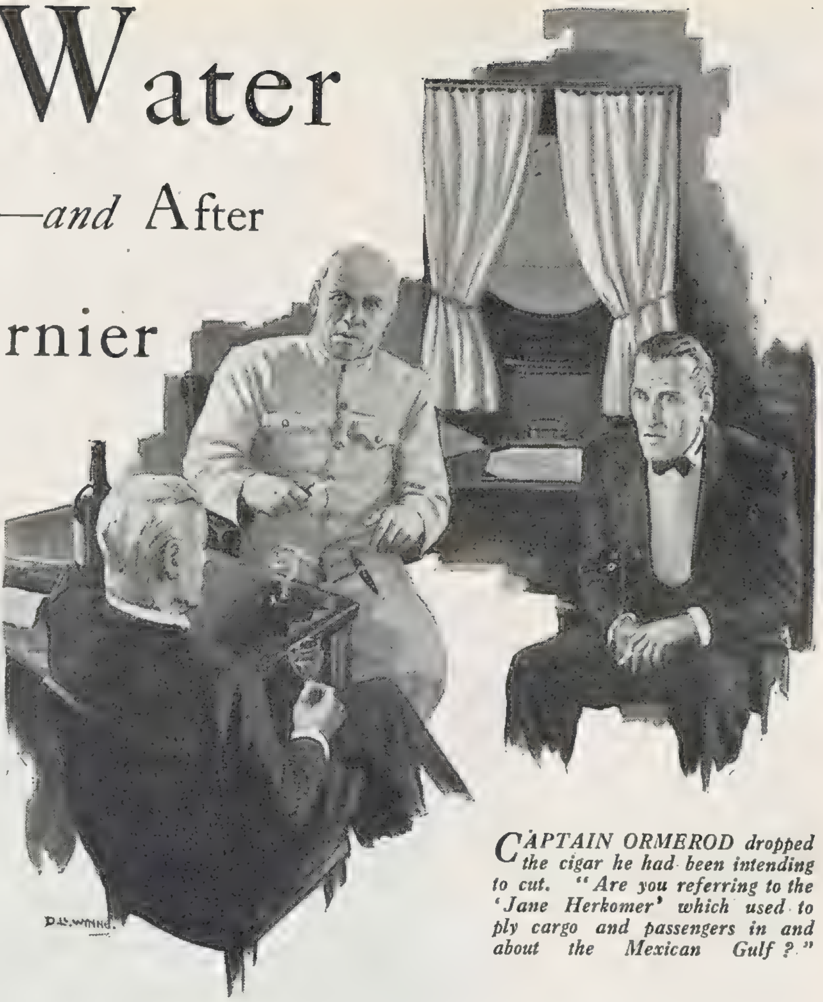
"THAT stokehold nigger—that negro, I mean—
began to sing. He sang like glory itself"

The *Million* Water

A Drama *of* Shipwreck—*and* After

By Vincent Cornier

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne.



CAPTAIN ORMEROD dropped the cigar he had been intending to cut. "Are you referring to the 'Jane Herkomer' which used to ply cargo and passengers in and about the Mexican Gulf?"

ALTHOUGH Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez and its tiny satellite Santa Clara were fallen to sage and amber drifts of haze spanning less than a second of the sea, the smell of their wild mints still tinctured Captain Ormerod's luxurious day room on the *Reine Del Orientina* with something like a remembrance of lilac, dying in wet cold airs. After the long anchorage of that furnace day, Ormerod was grateful for the thin fragrance hovered in the breeze of the ship's speed. He breathed it in with portly comfort . . . but hoped it would not *cling* the wine his personal steward had poured into the trinity of glasses set on the mahogany and silverwood table.

That wine was a Förstner Jesuitengarten of '21—chosen with the perfect care which had gone to the choice of this evening hour and the Captain's two guests: the most important passengers the *Reine* had carried for some time. Ormerod had left nothing to chance. The iced and silent gold in the Dongherry goblets, far more valuable than a Napoleon liqueur brandy, was the *jadoube* of the moment. Both Riddiehaugh, this world-famous writing fellow who looked like a tired schoolmaster with a baby's eyes, and Ezra Tobias Parkenten, oilfields millionaire and equally world-famous as a philanthropist, were connoisseurs. If Captain Ormerod had set his play aright, he argued that one or the other of these men would provide him with a story before the night was out.

Parkenten was Captain Ormerod's preference. The old millionaire had never been self-revelatory—notoriously otherwise, as the Press of half the globe ruefully admitted. But Ormerod had an eventual volume of reminiscences to consider and a hearty contempt for Pressmen's tactics. He believed he could get Parkenten to talk where all before had failed.

John Riddiehaugh, his eyes gentle with dreams, sat and gazed back at Crusoe's enchanted place and listened to the ululation of the hollow woods and muted strings, measured to the dancing on the upper deck. Parkenten, tidy, cold and shrewd, had his thin lips fettled across the threshold of his occasional words in such a way as to preclude their essay out to any idleness. That immobility persisted until he tasted the wine. Then his eyes widened and he smiled.

"Say, Captain Ormerod, you're the eighth wonder of this blessed planet! How'd you manage this? The West End in the full tide of the tropical Pacific, Riddiehaugh—what d'you think of the man?"

Riddiehaugh started to attention and also tasted the wine. He nevermore looked back at the hummocks of dark dissolving to nothingness on the port beam. He sighed and hummed a little tune.

"Marvellous," he applauded, "I could sit and sample this until the cows come home—or we reach Hawaii, whichever be the later."

Captain Ormerod was content. He preened a little. After all, he had the right. He had not only to be a shipmaster but a profound psychologist, a *maître d'hôtel* and an ambassador of luxus-civilisation to hold his job on such a crack tourist-cruiser as the *Reine Del Orientina*. He had earned his self respect, in this matter.

"I am very glad you like it," was all he said.

"Like it?" Parkenten had bared his bloodless lips to a sudden lyricism. "Like it, Captain! It's simply superb—heavenly! Worth travelling these ten-thousand miles to taste."

Captain Ormerod glanced at his tell-tales. The indicator was pointed down to "full ahead," the time was right, the glass was fair and the course as true as his expert navigators could true it. "I was afraid," he slowly mentioned, "that confounded mint smell might have spoiled it. Curious how far and wide that aroma spreads around the *Mas a Tierra*—old Alexander Selkirk must have been herbiferous on his return to civilisation—eh?"

Riddiehaugh put down his glass and laughed.

"There are excellences," he discreetly murmured, "no common touch may defile. Captain," he ambiguously ended, "that is another reason for my congratulations."

THE tropical night was rushing down on the great white vessel, purring her wealthy way up from Capricorn to Cancer—to reach the Marquesas and Hawaii before looping back to pass through the Panama Canal and to cross the Western Ocean to her London berth; one hundred days hence. The sky wavered with wildfires of purest rose and startling green before it went to ashen grey, the halt of day's death in the birth of full night. The waters took fire then . . . until heaven and ocean were alike subdued to one sapphire velvet whole, and the stars grew.

Captain Ormerod touched a master switch and tiny primrose globes glowed all about the room to swill the wine with added beauty. Parkenten's face was revealed, softer than Ormerod had seen it.

"You were frightened of that minty stink, were you Captain?" The millionaire was actually twitching with suppressed excitement. "Maybe you had good cause—I've known something very like that to happen in my experience . . . as a matter of fact it was the greatest event in that experience. It transformed me, overnight, from an ordinary seaman, a 'foremast nobody-in-particular, into—into—well, all I stand for now."

Riddiehaugh flickered his lean fingers. The Captain had the good sense to interpret the signal and to hold his tongue.

"Funny thing," Parkenten cynically resumed, "I should be making a trip like this for the good of my health in my old age, when in my dog days I rounded the old Horn many a score times, cursing my fate all the way from Rio up to Santiago or the Golden Gates. Rum, isn't it, how one changes?"

"This form of travelling," Captain Ormerod could not resist the tiny propaganda, "is somewhat different—eh?"

"*Aye*, I'll grant you that, Captain. Twenty-thousand tonners, all spit and polish, white enamel and chromium plating weren't for me, fifty years ago. I was a graduate in sticks and string at first, and thought myself a mighty fine fellow when I shipped in the *Jane Herkomer* for a few voyages, back in the early 'eighties."

"The *Jane Herkomer*?" Captain Ormerod dropped the cigar he had been intending to cut. "Are you referring to the *Jane Herkomer* which used to ply cargo and passengers in and about the Mexican Gulf?"

"The identical old lady—'Jinny,' as we called her—port of registry Galveston. A rare packet; fourteen-hundred tons, plenty of bluffing off the bows and as neat and clean a run aft as you could wish to see—as dry as coke. Aye, and she was even considered popular among the few passengers she carried."

"The *Jane Herkomer*," here was the cool and stealthy voice of Riddiehaugh, tempting and challenging across the room, "lost with all hands in eighteen eighty-four . . . a major mystery of the sea, if I remember aright?"

"I dispute total loss and 'mystery,'" Parkenten was curt. "I chance to be the sole survivor of the loss and what mystery there is, lies in the fact of my long silence."

"That appears so, now." Captain Ormerod did not make mistakes. He carefully masked his thoughts from his eyes and poured out more wine. "But, from a sailorman, Mr. Parkenten, yours is a curious statement."

"Oh, I know the code right enough, Captain, but for all that I did not choose to talk. No more do I choose——"

Riddiehaugh divined that the irrevocable word "now" was nearly uttered. Cleverly interrupting, he enquired :—

"Tell me, Mr. Parkenten, how does the casting away of your once beloved 'Jinny' connect up with that minty stink, as you dubbed it? To my mind there is the greater mystery."

The millionaire, for all his shrewdness, entered the simple trap.

"Why I'm sitting here at this moment, a hale and hearty and wealthy man . . . because an acrid smell of vegetation once reached out and touched the rarest wine on God's good earth, seven nights after poor old Jinny took her dive."

"*. . . You love me, Baby . . . an' I lo-ove you . . . I want you, Baby . . . Oh, true I do-o-o . . .*"

Captain Ormerod actually blushed for the blunder of the drivelling music and its crooning singer, as it floated down from the dancing deck. He abruptly rose and fiddled with a flimsy curtaining which could not have muffled one iota of the sound. Riddiehaugh whimsically tried to analyse the impulse, but, for all his trained perceptions, failed.

But Ezra Parkenten understood. His gaze narrowed and a curiously pleased and friendly glow was suddenly at his heart. He had long thought that the luxurious veneer of Captain Ormerod was the master's only sailing fault; now it was proved. That embarrassed colouring and the vague uprising to shut the sound out of the day-room were prompted by the consummate and instinctive delicacy of a seafaring gentleman. There had been some talk about the death of a good ship . . . entering on to it, that drooling melody had been as a cat-call in a cathedral.

"We hadn't the very dubious consolation of 'hot numbers' on the night old Jinny foundered." Parkenten was decided. He lifted his goblet and emptied it and spoke in a lazy and half humorous snarl. "Nor for the matter of that, a hymn. All was too hurried for tuning-up and piping. I've seen more than one ship go home, but none so swiftly as the *Jane Herkomer* went."

"Lost in October—in the Mexican Gulf," Ormerod mused. "Was she by any chance foundered by the *Norte*?"

"What's that?" Riddiehaugh wanted to know.

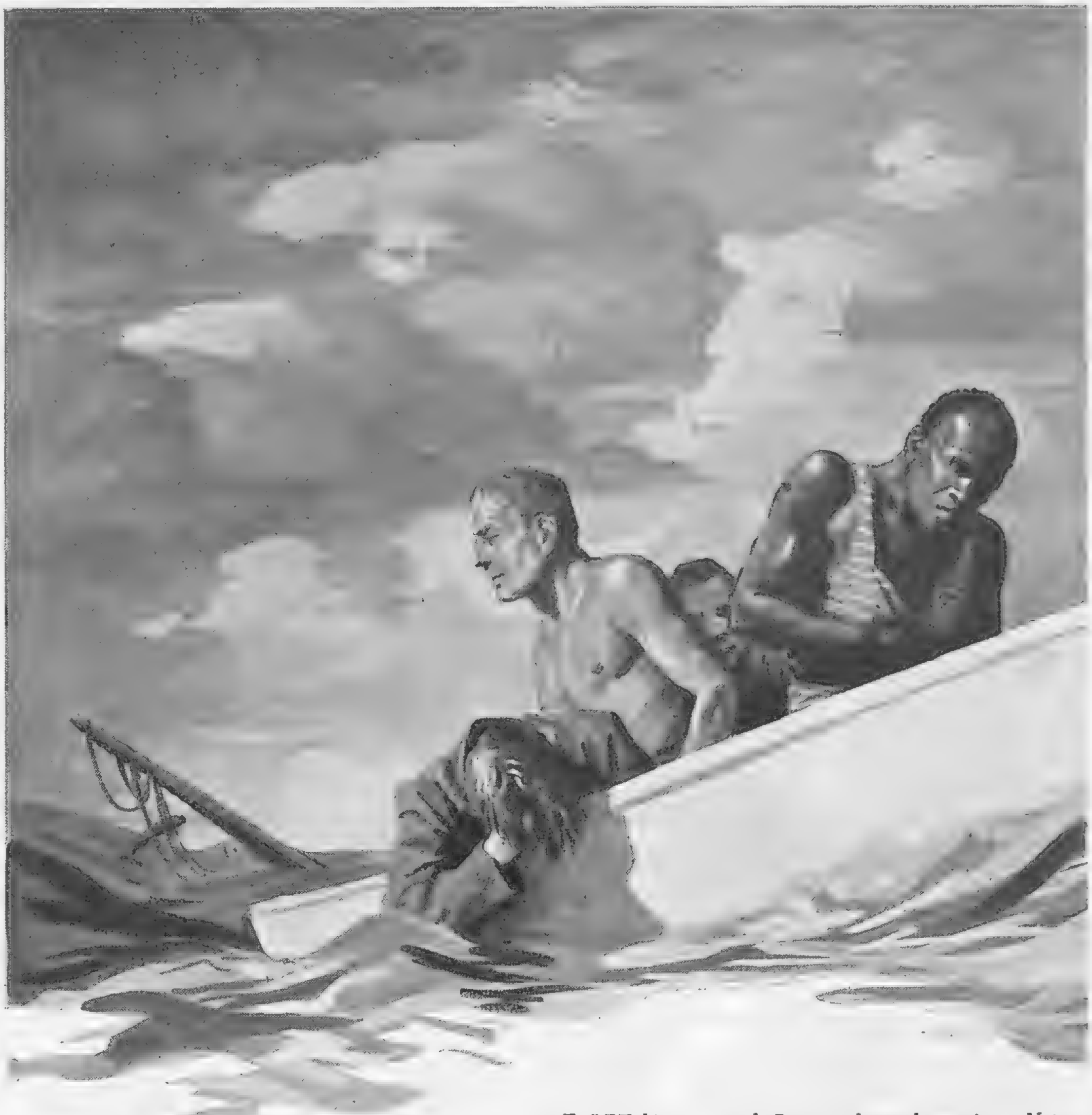
"A wind," Parkenten answered succinctly, and Captain Ormerod smiled, knowingly. "A cross between a typhoon and a burst of high-explosive with bits of a hurricane and a blizzard thrown in—yes, a wind. No, Cap'n Ormerod, it wasn't a *Norte* . . . Jinny bunted into a half-submerged derelict."

The stout master of the *Reine Del Orientina* opened his mouth and made a satisfied noise. Then, nodding and nodding he lit his cigar at last.

"She took the hulk dead under her nose and clenched on to it like a ground shark on to a nigger's leg." Parkenten was grim. "Well, she met it so hard that she shivered right through to crack her fore bulkhead. I've not the slightest doubt of that. The way she left us proved it.

"The mistake was made of running her astern, instead of keeping her on the derelict—and she settled like a toad, awash to her after hatch. Then the bulkhead fetched away. The cargo of number one hold followed it . . . straight out of the gape in her bows with the noise of a hundred devils let loose. She hadn't a cat in hell's chance after that. Steam gusted up and howled and dickens a thing could one see. But then she missed her fore-weight and up came her rag of a bow and she slipped down by the stern in less time than it takes to tell. I'll never forget her final plunge—set up against the stars something like a great angel fish lofting out of the water . . ."

After a silence, Riddiehaugh asked :—



"I LET him go, and Barney dragged me in. Not until then did he trouble about Metterbeier—and, by the seven devils, he just grabbed him in-board when master gap-mouth sailed past again"

" And the crew, Mr. Parkenten ? Lost without a chance of any escape, I presume ? "

" The master and most of the whites went down with the ship. The Mexicans panicked, you'll have to understand, and didn't hesitate to knife their way to the only two boats which swam out of the three we managed to get away."

NOW Parkenten paused and lighted his cigar. He was chuckling and smiling twistedly.

" Therein lay the salvation of a few of us," he went on. " Those *Mecs* weren't the chaps for half-measures. They made a pretty gory job of one another before they'd finished. Something after the style of the ten little nigger boys, if you follow . . . Anyway, it all ended up with me in one boat, together with Sandy McAveril, the Jinny's second engineer ; Barney FitzHugh, the cook ; Jubilee Tommy, a nigger stokehold hand—and two *Mecs* with holes in them a college of surgeons couldn't have put to rights.

" And that wasn't the tale of our casualties, not by long chalks. Sandy was badly scalded about the shoulders and poor Jubilee had a gash in his stomach that marked him for the last muster. Barney FitzHugh was O.K.—Barney couldn't have been otherwise.

" That man was fated. He was a spare and aristocratic fellow with a voice like frosted oil and eyes like a dog-fish ; blue grey and wickedly fishily cold. He'd started out in life with Eton and a few more assets and ended up by cooking the best sea tack I've sampled outside this served on the *Orientina*."

Captain Ormerod was understood to say he appreciated the compliment to his *cuisine* . . .

" Barney was a philosopher with a practical turn of mind that made him far too great an enigma for simple sailormen to sum. Oh, Barney was there all right ! As I say, he wasn't hurt, nor had he missed his boat."

Ezra T. Parkenten's cigar had begun to burn unevenly. His breath was quickened and his eyes were dark. Deliberately he looked round for more wine . . . and Captain Ormerod poured the last for him.

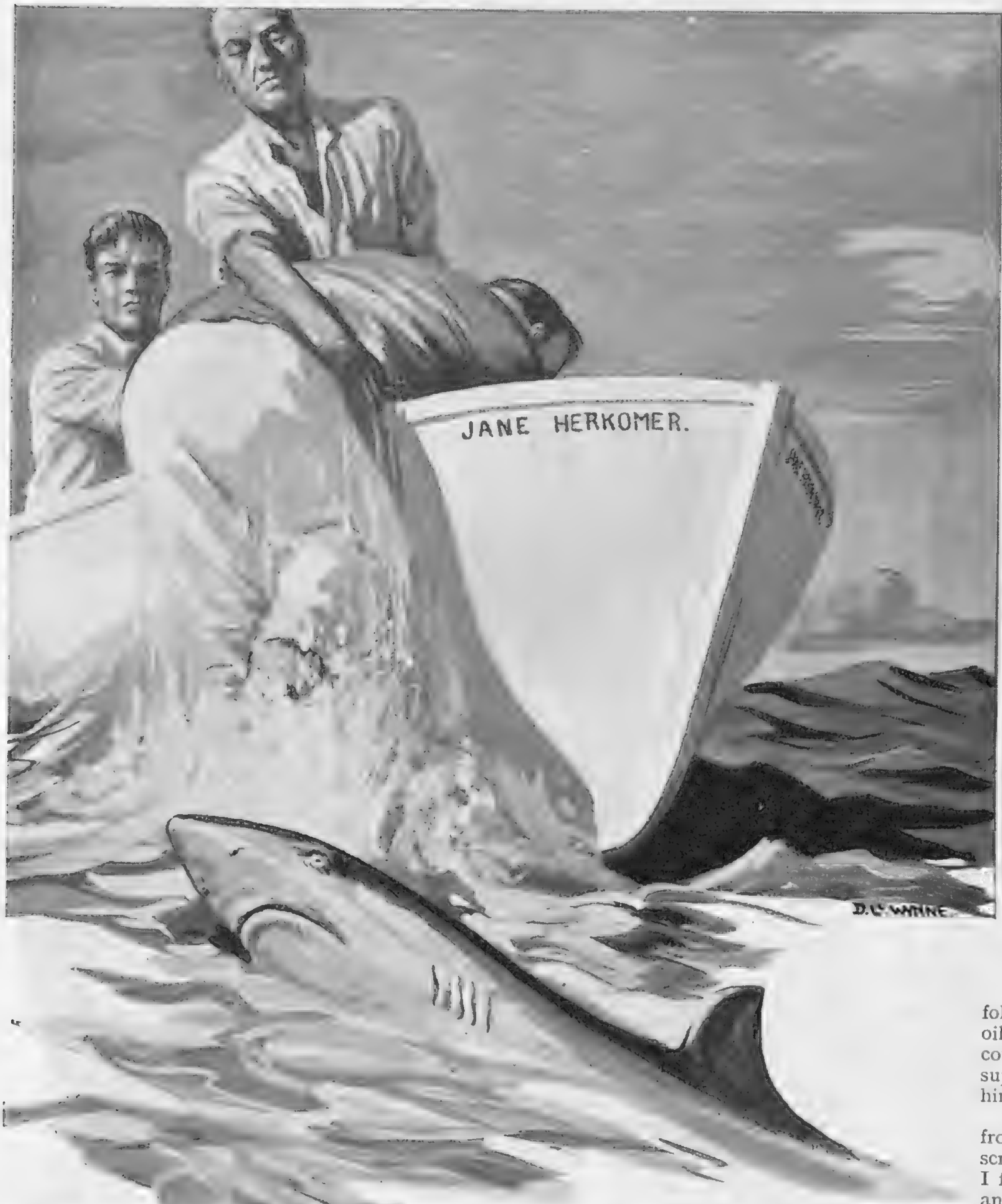
" What happened to the other boat I cannot say. We heard a lot of screaming and fighting beyond the steam smother that still hung above the flattened vortex where Jinny had dived—then one long and confused yell and a tumble of little sobbing cries before there was a silence no man now will ever lift. Barney said one word : ' Sharks '—maybe so—maybe so.

" Keeping that word in mind almost kept me in the boat when the *Jane Herkomer's* sole surviving passenger bobbed into our vicinity. A fellow called Otto Metterbeier he was . . . a big Levantine with the morals of a tom-cat and no more courage than a cow. There he was, out in the dark water, blubbering and blaring in half a dozen lingoes for help. ' It's his fat keeping him afloat,' said Barney FitzHugh, ' but we can't leave the poor devil there ' . . . and, if you please, that skinny and middle-aged idiot was actually going to step over the side to fetch Metterbeier in !

" I stopped that. I was in the water again before he could. After a bit of a swim round I got to Metterbeier. But, whereas I was absolutely exhausted, damn me if he wasn't as untroubled, save for his fear, as a baby ! I simply was flabbergasted—here he'd been flopping about in the water for quite a time, yet he was as buoyant as a fishing float and as empty of water in lungs and stomach as if he'd been merely out on a seashore holiday bathe.

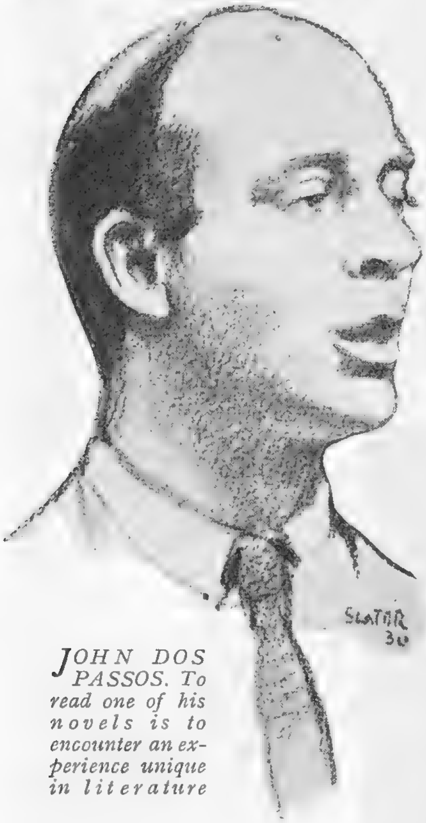
" However, I hadn't strength nor time to go into all that at the moment. My job was to get the beggar back to the boat. I fisted into the water again, and he followed my tugging like a big oil-bladder. In fact, I discovered he gave me as much support as I could give to him . . .

" About twenty yards away from the boat he suddenly screamed out and twisted me. I felt a rasp across my left calf and a blow like the kick of a horse. The treacherous swine had seen a shark was heading for us and had swivelled me into the way of its maw with no more (*Continued on page* 86)



BOOKS: Reviewed *by* ARNOLD PALMER

America—Can it be true? slips back



JOHN DOS PASSOS. To read one of his novels is to encounter an experience unique in literature

IF you have not yet read any of the novels by the American writer, Mr. John Dos Passos, you should certainly remedy the omission. He has a highly original technique, he is an important innovator, he does successfully what hardly anyone else is trying to do. he shows us characters active, but dwarfed by the social background against which they are set. He has a number of minor heroes and heroines, but the real hero and the real villain is the muddled, incoherent background of the modern world. To read one of his novels is to encounter an experience unique in literature. The experience is not like novel-reading. It is more like a visit to one of those cinemas which give an endless news-reel programme of disconnected current events. One stumbles out into the daylight, one's mind a jumble of bathing costumes, Mr. Shaw at Malvern, a syncopated composer seated at the piano, life in a bird sanctuary, Herr Hitler at home, American scenery, the King in Scotland, and a day with the Newfoundland fishing fleet—one stumbles out into the daylight, and finds the buses roaring up Shaftesbury Avenue. What does it all mean? Does it mean anything? Nobody knows. But it is—at least it may be—Life, just because of its meaninglessness.

Yes, but supposing that you have already read Mr. Dos Passos's previous books, *Manhattan Transfer* and *42nd Parallel*—what then? Are you to read his new novel, *1919* (Constable, 7s. 6d.)? It is a most readable and exciting (*i.e., troublant*) book, in which the author reveals himself as an even better writer than he had previously shown himself to be. But I cannot rid myself of a doubt that he is merely doing marvellously once again what he has already done marvellously twice. His other books were about New York. This one is chiefly about France, before and after the Armistice. But it is the essence of his peculiar method to dwarf individual differences. Most novelists concern themselves exclusively with the contrasts of temperament and character. Mr. Dos Passos minimises these differences. All the men and women in all his books are approximately the same. Even close to, they are the same. At a distance they are indistinguishable. And as the confusion of the social and moral setting is now general, there is nothing left by which we can differentiate between the three novels. They are all exceedingly brilliant, exceedingly interesting. But whether the last two have done anything to enrich the picture painted in *Manhattan Transfer* is a question which seems to me to be highly debatable.

Lasting Friends

Criticism: *by Desmond MacCarthy*

(Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the second volume of Mr. MacCarthy's collected essays, the first of which was *Portraits;* and one cannot praise the second volume higher than to say that it is worthy of the first. (This praise is bestowed not only upon the author. The publisher has produced a beautiful book at the standard price.) Mr. MacCarthy's reputation has long been high, but it has gained enormously since he began to collect his work and issue it in permanent form. That is a test which destroys the authority of many essayists. It has established Mr. MacCarthy in the smallest and highest class; for his work is so uniformly admirable that each of his studies adds lustre to the others. No living writer could cover the field of literary endeavour as he covers it, for none has quite his combination of gifts and personal recollection. There are more reasons than one why it seems safe to prophesy immortality for these volumes.

Rotunda: *by Aldous Huxley*

(Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.)

THERE are 1,088 pages in this book, which contains a selection of Mr. Huxley's works made by the author himself. It is interesting to note his choice. One novel, *Those Barren Leaves;* a long-short story, *Uncle Spencer;* five short stories; a dozen poems, including *Leda;* a play, *The World of Light;* and a dozen essays, the last of which, the well-known and intestinal El Greco, brings the volume to a characteristic conclusion. What are we to deduce from this selection? I don't know. But I am glad to think that it shows that Mr. Huxley shares, with me, a belief in his poetry. Wonderful value, here for three half-crowns. And wonderful testimony to the versatility of the novelist, poet, dramatist and essayist.

TWO clever novels, both issued by Chatto and Windus at 7s. 6d., are *They Winter Abroad*, by James Aston, and *Poor Scholars*, by A. P. Rossiter. The first of these, it appears, is by a well-known author who has temporarily abjured his well-known name. The scene of his story is laid in an hotel on the Sorrentine Peninsular during the winter season. Although all the fun and significance to be extracted from holiday makers in such a locality has been perfectly rendered, once and for all, by Mr. Norman Douglas in *South Wind*, Mr. Aston's book justifies his attempt. He is young enough to confuse humour with smartness, at times; but he does provide genuine entertainment. Mr. Rossiter's cleverness is of another kind—the classical, scholarly kind which requires the reader to consult, about once every two pages, the dictionary. *Poor Scholars* is a story of Cambridge, and a good one. The characters are not very vividly created, the girl students being more vital than the men, but the general life of the University is truly suggested.

But I have derived more real pleasure from *The Cherry Tree*, by Adrian Bell (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.),

MRS. ELINOR MORDAUNT, whose new travel book, "Purely for Pleasure," takes one all over the world in the company of a brave and observant and level-headed woman

The New World into Barbarism

than from any of the novels I have read this month. This volume, with its predecessors, *Corduroy* and *Silver Ley*, forms a trilogy of farming in East Anglia; but it is complete in itself and can safely be recommended to those who have not read the earlier instalments. Only one qualification is needed for the enjoyment of Mr. Bell's work—a love of the country. I cannot see how any man or woman who possesses this qualification can fail to delight in *The Cherry Tree.* It affects me like a perfect holiday, a long June day spent in a hayfield, or that other, lovelier, earlier day when, before one has fully resigned oneself to winter, the leaves of the snowdrops come hurrying up lest anyone should look for them in vain. A restful, slow, unambitious, real book.

A. P. NICHOLSON, *author of "The Sweepstake Prize"*

FOR "lighter" (but not easier) reading, here are a few names: *Angel in the Case*, by Evelyn Elder (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), is a good specimen of the detective story. It would be still better if it were a little simpler, but, even as it is, it exercises the ingenuity without insulting the intelligence of the reader. *The Sweepstake Prize*, by A. P. Nicholson (Benn, 7s. 6d.), is the story of a man who won the second prize in the Calcutta Sweep. If you object that a man who wins second prize in the Calcutta Sweep cannot have a story, since nothing can ever happen to him again—well, I shall not argue with you, for the idea had already occurred to me. I can only refer you to Mr. Nicholson. Lastly, *The Man in the Fur Coat* is a collection of short stories by J. S. Fletcher (Collins, 7s. 6d.). They are readable, amusing, and highly competent in the magaziny way.

So much for fiction. For general reading, there is Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's new travel book, *Purely For Pleasure* (Secker, 8s. 6d.), a book which takes one all over the world in the company of a brave, observant and level-headed woman. There is also *Stars and Stripes* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), in which Mr. Shaw Desmond gives a dramatic but possibly unexaggerated picture of contemporary America—an appalling glimpse, yet not worse than that given by Mr. Dos Passos. Civilisation seems to have had a short innings in the United States. To rid myself of the depression of this book, I took up *Still Brighter French*, by H— T— R— (Bles, 5s.). This sequel to *Brighter French* soon restored my equanimity. Like its predecessor, it is a conversation manual—but, to the ordinary conversation manual like Hyperion to a satyr. To anyone who speaks French, even a little, I recommend it with enthusiasm.

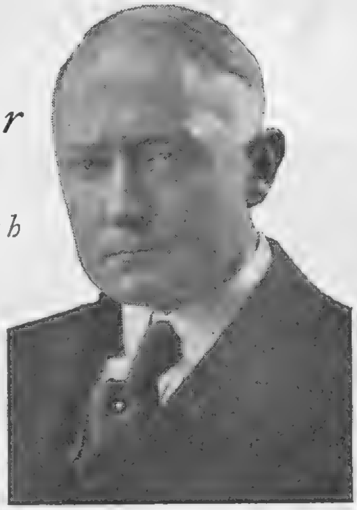
I handed the book to a French friend who, with obvious disappointment, confessed he could find nothing wrong with it. I knew what he meant. A short time ago the Academie Française published a Grammar of its own, which was at first rapturously received, then specifically criticised, then withdrawn, then corrected, and again faulted. Ever since then, every Frenchman's blood has been up where questions of syntax are concerned. When my friend said he could find nothing wrong with *Still Brighter French*, he was praising it mildly. He would have damned it if he could.

The Born Advertiser

Spilt Ink:

by Wareham Smith

(Benn, 10s. 6d.)



Wareham Smith

MR. WAREHAM SMITH is one of those men whose name is a household world in Fleet Street while almost unknown to the non-commercial world at large. He has been called "the father of modern Press advertising," and if, to this title, we add the information that he was responsible, almost from the beginning, for producing the revenue for Lord Northcliffe's enterprises, readers will be able to "place" Mr. Smith and, simultaneously, to understand why they have, perhaps, not heard of him before. For it is paradoxically true that the Big Men in advertising are completely unadvertised. They spend their lives studying publicity, and for themselves shun it like the plague.

This autobiography is all about newspapers and has nothing at all to do with Journalism, as that word is ordinarily understood. Everybody should read it, for it reveals an aspect of Fleet Street not often shown to the world. Hardly a single well-known journalist crosses its pages. One is in danger of forgetting that, chronologically, there must be a newspaper before there can be advertisements in it. The only corrective to this view contained in Mr. Smith's book is to be found in the examples which he gives of Lord Northcliffe's daily *communiqués.* These consisted of full criticisms of each of the papers which he owned, and they were composed after he had studied the day's issues not only of those papers but also of the principal papers which he did not own. They are miracles of compression and clearness, and they are the most interesting part of a book which, though always interesting, is not always clear. The existence of these *communiqués* was known in Fleet Street, but they have never been extensively quoted before. Yet nothing has ever been given to the public so illuminative of Northcliffe's genius.

Barrister v. Tigress

The True Woman:

by C. K. Munro

(Howe, 6s.)

C. K. Munro

THE reception of this book has been good, but not good enough. I hear it described as "amusing" and "intriguing" and so on, but no one has yet, in my opinion, done justice to its extreme acuteness. Perhaps readers don't approach it with sufficient reverence. The author of *Storm* (to mention only one of Mr. Munro's plays) must know a tremendous amount about women. When he offers to tell me all he knows, I am content to listen.

Of course, I speak as a man in praising this book. What women will think of it is another matter. If Mr. Munro is right in his views, they will dismiss his book, not without heat, as rubbish, and thereby confirm me (and him) in our opinions. Only if they praise it shall I begin to wonder if the author is as shrewd as he seems to be. But I do not believe that women will like the book. Further, I don't believe that they will read it—anyhow, not all of it. Yet it strikes me as the most illuminating book about women which I have read since, in my youth, a wise elder introduced me to Stendhal. I am the "ordinary man" for whom Mr. Munro is writing, and I do recognise his statements as factors in my experience. I also recognise that Mr. Munro has a strongly masculine mind, and has a remarkable knack of holding on, throughout all the inevitable digressions, to the main thread of his argument. His mind is, to an unusual degree, a masculine one. Some of the methods he attributes to women are employed by men of my acquaintance; some I even recognise as weapons in my own armoury; but the author convinces me that they are, nevertheless, feminine. I recommend his book warmly to all men, especially married men.

A *Knitted* Pull-Over

A *Practical* Garment *for* Golf *or* Every-day Wear

Back

Commence at the bottom of the back with 148 stitches on the stocking pins. Work 36 rows of 2 plain and 2 purl ribbing. Now transfer your work on to the No. 11 needles and work the following pattern.

Pattern

1st row.—One stitch plain and one stitch purl. Repeat to the end of the row.

2nd row.—Plain.

Repeat these 2 rows until you have done 110 rows. Now commence decreasing by taking the first 2 stitches together and the last 2 stitches together on every row for the next 18 rows, thus decreasing your work to 112 stitches. Be sure and keep your pattern right. Work 48 rows of pattern without decreasing. You now commence shaping the shoulders by casting off four stitches at the beginning of each row for 9 rows. This leaves you 40 stitches for the back of the neck. Cast these off.

Front

Cast on 148 stitches on No. 16 stocking pins. 36 rows, 2 plain, 2 purl, ribbing. Transfer your work on to No. 11 needles and work 110 rows of the pattern. Decrease 1 stitch at the end of the next 6 rows. Now put the first 68 stitches on to a spare needle and continue working the left half of your front. Decrease 1 stitch at the armhole of every row, 12 times. You have now got 56 stitches, and on these work 50 rows of the pattern. Commence shaping for the shoulder.

1st row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the shoulder end of the work, and finish the pattern to the end.

2nd row.—Knit back plain.

3rd row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the shoulder. Finish pattern to the end.

4th row.—Knit back plain.

5th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the shoulder. Finish pattern to the end.

6th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the neck. Finish row plain.

7th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the shoulder. Finish row pattern.

8th row.—Cast off 4 at the neck. Finish row plain.

9th row.—Cast off 4 at the shoulder. Finish row to pattern.

10th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the neck. Finish row plain.

11th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the shoulder. Finish row pattern.

12th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the neck. Finish row plain.

13th row.—Cast off 4 stitches at the shoulder. Finish row to pattern.

14th row.—Knit plain back, then cast off 4.

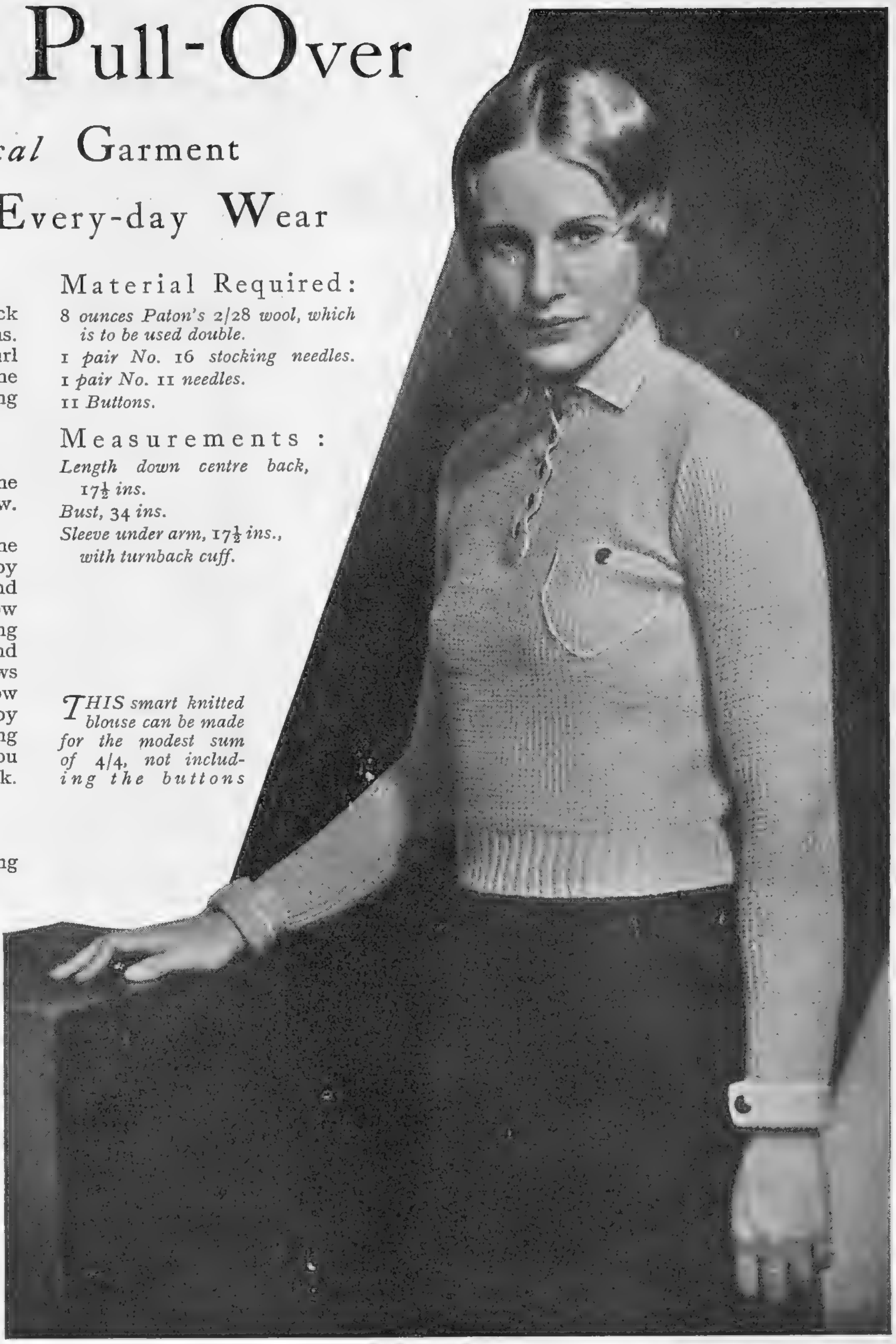
Pick up the 68 stitches from spare needle and work it up the same, only, work your decreasings at the opposite ends.

Material Required:

8 ounces Paton's 2/28 wool, which is to be used double.
1 pair No. 16 stocking needles.
1 pair No. 11 needles.
11 Buttons.

Measurements :

Length down centre back, 17½ ins.
Bust, 34 ins.
Sleeve under arm, 17½ ins., with turnback cuff.



THIS smart knitted blouse can be made for the modest sum of 4/4, not including the buttons

Collar

Cast on 115 stitches on the stocking pins No. 16 and work 48 rows of Moss stitch. Then cast on 10 stitches each end of work. 4 rows Moss stitch and on the next row of work do buttonhole by working 4 stitches in Moss stitch, cast off the next 5 stitches, continue Moss stitch to the end of the row. Moss stitch back, and cast on 5 stitches over the cast off 5 of the previous row. Finish row. 6 rows Moss stitch. Cast off.

Front Pleat

Cast on 15 stitches on the stocking pins. 22 rows Moss stitch. Put in the first buttonhole on the 23rd row by casting off the 5 centre stitches. On the next row cast on the 5 centre stitches to complete the button hole. 22 rows Moss stitch. Work the second buttonhole as before. 22 rows Moss stitch. Work the third buttonhole. 22 rows Moss stitch. Work the fourth buttonhole. 12 rows Moss stitch. Now decrease one stitch each end of every row until only 1 stitch remains. Cast off.

Pocket

Cast on 45 stitches on the stocking pins. Work 5 rows of Moss stitch. On the 6th row work a buttonhole in the centre by casting off 5 stitches in the centre of the row. In the next row, cast on the 5 stitches, to complete the buttonhole. 5 rows of Moss stitch. Transfer work to No. 11 needles, and decrease to 35 stitches by knit 5, knit 2 together *. Knit 2, knit 2 together, repeat from * to the end of the row. Work 16 rows in the pattern like the body of the Jersey. Now commence decreasing by taking the first 2 stitches together and the last 2 stitches together. (*Continued on page 105*)

Good Looks *are the result of* Good Health

By Winifred Lewis

HERE, if care is taken, is a future beauty who wonders what is in store for her

Growing Up *to* Beauty

Arnold Longman

MUCH can be done during childhood to inculcate the habit of careful hygiene which, in most instances, is the shortest cut to beauty

Yevonde

THE young girl who has been carefully watched and trained will stand every chance of being the proud possessor of bright eyes, a flawless skin, lustrous hair and white teeth

IF medical science is justified in claiming to have established the existence of embryonic disease we have much to be thankful for, because, sooner or later, our potential ills will be arrested in childhood. I hope I may be forgiven the analogy, but one cannot help thinking with what special eagerness women would endorse the prophecy were it to include some mention of embryonic *beauty*, or how completely solved the more pressing of our feminine problems would be if dazzling womanhood were a matter of mere watchfulness in childhood.

In all seriousness, why not ? Even if science is not actually to be enlisted on our behalf, why should we not, by the means already at our disposal, provide our little ones with the inestimable privilege of a " training " in beauty.

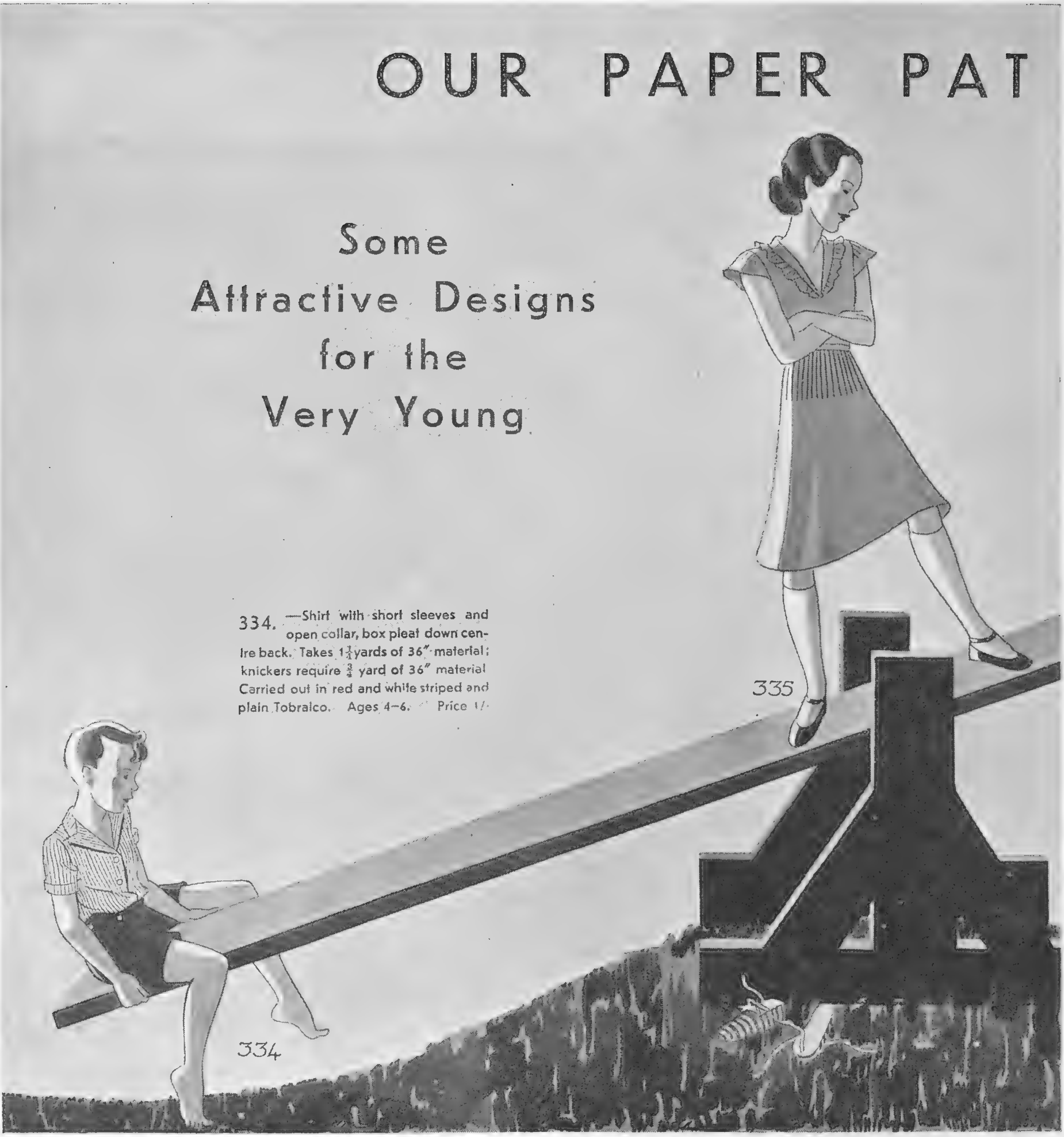
Less knowledge of medicine than mere common sense is necessary to appreciate the truth that the roots of beauty are planted in the soil of health and that the decline of youthful radiance is due to loss of natural health and vitality. What, then, is to prevent our making the most earnest efforts to sustain it ?

Quite apart from the elementary rules which every mother observes in order to preserve a proper standard of health in her child, rules, that is to say, of diet, of regular hygiene, exercise and the rest, there are other things more commonly neglected which prove to be vital factors in the development of potential beauty. Foremost among these, perhaps, is carriage—an accomplishment to be nurtured with the tenderest care. Slovenly deportment in women is all too familiar and in most cases quite inexcusable, for grace of movement is not entirely a gift of fortune and can be acquired in childhood. I would go so far as to say that instruction in walking and general deportment are as essential to the small girl's education as her A B C, while daily exercises to check slouching and round shoulders should be unremitting in their regularity. The latter complaint is common enough and is responsible for a great deal of clumsiness in later days. It is, however, possible to cure established cases and easy enough to check potential ones. Crouching over books and toys is often responsible for this condition, though it is far more often due to inadequate breathing. Regular deep-breathing exercises in the open air or at an open window will correct this tendency, and in fact, these should begin the day whether the child is in perfect health or not, for there is no better tonic to the system or healthier stimulant.

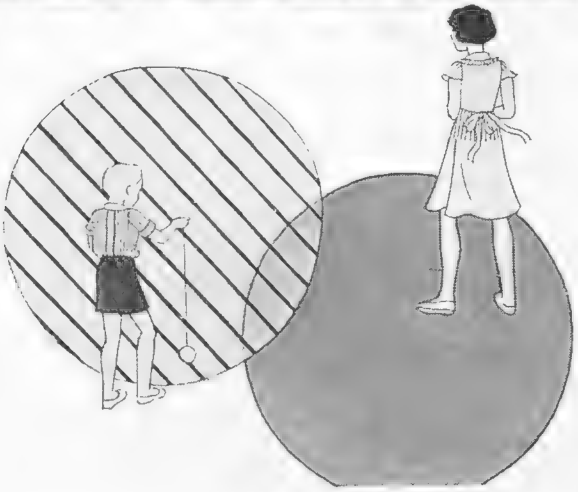
AS to the attitude of the child towards these features of the " training," that depends entirely upon the mother. Exercises can be the greatest fun or the most tedious penance. It depends how you take them. One family I know begin the morning with skipping at the nursery window by way of exercise, and a very cheerful ceremony it is with the gramophone to set the pace and so much friendly rivalry for the honour of the best performance. Deep-breathing exercises follow and are taken lying on the floor. With lips closed, they breathe in deeply, and silently count three before breathing out again quietly, so quietly as not to disturb a feather. This is repeated five or six times and then (*Continued on page* 108)

OUR PAPER PAT

Some Attractive Designs for the Very Young



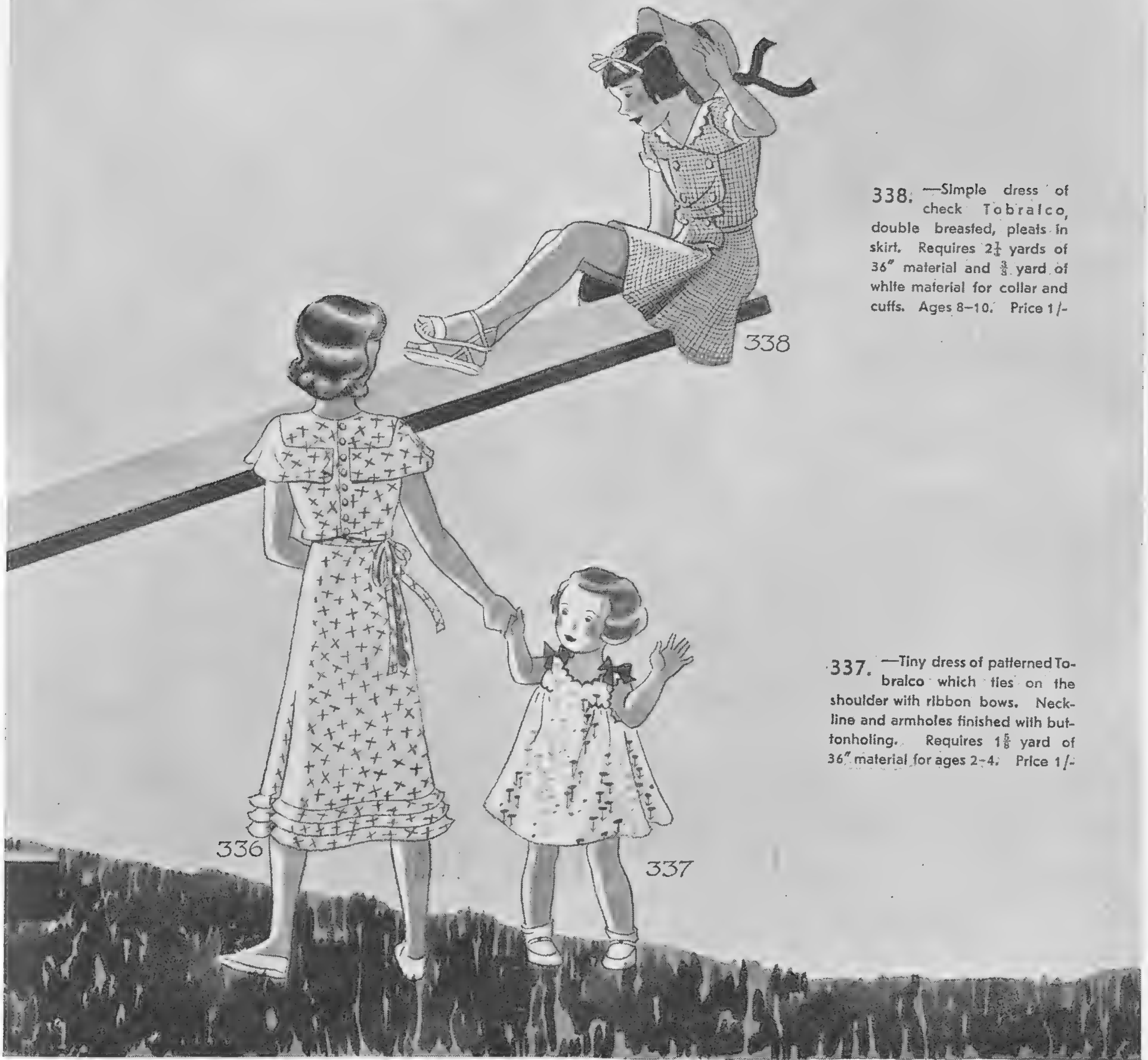
334. —Shirt with short sleeves and open collar, box pleat down centre back. Takes 1¼ yards of 36″ material; knickers require ¾ yard of 36″ material Carried out in red and white striped and plain Tobralco. Ages 4–6. Price 1/-



335. —Dress of plain washing artificial silk, requires 2 yards of 36″ material. Skirt has tucks at waistline, tucked shoulder epaulettes and turn-down collar edged with frill of the material. Ages 10–12. Price 1/-

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's

TERN SERVICE

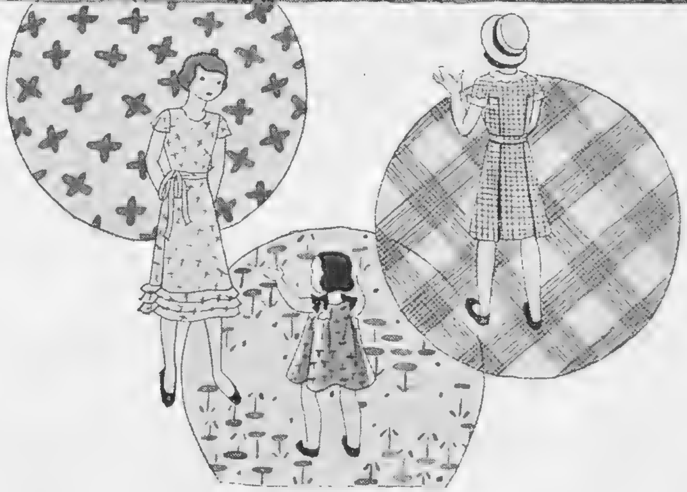


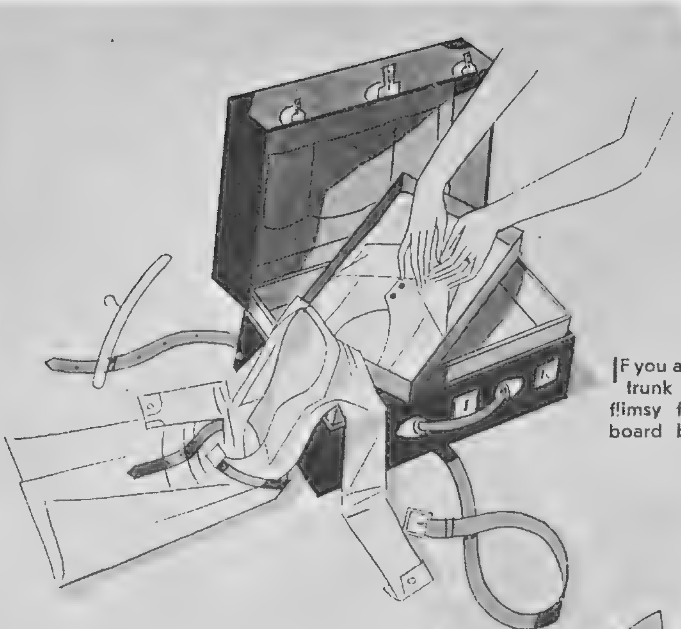
338. —Simple dress of check Tobralco, double breasted, pleats in skirt. Requires 2¼ yards of 36" material and ⅜ yard of white material for collar and cuffs. Ages 8–10. Price 1/-

337. —Tiny dress of patterned Tobralco which ties on the shoulder with ribbon bows. Neckline and armholes finished with buttonholing. Requires 1⅝ yard of 36" material for ages 2–4. Price 1/-

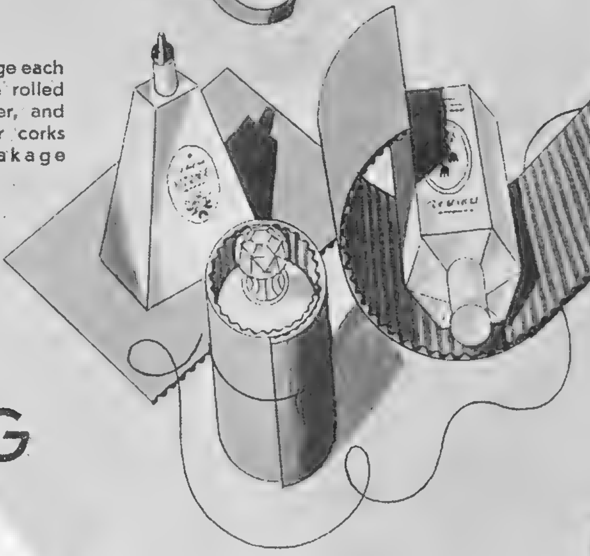
336. —Dress of white Tobralco patterned with coloured star design. Has shoulder capes, tucks at the hem and buttons down the back. Requires 2¾ yards of 36" material. Ages 12–14. Price 1/-

frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C 2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

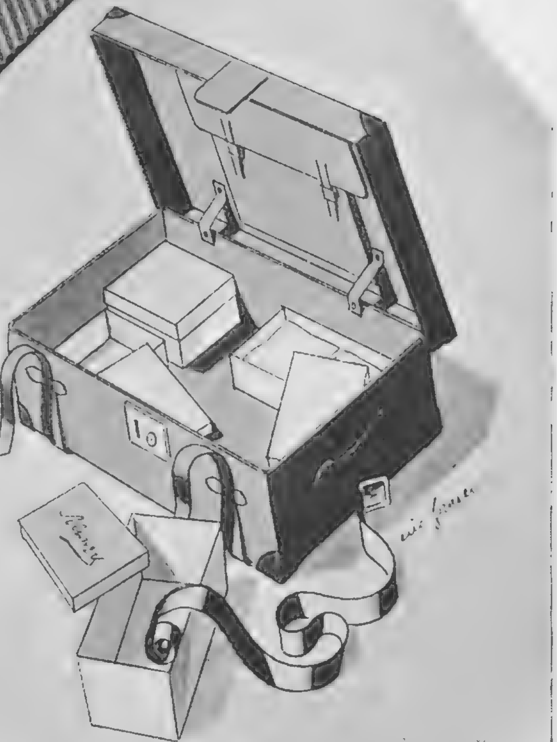




IF you are packing a large trunk put the most flimsy frocks in a cardboard box on the tray



TO prevent breakage each bottle should be rolled in corrugated paper, and use special rubber corks to prevent leakage



PACKING and unpacking are simplified if all small articles have their own special boxes

PACKING should be METHODICAL

Useful hints for holiday-makers

TO pack well it is essential to *fold* well, for in the folding of the clothes lies the secret of success. The good packer is the woman who arrives at her destination with dainty, uncreased clothes.

Pack methodically, and collect and fold everything before you put anything into the trunk.

When folding clothes it pays to be really extravagant with tissue paper. This should be used to make a padding for every fold. Clothes should be folded to the size of the case so that when packed each garment forms one layer.

To prevent creasing, tailored suits should be folded in the following way :—

The Coat.—After stuffing the sleeves of the coat with paper put it on a table, lining downwards, with the collar flat, turn each sleeve back, over paper, until the edge of the cuff meets the edge of the collar. Fold the outer edges of the coat to the middle and then, with a strip of crushed paper down the centre, double the coat in half.

This will be sufficient if it is a short coat, but a long coat should be doubled again, collar to hem.

The Skirt.—The folding of the skirt is more simple. Lie it flat and put paper down the centre. Fold each side over to the middle and then, with paper for padding, double the skirt in half.

Thin frocks will travel well if carefully folded. Bows, or any other trimmings, should be padded with crushed tissue as well as the folds. If you are packing a trunk put the most flimsy frocks together in a cardboard box on the tray.

All shoes must be covered, of course. It is now possible to buy special little bags for this purpose at just over a shilling a pair. If you prefer to make the bags at home use the legs of old silk stockings. After cutting off the right length sew up one end and put a ribbon through the top with which to close the bag.

The safe packing of lotion and scent bottles is important, for much damage might result if one of these should break or leak. To prevent breakage each bottle should be rolled in corrugated paper.

The bottles will not leak if the special rubber travelling corks are used. These have an extension which pulls down over the neck of the bottle. They cost only 4½d. and 6½d. according to size. Another way to prevent leakage is to seal round the cork with melted wax.

The actual packing of the trunk is simple, but be sure to put shoes and all heavy clothes at the bottom. Fill every corner with small articles, or crushed paper. Don't fold lingerie, lie it flat.

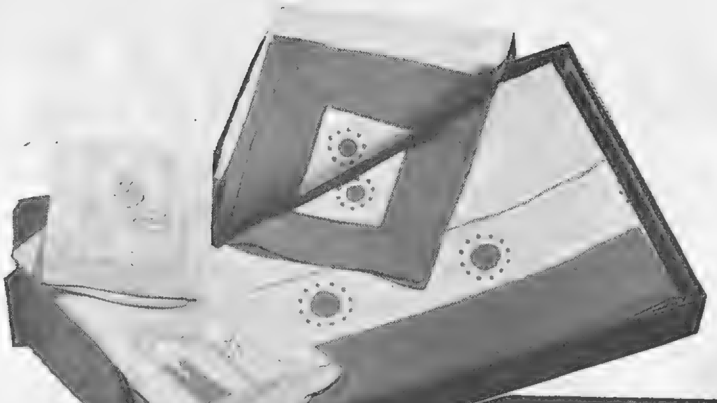
Packing will be easy, and unpacking even easier, if all small articles such as handkerchiefs, stockings, ties and belts have their own special boxes.

If it is necessary to cut your luggage down to the minimum, as on a motor tour, save space in your case by packing your thin frocks round the hats in your hat box.

To do this fold the frocks lengthways, using plenty of tissue paper in the folds, and then lay them flat round the crowns of the hats. In this way it is possible to pack two frocks, or even more.

Just one last hint—how to pack a pleated skirt. This is usually a problem because, however carefully it is packed, the pleats will crease. The best way is to roll the skirt lightly in tissue paper and then to pull it, by the band, through a cardboard tube. The roll should then be packed in the trunk.

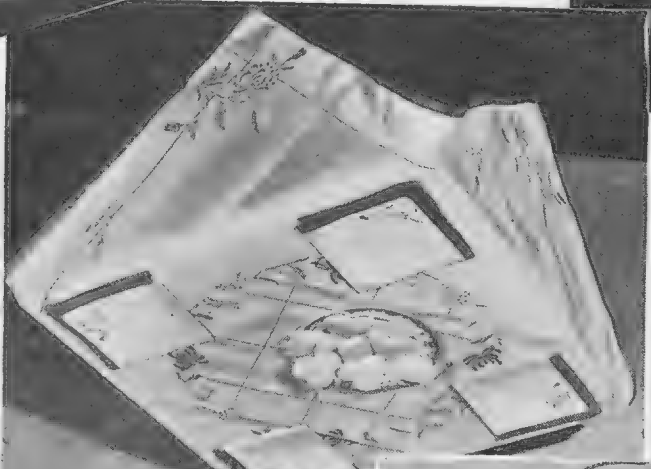
If you haven't a cardboard roll, then cut the foot from an old silk stocking and use the leg of this instead.



(Left)
A WHITE Irish linen sheet with a pink border and embroidered with pink spots costs 30/- for a double bed size. Pillow cases to match 8/9. Robinson and Cleaver. Guest towels made of coloured Irish linen with hand appliqué cost only 2/- each.

W. B. Morris
Mary Pickford
J.P. MORGAN
FREDERICK
EDITH DAY
POWELL

(Above)
CASH'S names can be woven in any style or with any school number or laundry mark. They cost 5/- a gross, will last a lifetime and the colours are guaranteed fast



(Left)
A BRIDGE set made of natural linen hand-embroidered in colour consists of a table cloth 35" square and four mats 12" square and costs 10/- complete. Robinson and Cleaver

HAND embroidered natural coloured Irish linen makes this decorative luncheon cloth which measures two yards square and costs 31/6. A dozen napkins to match cost only 23/6. From Robinson and Cleaver

The BUYING CARE and REPAIR of LINEN

LINEN is always cold to the touch, that is one way of telling linen from cotton. Another way is to drop a little oil on a sample of linen and if the spot made is transparent then you know your sample is real linen. When you are choosing your household linen it is wise to buy the best you can afford. Cotton is never a very satisfactory substitute, it does not wear so well, neither does it keep a good colour. The latter consideration does not matter if you are buying coloured table linen or bed linen. The quality of linen can be ascertained by the weave; the better the linen the finer and more even is the weave. If you are buying table cloths remember that double damask wears longer than single damask, and that table mats can be laundered at home, whereas cloths have to be sent out. If it is bed linen you are buying, single sheets should measure two by three yards and sheets for double beds two and half by three yards.

Bolster and pillow cases should be of the "Housewife" type, with no buttons or fasteners. Do not forget when you are buying linen that the kitchen also needs to be stocked. Here cotton should most certainly *not* substitute linen, for linen cloths not only give a better polish when drying but do not leave lint on the articles as do cotton and union towels.

Care Of Your Linen

If you do not possess a linen cupboard do not store the linen in the bathroom unless you have a hot water cylinder, because of the damp. A damp-proof chest can be bought and this should be kept in a room which is reasonably warm. Gas heated linen cupboards can be bought, but these, of course, are more expensive. The shelves of a linen cupboard should be made of laths, not solid, so that the air can circulate round the cupboard through the shelves.

On each shelf a label should be put telling the contents, first marking shelves for different articles. On the door there should be kept a list of the contents of each shelf and this should be kept up to date. An inventory book is compiled by really methodical housewives, and this is how they make it. They have a separate page for each kind of article and on the page they put numbers, dates and prices so that they know how long their things last.

We all know how difficult it is to tell the newer sheets from the old ones when they are all fresh and folded in the linen cupboard. A good way to be able to tell at a glance which article belongs to which set and to tell its age, is to mark the linen as follows:—

P. Smith.
5 1932.
—
12

By this marking on a sheet you can tell that that particular sheet is the fifth sheet of the twelve sheets bought in 1932 and that it belongs to P. Smith. All the linen should be marked with Cash's embroidered name-tapes, and it should be marked on the double part of the linen on the wrong side. When you receive your linen from the laundry, check and count it and inspect it for any torn or worn parts. Always air the linen before putting it away.

The Repair Of Linen

SHEETS.—Turn the sides to the middle when the middle is worn and make a flat seam with a "run and fell." Patching can be done by machine or by hand. Use old linen for dust sheets or ironing sheets.

TOWELS.—Worn places in towels can be darned, patches from older towels can also be made. Worn out towels should be cut down to make cloths for cleaning paint work.

TABLE LINEN.—Very neat patches can be made by hand or by machine on table cloths. Worn out table cloths can be cut to form carving cloths, table napkins or kitchen table cloths.

If any of your fine linen articles are really worn out do not throw them away, for bandages can be torn and rolled up for the medicine chest. They should, of course, be thoroughly washed beforehand.

Holiday Catering:

By A. H. ADAIR

Good cooking does not require a great many utensils. Many a good dish has been spoiled in the preparation by the use of unnecessary gadgets

COOKING is often unnecessarily complicated by having too many utensils and ingredients in the kitchen, and much time can be wasted by having to choose from a lot of things that are never used—something you want in a hurry. It is all very well in our own homes where (we hope) everything is in its place and we know exactly what to use for whichever dish we are preparing; but when we are away on holiday, staying perhaps in a small furnished house or bungalow, there is no reason for our fare to be dull and monotonous simply because we have not got all our accustomed "tools" to hand. After all, change is what we go away for, and there is always great satisfaction and even fun to be had by making do with what we have got.

The first thing to do, of course, is to make a careful survey of our temporary kitchen and to choose carefully the things we are most likely to require, putting the rest out of our way. With two good frying pans, a few saucepans of different sizes and a large plain iron saucepan, we can do everything we want from roasting to grilling. Supposing, for instance, the oven appears very strange to us (in the case of a small bungalow there may not even be an oven), a perfectly good imitation of roasting can be achieved as will be explained below, and it is worth remembering that during the holidays a great deal of time and trouble would be saved by not attempting to bake cakes and pastries which can be bought at the pastrycook's, devoting all the time we wish to spend on the cooking to serving one good meal a day.

Plenty of vegetables and salad should be provided, also omelettes and other egg dishes, and if you are near the sea, as much fresh fish as possible. For sweets nothing can be more pleasant and healthy than stewed fruits, fruit fools, junkets and custards cooked standing in boiling water and served cold.

To Roast Without an Oven

Make a large iron saucepan with nothing in it very hot, after which you put in dripping, then your joint, which you turn on all sides to "seize" it, then a little cold water, salt and pepper, and you go on cooking it, basting frequently and turning it occasionally until it is done. The saucepan must remain uncovered all the time.

To Grill in a Pan

Take a plain thick iron frying pan, put it on the fire until it is really hot, and then rub it all over with a piece of greased paper. Put in the meat, and when one side is slightly charred turn it over, paint the partly cooked side with butter or dripping and season with salt and pepper. Repeat this process with the other side, put in a small piece of butter, and go on cooking, turning the meat occasionally till it is done. The question of time depends on whether you like the meat very well cooked or not, but to enjoy a grilled steak at its best—i.e., slightly burnt outside and pink and juicy inside — five to six minutes would be sufficient.

Braised Meat

This is another simple way of cooking meat which requires very little attention and only one utensil. Take your thick iron saucepan, melt a small piece of butter in it, and put in your joint of veal or beef, trimmed and tied with string and sprinkled all over with salt and pepper. Brown it on all sides, and then remove it. Meanwhile clean and peel two onions, six small carrots, and two turnips. Cut them into small pieces, put them into the saucepan and cook for five minutes. Add salt and pepper, a tumblerful of cold water, and place the meat on top of the vegetables. Cover the saucepan tightly and let it simmer very gently for three hours. If your pan is really thick, and if you put it on a very low fire, the dish can be left entirely to itself; if you are at all doubtful, place an asbestos mat under the pan. To serve this dish, remove the meat, cut away the string and place the meat into a deep hot serving dish, remove as much of the fat from the gravy as possible, and pour it, with the vegetables, around the meat.

Plum Fool

Put some plums in a saucepan with sugar and enough cold water to come to their level, bring to the boil and simmer with the lid on until the fruit is cooked. Remove the stones and pass the plums through a sieve. When the pulp is quite cold, add the same amount of cream and condensed milk (in equal proportions) as you have of pulp. Stir well, see that the fool is sweet enough, and serve very cold.

Summer Soft Drinks

And some not so Soft

MOST people have an idea how to make lemonade, yet as a rule it is more by luck than judgment when the lemonade really turns out delicious. It is because the idea is so familiar to us that we not only take no trouble as to the quantities of ingredients but we never bother about any fixed method either. Perhaps the most refreshing is the French way of making Citron Pressé: they squeeze a lemon into a glass of iced water and add as much sugar as they require. This is all very well, but it comes rather expensive with one lemon per person, and some people would consider it a trouble.

If you can bear the thought of making the lemonade the day before you need it, then the following method, using boiling water, is one of the best.

Lemonade

Squeeze as many lemons as will make 2 oz. of lemon juice, and thinly peel one of the lemons until you have ¼ oz. of peel. Add this juice and peel to 2 oz. of white sugar. Now pour on 1½ pints of boiling water. Strain this, and allow to cool.

Sirop of Lemons

Here is another recipe culled from a book of old Simples.

"Pare your lemons that no white be seen, then slice them and take out ye seeds and take out the same weight in double refined sugar well beaten, and fasten a stronge thread net over a Silver bason or earthen bason, then lay on some of your Sliced lemons, cover them with sugar, then more lemons, so do till all be on, then Set in a cool Seller for three or four days, then pour it in a stone pot, let it stand warme 24 hours, then Scumme it and put it up. You may put more Sugar if you please."

Orangeade

This is a most refreshing drink and much more thirst-quenching if lemon is added, and remember that it is always wisest when buying oranges to insist on the Three Ring South African brand. To make rather more than one quart you will need :—

2 South African oranges.
1 lemon.
¾ lb. preserving sugar.
1 qt. boiling water.

Rub the orange with the separate lumps of sugar, this gets the zest off the orange and draws out the juice. As each lump is covered put it into a large jug. When all the sugar is in the jug, squeeze out any juice that is left from the oranges and lemon. Now pour over the contents of the jug a quart of boiling water. Strain this through muslin. Leave to cool.

Right: *ORANGE Vermouth. Squeeze the juice of a large orange into a glass and add three-quarters of a wine-glass of French or Italian Vermouth*

Left: *GOOSEBERRY Wine. For straining the gooseberries, tie a piece of muslin over an enamel bowl and pour the gooseberries on to it, taking care that they do not break much*

COOLING drinks. Add a slice of lemon peel to each glass of fruit drink

Egg Orangeade

1 egg.
1 South African orange.
1 lemon.
Sugar.
Water.

Pour a well-beaten egg into a tumbler. Add orange juice and lemon juice, sugar and water to fill glass, stirring them into the egg. Serve cold. Soda water may be used.

Orange Vermouth

Squeeze the juice of a large South African orange into a glass and add three-quarters of a wine-glass of French or Italian Vermouth. The result is delicious.

Gooseberry Wine

This drink makes a change, and it is sure to prove popular at a tennis party. The recipe is quite simple. Let 3 pints of gooseberries simmer until the liquid tastes sharp of the fruit. Do not let the fruit break, for it will cloud the liquid. Strain, then boil the gooseberry juice again. Now set this in a pan for 24 hours and after that bottle the liquid with 3 oz. of sugar to each bottle. Do not stop up the bottles until the wine has left off working, after that stop them up tightly.

Made with Ale

Two drinks made with ale and which are noted for their refreshing qualities can be made as follows :—

1. Add one (*Continued on page* 105)

Ice Cream and Frozen Sweets

Some recipes for ice cream and other equally refreshing desserts

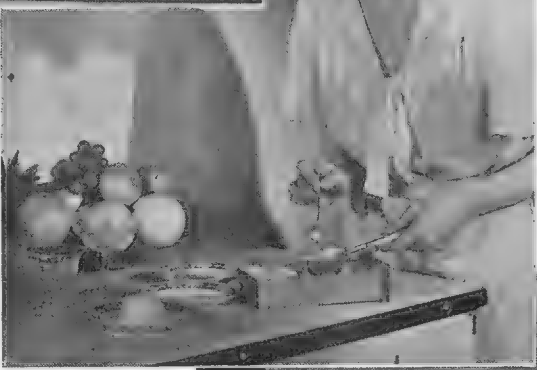
By Mrs. Robert Noble

ICE cream flavoured in various ways or served as the foundation for delicious sweets is always popular during the summer months. Now that a refrigerator is regarded as an essential item of equipment in a modern kitchen, the difficulty of preparing ice cream disappears. When buying a refrigerator you must take into consideration the quantity of ice you will want for cooling drinks and the space you will need for making ice cream and for storing foods to keep them fresh. For example, the Electrolux Minor will give you three-quarters of a pound of ice cubes in one freezing, sufficient for the needs of a *ménage à deux*. For a family a larger model that will give from five to six pounds of ice at a freezing is a more practical proposition.

YOU can make ice cream in a freezer, using freezing salt and the ice cubes formed in the trays of your refrigerator

It is quite easy to make ice cream in the freezing trays of a refrigerator. There are various makes of refrigerators available. Some are operated by electricity, others by paraffin, and in the case of the Electrolux the refrigerator is obtainable to operate by either of these media, both of which are more economical than is usually thought.

To make ice cream successfully the freezing trays must be removed every half-hour or so until the mixture is well on the way to freezing. It must be thoroughly stirred with a bone or wooden spatula so that the frozen portions that adhere to the bottom and sides of the tray are mingled with the unfrozen portions.



AN ice cream scoop or server simplifies the neat service of ice cream from the freezing trays

Most cooks have a well-tried favourite mixture for ice cream. A simple but good one is made by mixing one new-laid egg with half a pint of undiluted cream, and adding half a teaspoonful of castor sugar and any flavouring desired, such as vanilla or a fruit essence. These ingredients must be stirred well together, and the mixture will be smoother and freeze more readily if a little gelatine is used. One teaspoonful of gelatine is used to each quart of cream (or milk and cream). It is first soaked in a little cold water and then dissolved in boiling water and cooled. This is added to the cream mixture, which must be thoroughly cooled before it is placed in the refrigerator.

To do away with the need for stirring it is possible to aerate the cream before you put it into the freezing trays. The cream is poured by means of a funnel into a syphon as far as the red line. The sparklet bulb is then gradually pierced and the syphon vigorously shaken about ten times. Keeping the syphon upright the lever is pressed and the aerated cream discharged into the freezing tray. The tray is then replaced in position in the refrigerator and left undisturbed for about five hours. No stirring is necessary and a smooth creamy ice is the result.

THE sparklet aeration way of mixing ice cream does away with the need for stirring frequently

AFTER aeration and a shaking discharge the mixture into a tray and replace in the refrigerator

When no refrigerator is available, there are several types of vacuum freezer that are quite efficient. The cream mixture is placed in an inner container, and the outer section is filled with freezing mixture made by using about three cups of ice to one cup of freezing salt. The ice must be chipped finely and well mixed with the salt and packed in tightly. The lid is then clamped on and the container reversed. The prepared ice cream mixture when quite cold is poured into the inner container, covered with a lid and the apparatus reversed so that the ice compartment is uppermost. The lid must fit very closely to prevent the salt from penetrating, and it must be carefully opened every fifteen minutes or so in order to stir the contents. In about three-quarters of an hour the ice cream will be ready to be served.

PEAR melba made from ripe Australian pears and ice cream vies with peach melba as an inviting summer sweet

Another good type of freezer consists of an inner metal container for the cream and an outer wooden pail into which the freezing mixture of salt and ice is closely packed. The metal container is attached to a handle and ratchet, so that when the former is turned the metal container rotates and the mixture inside freezes evenly and quickly.

Keeping FOOD Cool

A PRACTICAL butter cooler. The container is made of glass and is placed in a container made of porous terra-cotta, which is dipped into cold water

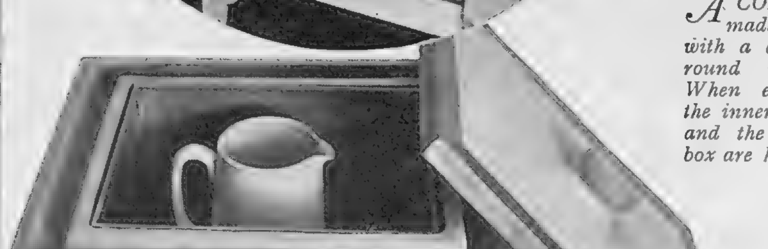
THIS little refrigerator, the Electrolux Minor, is small enough to stand on a table or hang on a wall, and it has a surprisingly large storage capacity. It is operated by electricity or oil, and without any water

THIS butter cooler has a hollow lid. The space is filled with cold or iced water, and the cover replaced over the butter, which is kept firm and hard beneath it

A MILK cooler which takes the form of a hollow cylinder is placed over the milk. Water is poured into two apertures until the water chamber is filled, when evaporation sets up and cools the interior. Other beverages could be cooled in the same way

(Left)

A REALLY efficient and moderately large refrigerator is of course the best and safest method of storing and preserving food. They cost extremely little to run and will save much time and housekeeping money. This one is finished in white cellulose with a porcelain enamel lining



A COLD storage box is made of a porous clay with a channel for water round its upper edge. When evaporation starts the inner temperature falls and the contents of the box are kept cool and sweet

The Million Water

(*continued from page 73.*)

compunction than if I had been his deadliest enemy, instead of a tired and frightened youngster bent on saving his life.

"'Let him go, Ezra boy,' came Barney's cold voice. 'That wasn't altogether sporting of the fellow—let him go, until I've got you in.' I let him go, and Barney dragged me in. Not until then did he trouble about Metterbeier—and, by the seven devils, he just grabbed him in-board when master gap-mouth sailed past again!

"In the morning the *Mecs* were decently gone. Barney said they died within an hour of one another soon after I had gone to sleep. Sandy was in a sad way. His scalds had come up to awful blue and yellow blisters and he was in torment.

"As for Jubilee Tommy, he just lay and grinned and prayed. Barney had fixed up his wound in some miraculous manner, but we all knew, Tommy as well, that it was U.P. for him. Metterbeier skulked in the stern sheets, gross and beetle-like in his tightly buttoned alpaca jacket. He was the only one of us to be dressed to the last hair.

"Our scrag of canvas got us nowhere. It was dead calm—we hadn't even the break of being able to row. The *Mecs*, in their mad fighting, had sheered sweeps and everything else portable out of the boat. Only in a locker did we find anything loose, a baler and a hank or two of tarry twine, a coil of copper wire and a tin that had held caustic soap.

"Barney tried to cheer us by telling us we were bound to be picked up within a matter of hours—or slowly make Galveston. That was all right with me. But Sandy McAveril was dull eyed and already resigned to slipping his cable as decently as he could. And Jubilee Tommy had begun to sing."

Parkenten's eyes glistened and his voice shook. The listening men saw something transfigured in his face. Riddiehaugh, the man who made his living by delving more beneath the skin of life than most, realised that here was pictured that fervour which had resulted in the 'Parkenten Endowments'—that inner goodliness which had brought great hospitals and research schools and laboratories into existence all over the earth . . . fifteen millions they said the man had contrived to spend on alleviating human suffering. . . .

"That stokehold nigger—that negro, I mean—began to sing, I told you." Parkenten closed his eyes. "He sang like glory itself. His voice was beautiful, but we'd never heard it one-tenth so supreme as we did in those last few hours of his existence. To me it was the beginning of a knowledge of God. And I have never forgotten."

"While Tommy sang and Sandy bit into his lips to keep down his cries, Barney managed our trifling craft and I did what I could in the way of keeping the full sun off the dying men. Otto Metterbeier never shifted. And still he was as fatly wet and undisturbed as when he was on the *Jane Herkomer*. Dimly I began to sense the wrongness of this. Barney also sensed it. We were absolutely agonizing for a drink; our lips were black already—Metterbeier's were as red and slobbering as always.

"I believe Barney would have settled the job there and then if it hadn't been for the fact that Metterbeier carried a pistol. You could trace its outlines under the shiny tropical alpaca of his jacket.

"But the night came at last . . . and with it the *Norte*.

"It hit us with a scream and a thud and nearly bucketed us in the first two minutes of its onslaught. Barney had, fortunately, made ready for it. He'd contrived a tiny storm-jib and had wired—with that copper I mentioned—some canvas into a poke sufficient to give us an efficient baler. That and steerage way saved us.

"Seven hours later we took stock, in a calm that was all as formidable as the wind, in a way of speaking. Sandy was gone—he'd got himself over the side during the storm. We were weary unto death; no more kick left in us. Jubilee Tommy could no longer sing . . . but Otto Metterbeier still sat and appeared as fit as when he trod the upper air on the Jinny.

"'I'm going to try conclusions with that hound,' said Barney, 'pistol or no pistol. He's got water and food.' Of course I held that this was ridiculous . . . but Barney was convinced. 'He's got water, at least,' Barney growled. He's nothing but a swine, Ezra. Think of the trick he served you when you were getting him to the boat—think of that and do as I say.'

"He put up less of a fight than I anticipated. He was too taken by surprise for much resistance, as a matter of fact. But when we had got him tight, and his alpaca jacket off his back, Barney was proved a true prophet—and I as near as a trivet came to murder. If Barney hadn't clouted me I should have shot him with his own gun.

"Metterbeier wore a quilted under-jacket. It was labelled: '*The Never-Sink*' . . . a firm of outfitters in New York had patented it. It was of wadded Kapok down, and it had a rubber line contrivance like a long water-bottle across its bottom front. Its sides held tablets of compressed beef and flat caramels of sugar and wheat. A tubing with a mouth-piece gave out of the drinking reservoir—the tablets were all in waxed compartments held together by a tape.

"And there, while Sandy McAveril and Jubilee Tommy had been pleading for water under his very eyes, Metterbeier had been supplied and would not share.

"Well, we held a council of war; or rather we tried the fellow on a capital charge, with death for the penalty. Jubilee Tommy saved the hound from the sharks. . . . He got our promise; and we let him be. What little water was left we shared among us—shared between, rather, for Tommy would not open his teeth to take a drop. We wet his lips, all we could do.

"Tommy died within an hour. His last words were as profoundly moving as his singing had been.

"After Tommy went over the side we went two more days on the remnants of Metterbeier's food supply and the dregs of the water. We shared water with him, but not the food. Five days after the *Norte* we were almost goners.

"Now Barney had an idea that the *Norte* had carried us down somewhere round about the twenty-third degree of north latitude—somewhere, if we could strike the coast, off the borders of Mexico and Texas; Brownsville couldn't be so very far away. So said Barney . . . of course I wanted to know the whys and wherefores of the business. Barney regarded me whimsically for a while, then:

"'Haven't you got a nose, Ezra lad?' he asked. I rather feared his mind was going back on him, but then I took a snuffler or two—and there certainly was a peculiarly minty sort of air about the sea. Still I couldn't understand the inference of the degree.

"However I soon had something else to puzzle about. Barney, grizzle bearded and skinnier than ever, was busy now with that copper wire and the caustic soap tin. He'd shifted Metterbeier out of the stern sheets and had rigged up a sort of canvas screen. After a while he'd twisted that wire into a spiral and had arranged it in such a way that it dipped into the tin. To all my questions he returned vague answers—finishing up by telling me to clear out and mind my own damned business.

"As night fell he stalked down the boat and solemnly presented me with the baler . . *full of pure drinking water.* I drank until he said I'd had sufficient for one go and took the tin away from me. At midnight I drank again . . . the morning brought me more water and I filled out and freshened like a desert after rain. As for Barney, he was a different being—Otto Metterbeier looked like one of Dante's rough-necks in the full process of going through it.

"He wanted water. He wept for water. He knew that Barney had contrived a still to distill pure from salt water. For the love of God could he have water? . . . Would we—could we, see a fellow human being dying before our eyes . . .

"He got no further. Barney told him about the death of Tommy; told him again and again, until the Levantine howled for peace rather than the blessed water.

"On the seventh day after the Jinny's plunge, Barney offered Metterbeier a baler full of water. It had a price, he said. What price? Metterbeier would pay any price he was asked to slake his thirst.

"Then Barney sprung his mine. In the alpaca jacket was an oilskinned packet of papers. They had been perused by Barney and handed back to the Levantine.

"They were concessions granted by various Mexican authorities, on certain oil bearing lands in the interior. Oil wasn't so valuable a commodity then, fifty years ago, as it is now. Still, those documents were of substantial value.

"Barney—or so he said—had a wish to leave the sea and enter the arena of oil prospecting. He was also of the opinion that Otto Metterbeier owed me something for saving his life . . . Then there were the dependents of Jubilee Tommy and Sandy McAveril to be provided for; these men had been murdered, said Barney, by Metterbeier. Finally, the good Metterbeier, if he wanted water, he could have it. Its price? One of those concessions for each full baler.

"Otto Metterbeier, in three more days, had paid into the hands of Barney and myself ten million pounds for one and a half gallons of drinking water.

"Of course, the value of those concessions at the time of which I speak, 'eighty-four, wasn't a hundredth of that. I and others have developed them into the millions' orbit since. Barney would not have any moonshine about the business, though. Before Metterbeier put one drop of drink to his lips he had to write and sign a full tale of all he had transacted on the boat.

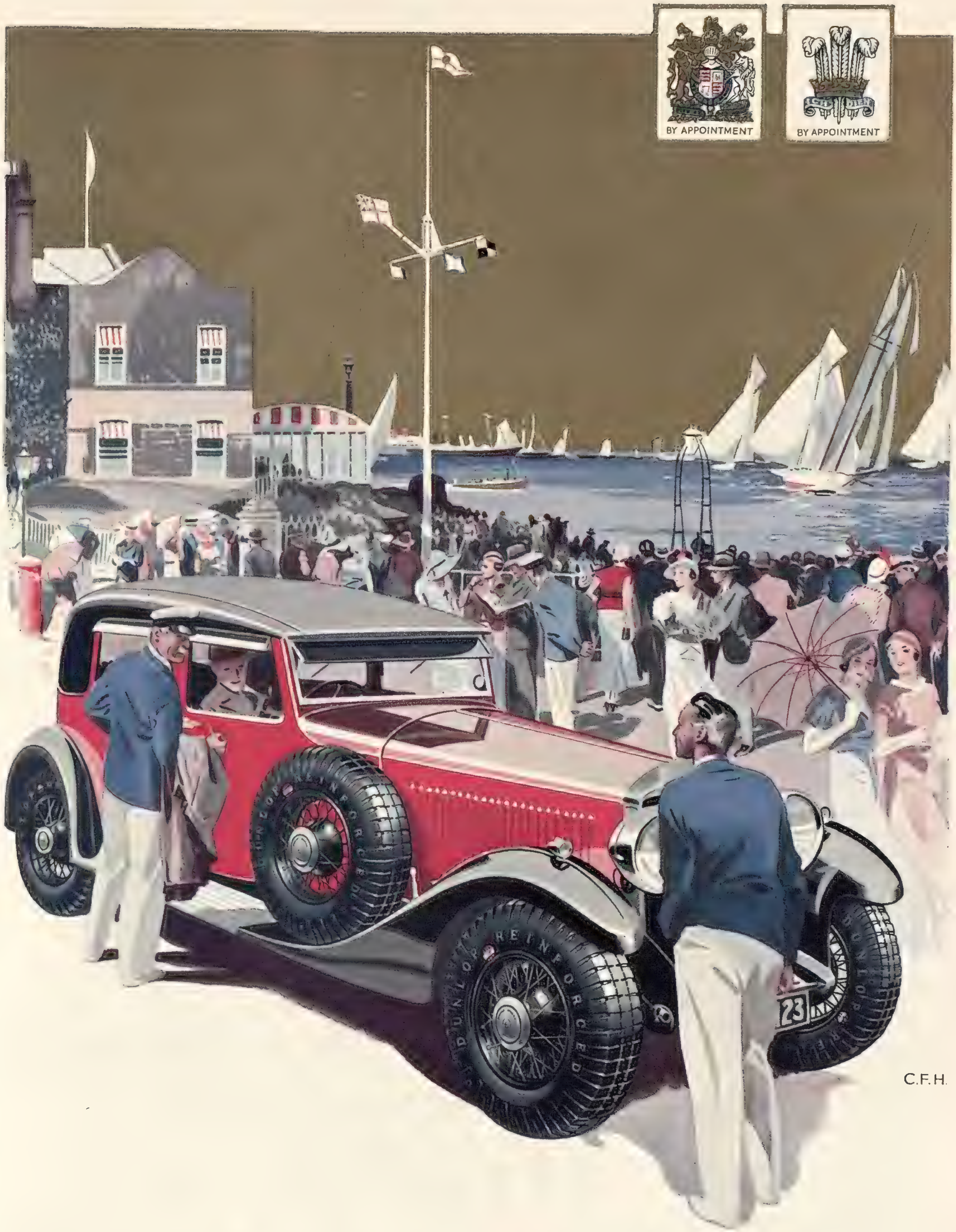
"And he also had to transcribe free turn-over to us both, in legal style . . . ten days after the loss of the *Jinny* an attorney at Brownsville told us that those documents would stand throughout the world.

"It was on the ninth day after the loss that we were picked up—by a silver carrying *felucca* coming off from Guadeltanda; set dead on the twenty-third degree of north latitude." Parkenten paused and his shrewd old eyes flared happily. "Not only were the dependents of Sandy and Tommy provided for, but thousands upon thousands of other sick and saddened souls on this earth of ours have benefited from that sale of water in the boat of the *Jane Herkomer*.

"I eventually became a man of wealth. Barney FitzHugh went back to his family in England and died a few years ago as the Viscount Alberdawnay . . . Metterbeier shot himself after the great Wall Street crash of 1902 . . . That's the full story, my friends, of the loss of the *Jane Herkomer* and all that transpired thereafter."

"Still," Riddiehaugh ventured at last, "I can't for the life of me understand how that fake still of Barney FitzHugh's contrivance produced pure water. Where did the water come from?"

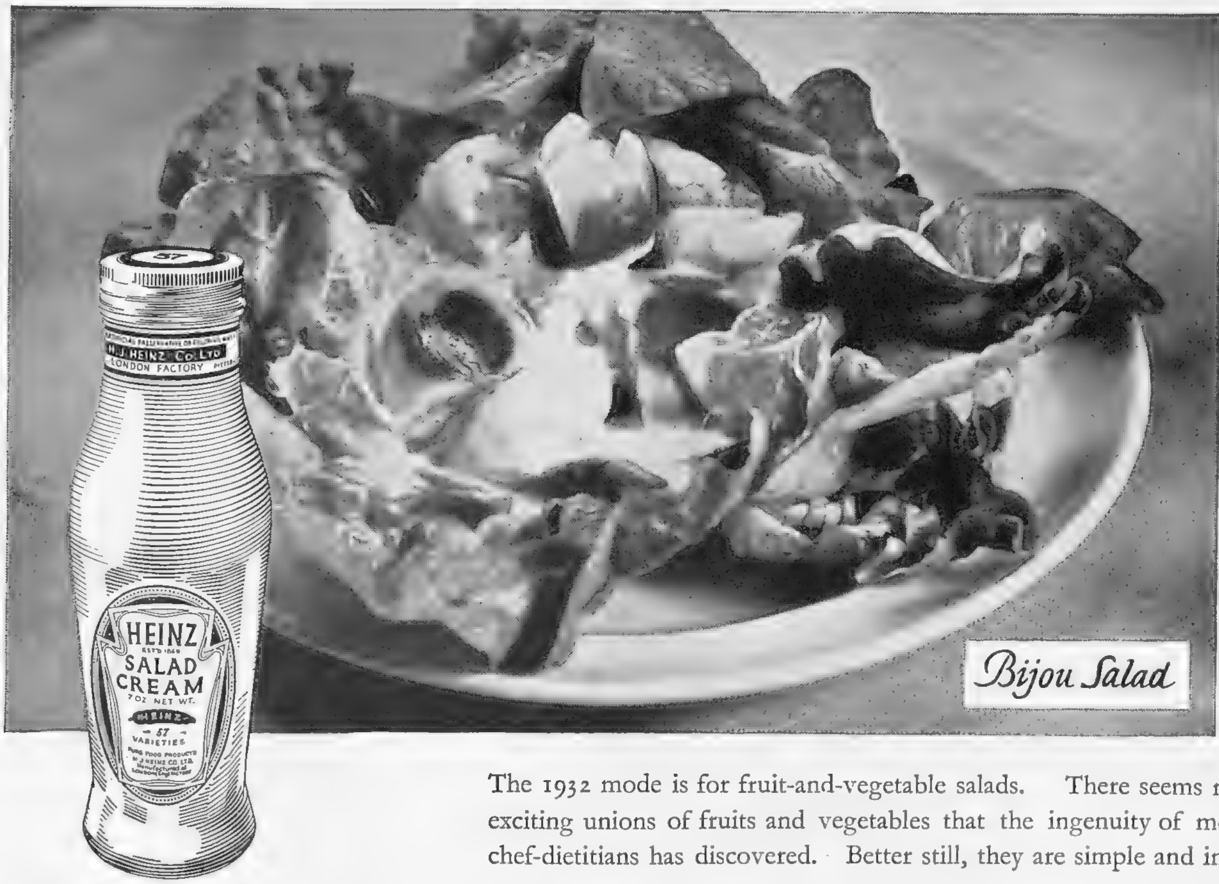
"I set out with a reminiscence of an acrid smell of vegetation—I end with it." Parkenten laughed and threw back his head. "Barney's fake distillation plant was only a psychological punch, a means to an end. He knew we were off the mouth of the Rio Grande when he asked me if I had a nose . . . and the waters of the Rio Grande, my friends, coming through two thousand miles of Colorado and Texas, carry the smell of vegetation a hundred miles out into the Gulf of Mexico—*and fresh water!* Barney got his drinking supplies by putting his baler over the side and bringing it in-board again, *full*."


BY APPOINTMENT
BY APPOINTMENT
DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP REINFORCED
23
C.F.H.

In a Class by Itself

Health-experts say:

'be *à la mode!*'



Bijou Salad

TRY THESE THREE DELICIOUS SALADS—
EACH A COURSE IN ITSELF.

Bijou Salad.

INGREDIENTS—Hearts of lettuce, cherry tomatoes, oranges, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Crisp the hearts of lettuce in cold water. shake them well and remove some of the centre leaves. Wash and dry the cherry tomatoes, divide the oranges into sections and remove the pips. Mix equal quantities of orange sections and cherry tomatoes with a little Heinz Salad Cream. Fill the hearts of lettuce with the mixture, pour salad cream over the oranges and tomatoes and serve on individual plates. A radish cut like a rose and allowed to get crisp in icy cold water adds a good note of decoration.

Fruit and Cabbage Salad.

INGREDIENTS—White cabbage heart, slices of pineapple (tinned ones will do very well), oranges, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Wash the cabbage, remove the outer leaves, put the heart in a saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, drain thoroughly and shred very finely. Cut the pineapple into dice. Cut the oranges in half and scoop out the pulp. Mix the cabbage, pineapple and orange with Heinz Salad Cream, pile on a dish, pour a little more salad cream over and decorate with cherries, flowers or leaves.

Grapefruit, Lettuce and Walnut Salad.

INGREDIENTS—Grapefruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel the grapefruit like an orange. Remove the pips and divide the fruit into its natural sections. Wash and dry the lettuce and arrange on small plates. Arrange the grapefruit on the lettuce like the petals of a daisy. Put a small pile of shelled walnuts in the centre to emphasize the flower idea, and serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

Send postcard to H. J. Heinz Company Limited (Dept. H), Harlesden, N.W.10, for a FREE copy of our new 1932 booklet of delicious Salad Recipes.

OTHER VARIETIES:
BAKED BEANS . TOMATO KETCHUP • SOUPS

The 1932 mode is for fruit-and-vegetable salads. There seems no end to the exciting unions of fruits and vegetables that the ingenuity of modern expert chef-dietitians has discovered. Better still, they are simple and inexpensive to prepare.

But when you try them make sure you use the right dressing. Use Heinz Salad Cream, for it not only contains the new-laid eggs, the pure olive oil and the rich cream that convert a salad into a scientifically 'balanced' food, but it possesses just that subtle suggestion of 'tang' that goes so well with fruit-and-vegetable salads.

These new salads served with Heinz Salad Cream are not only fashionable—but one of the finest foods for health and clear complexions.

You can buy Heinz Salad Cream at all good grocers, at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½d. per bottle. (These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.)

—and cookery-experts say: serve with

HEINZ 57 Salad Cream

The product, the package and the name 'Salad Cream' were all originated by Heinz. Avoid the many inferior imitations.
MADE IN LONDON

Fast Ladies

(*Continued from page* 17)

out, for the flag to fall as a Bentley came home—with the Bugatti in seventh place, having covered 1,345 miles in the twenty-four hours with women at the wheel.

They had shown what ladies who like driving fast could do—but it had been two years before that beauty had really shown its mettle. This was in what is admitted to be the most hazardous, the most difficult and the most gruelling event which motor-racing has yet produced.

Where the Isle of Sicily is poised at Italy's toe, a road circuit has been picked out, running from sea level over the Madonie mountains and back again. The circuit is sixty-seven miles round, and in the heights it runs by roads hewn like ledges from the mountain side—with nothing to stop a machine streaking off the course into the blue depths of a precipice.

Here is run the Targa Florio—the eldest and the most strenuous race in the world. Mme. Junek—who comes from Czecho-Slovakia—entered a wasp-coloured Bugatti for this event in 1928; another speed-woman, the Countess Einsiedel, also put down her name with a similar car, painted white to indicate her German nationality. Both these highly-tuned cars were ranged against stripped and supercharged racing machines handled by men who are admittedly the most daring of Continental cracks.

So difficult is the circuit that a driver can lose ten minutes on each lap through his gear changes on the corners—and over one thousand definite corners are met in each lap, about fifteen to the mile! This means that a driver who is a mere two-fifths of a second slow in his gear shift at each turn can lose over half an hour in the five laps which form the distance for the race.

Undeterred by this, by the dangers of the road and by the burning sunshine which would make the narrow cockpit of a racing job like a moving, steel-hemmed Hades, Countess Einsiedel and Mme. Junek started—for the German lady to misjudge a corner by the fraction of a second on her first lap.

She hit a wall on the outside of the turn, and stopped with her car half on an earthen bank and half across the road. Carabinieri put the Countess on the road again, and she eventually ran home in eleventh place—but it was pretty Mme. Junek who startled the cracks.

In the race she started two minutes behind Albert Divo—who eventually won—and on her first lap she caught him up and placed her yellow-and-black car on the famous professional's tail. For no less than two hundred miles of that wild circuit she held this position.

Not until the last lap did she drop back, and then only because feminine endurance had been strained to its limit. Finally, she finished in fifth position.

In the same year that Mme. Junek showed her skill and courage, a British lady achieved the honour of being the only woman driver ever to finish in the famous Georges Boillot Cup race, at Boulogne. The lady was Mrs. Urquhart Dykes, and she handled an Alvis, the only other feminine entrant being Miss Maconochie, on an Amilcar.

Weeks earlier, Sir Malcolm Campbell had entered a Bugatti, but this particular car had been burnt out in the Ulster T.T. He had a Grand Prix Delage entered for the Trophee National the following day, but did not want to spoil this machine's tune by running it in the Boillot Cup race; so, at the start, he found himself at the wheel of the only other car he had available.

He was determined to come to the line-up because, following a certain friendly disagreement with the Bugatti factory, this firm had entered one of their finest supercharged Grand Prix models; at the wheel was a French racing ace, named Dutilleux, and he had instructions to put his foot down—hard! He was to do his utmost to get to the finish in front of Sir Malcolm.

From the start, the race was a tremendous duel between Campbell and Dutilleux, both breaking the lap record again and then again.

The pace which the duelling leaders maintained, set a standard which other machines strove to achieve, and on the corner in Desvres, Sir Malcolm Campbell all but ran Miss Maconochie down while she was skidding where other sliding cars had already wrecked the palisade.

Mrs. Dykes was handling her Alvis with astonishing steadiness, driving without incident over the 23-mile circuit—and it is the racing machines which are handled without extravagant skidding and general abandon that win. Ahead of her, first Campbell and then his French rival led—until Campbell's brakes began to fail. He found himself unable to pull up on the St. Martin hairpin, and had to crash into low gear to avert disaster, with the result that he cleared the corner, but left himself with a wrecked gear-box.

Oddly enough, Dutilleux knew nothing of Campbell's misfortune, and continued at speed—to skid on his last lap and break a wheel which put him out of the race. Boris Ivanowski won, Sir Henry Birkin came home fifth, and Mrs. Urquhart Dykes achieved ninth place, completing the 278 miles of the race at an average speed of over 60 m.p.h.

Even if lady drivers have dared to enter for road and track events, one might imagine that they would be deterred by the very definite risks of record breaking.

But, at the Brooklands August bank-holiday meeting last year, Mrs. G. M. Stewart brought over from France a Miller car which had its origin in America, and with which she had shattered many records on the fast Montlhèry track, near Paris. She intended to try to break the lap record, then held by Kaye Don with a speed of 137.58 m.p.h.—and it is interesting to bear in mind that when Brooklands was built nothing was expected ever to move at over 100 m.p.h.

Mrs. Stewart's car—known as a Derby Miller—"blew up" just when it was fairly under way, and the attempt was unsuccessful. This was very bad luck because with this same car she had covered ten miles at over 137 m.p.h.—a world's record.

Even famous Daytona Beach—where Sir Malcolm Campbell put the land-speed record up to 253 m.p.h. this year—has been invaded by a "fast lady." This was Mlle. Jean Lacoste, and her objective was to create a world's record for lady drivers. She was travelling at two miles a minute when her car burst into flames; quick-witted, she steered for the sea, leaping from the machine as it plunged, slowing, into the waves.

It is admitted by the drivers themselves that the world holds nothing more dangerous than motor-racing, and it is pertinent to ask why ladies want to play a part in a game so full of hazard.

No doubt friends of all these "fast ladies" endeavoured to dissuade them from driving in high-speed events—and there lies the answer to why they do it!

What is any woman's instant reaction when she is told that she can't do a thing?

END

Open Letters *to the* Would-be's *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page* 49)

happen in a good play can happen in a bad one.

Try and remember, in spite of whatever sense you have, that a serious contribution to Art is quite unnecessary, but that musical comedy must go on.

Yet, on the other hand, remember that, whether you become censor or not, some pinhead like yourself will have to do the job of protecting managers against themselves.

They are always screaming about how they want to produce some foreign play, which is, oh, so "arty," merely because, of course, it was written and staged abroad.

There was "Green Pastures," where a lot of negroes acted a collection of childish stories about the Bible. One went on as God, a part which he played in a top hat and frock coat and sat at a roll top desk.

This, because it was foreign, was thought wonderful.

The censor, of course, banned it.

If it had come here, it would have run exactly one week.

Its childishness—I write after reading it—would have made sophisticated London yawn.

A case in point was "Salome," written in England, of course, with a Biblical plot. Because Bible subjects were banned, it was acted, now and then, privately, when it attracted chiefly the half-sexed, who delight in all that Oscar Wilde wrote.

When it was finally licensed, it was not Oscar Wilde but Oscar very tame.

And, as I knew before would happen, it lost the money which it would always have lost had it been done years before.

Then, if you feel that, at least, you must license something, always place a restriction upon it.

For instance, when Brieux's "Damaged Goods" was licensed, so that the war could last longer than ever, the censor said the money had to go to fight the disease about which it was written, and that there was to be no sensation about the placards.

Yet when, in consequence, he had to license "Ghosts," which dealt in a more obscure way with the same disease, placards were put out "The Play That Was Banned For Fifty Years," with the result that, all over England, the young men took their girls to see something dreadful, yawned at Ibsen's dullness and came out disappointed because they could not see the dirt that was never there.

All this may leave you dazed. Censorship dazes even the censors. But. . . .

I would ban everything that was noble. This would please the managers, most of whom try to do it now.

I would ban everything that was holy. Nobody wants it anyway.

I would ban anything that was beautiful. Then people might want to go and see it.

I would ban anything that had dignity or that taught humane ideas or aided progress.

As it is, people stop away from everything of that sort. If it were banned, they would form private clubs to act it surreptitiously on Sunday nights, or Thursday afternoons, or Maundy Thursday mornings, or on February 29th somewhere in a garret between four and seven in the morning.

Then all the fools would want to go and Willie Clarkson would not have to sit in the dress circle to fill an empty seat.

I would ban everything except what was silly and sloppy and stupid.

Mind you, I should not have to ban much, because people who have noble ideas don't put them in plays, and people who think in terms of beauty won't have them ruined by actors who mumble and leading ladies who were young thirty years ago. They leave them unwritten on the empty spaces of the sky. Or, with tears of reverence on their eyelids, they put them in their prayers.

For heaven's sake, if you want to be a censor, do not possess a memory. Forget it all. Make your own rules. You need not remember them—and you need not explain.

Remember only, when you are Play Censor, that you are a part of St. James's Palace, that the Lord Chamberlain, who appointed you, only takes charge of you as a side job and that his real business is to choose the debutantes, supervise the Aunt Marys who want to go to Court and hand out the invitations for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot and the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

When you remember this—oh, how respectable you will become. You will see evil where it was not. You will detect obscenity in the language of a spring morning. You will read unholiness in Holy Writ itself.

"AS GOOD AS GOLD"

Yes, and as healthy as can be! When Michael was born, the doctor said "Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap for his bath." And Mother always has. So Michael enjoys the double advantages of this antiseptic soap:—

His rose petal skin is protected.

His health is guarded against infected cuts and abrasions, and against the germs that he picks up in the day's play.

Careful mothers should always use Wright's. In the long run it is the most economical, and certainly it is the *safest* choice.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

BRITISH MADE

SAPO CARBONIS
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
DETERGENS

6d. Per Tablet

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

The Turnips that saved a Town

(*Continued from page 40*)

inadvertently, by the enemy. The great general stopped, looked, asked what the yokel was doing, was informed, and—pondered. "What!" Plutarch reports him as saying. "What? Shall I then be compelled to wait here until these turnips be grown?"

In this quintessence of concision, Hannibal's astute brain appreciated and gave expression to the fact that no one would plant turnips if there was no hope of eating them; that turnips take approximately four months to grow, and that, therefore, Casilino could hold out for that length of time—a delay fatal to his plans.

In an instant his scheme was redrawn; forthwith he sent emissaries to the town with light terms for surrender—terms that were accepted by the starving inhabitants with incredulous joy, for they had been upon the point of unconditional submission.

The gates were flung open to the inrush of supplies; the invading forces marched away to fresh fields of death and glory . . . and the poor turnips, which had saved the town, grew on, sprouting, burgeoning, germinating in the kindly earth, trampled alike by the departing army and the incoming trains of food—fulfilling their blind destiny in the supreme unconsciousness of nature—alike by the men they had saved and the man they had ruined . . . . . forgotten.

The Lamb in the Rôle of a Lion

(*Continued from page 41*)

vicious debauchee, but he offered to the world a frightful example of a protagonist of the Church not Militant but Military.

Craving possessions that would have enriched the Holy See and the State of Rome with money and power, Julius became an inveterate war-monger. In the name of Religion—which had no jot or tittle of ground in his motive—he assembled army after army to pursue a policy of aggression after aggression, conquest after conquest. Only the Nietzschean thrill of overcoming a rival, achieving a physical and material goal, feeding his insatiable ambition for power and his ravening lust for war could assuage the demon that hag-rode the most restless old man the world has ever known.

In 1511, his impatience at the apparent incompetence of his generals became so great that, when Mirandola held out for longer than had been anticipated against his siege, he suspected everyone in his own forces of treachery. Not merely the men of the line, but their officers, their staff, their high command, even the fountain-head, the Duke of Urbino, his own nephew, who was Commander-in-Chief, came under his ban.

In person he appeared on the battlefield, and, despite his age, which was considerable, and the inclemency of the weather, which was extreme, His Holiness directed attacks and positioned artillery until the fortress capitulated.

He had not even sufficient patience to wait until his victorious army could clear a gate through which he, the victorious general, might enter to take possession of the fallen town. He ordered a ladder to be set against the wall and through a breach created by the gun-fire he had directed, Julius the Second, Holder of the Keys of St. Peter, Prototype of the Christian Virtues, and Vicar of Christ on Earth—Julius II set eye to the cannon-cleft and surveyed with delight the havoc wrought by the representative of the Prince of Peace.

Babylonian Brides of an Hour

(*Continued from page 43*)

forgotten devotees of an alien faith inevitably move in directions only to be understanded of those possessing the key of contemporary thought, code, and belief, are content to record and not to condemn.

The custom that has aroused so great a controversy was concerned with one rite of Mylitta, Goddess of Fecundity and Love. Under many other names has she been worshipped: she is Aphrodite and Venus, Isis and Cybele, Astarte and Ashtaroth. By the very nature of her cult, her rites were largely phallic—although only in the decadence of the faith did they degenerate into the hideous loves of Tanit the Terrible, whose face was veiled; whose kiss was death.

The women of Babylon were compelled, once at least and once at most in their lives, to go and sit in the temple of Mylitta within roped enclosures specially erected. The temple was open to any stranger and to such a stranger was given the prescriptive right to choose for his pleasure that woman who pleased him most. The selection was effected by the throwing of a coin on to the lap of the desired woman and the utterance of the words "The Goddess Mylitta prosper thee."

As the ritual was pronounced, the man went out of the temple accompanied by the woman. No coin, however small, could be refused: no man, however repulsive in physique, in class, or in character, could be rejected.

Such of the women as were beautiful were soon released from the bondage of the goddess, but those ill-favoured had perforce to wait long ere they were free, for, once they had entered the sacred precincts of the temple, they were forbidden to leave before fulfilling the function for which, according to the tenets of the cult of Mylitta, they were created. Herodotus, in fact, cites cases and quotes instances where girls have remained continuously in the temple for three or four years before the silver coin of release, and its consequent ordeal, was vouchsafed to them.

The women upon whom this rite was enjoined ranged from the most exalted members of the aristocracy to the basest-born; and these women were forced to grant willingly (on one occasion only) for, perhaps, a sum so small as to be nominal to the point of fiction those favours which, previously or subsequently, could not have been bought even for a king's ransom; to grant them, moreover, to men whom, one day later or one day earlier, they might have had the power to condemn to death.

The Last Love of Mata Hari

(*Continued from page 19*)

in it. Once there came to Miraflores a Basque priest who had been a contemporary of Mortisac at the Jesuit college. Recognising him, he was about to embrace him. "Mortisac!" he exclaimed, "To find you here!"

But the monk looked at him impassively. "Brother," he said, "you are making a mistake. I am not that person you suppose I am. That person is dead."

On another occasion a very handsome and magnificent foreign lady arrived by car at Burgos. She behaved like a queen, and was provided with such letters of introduction that the authorities were altogether at her disposal. That is to say, the authorities of the town, for those of the monastery refused to let her have access to the monk. Then she returned to Burgos, arrayed herself as a peasant and with her maid in a similar dress, she waited outside the monastery. After three days, the monks emerged for their weekly walk.

When she perceived Brother B. . . . she ran, weeping, towards him, "Pedro!" she cried, "Pedro!"

Without looking at her he turned and strode back to the monastery.

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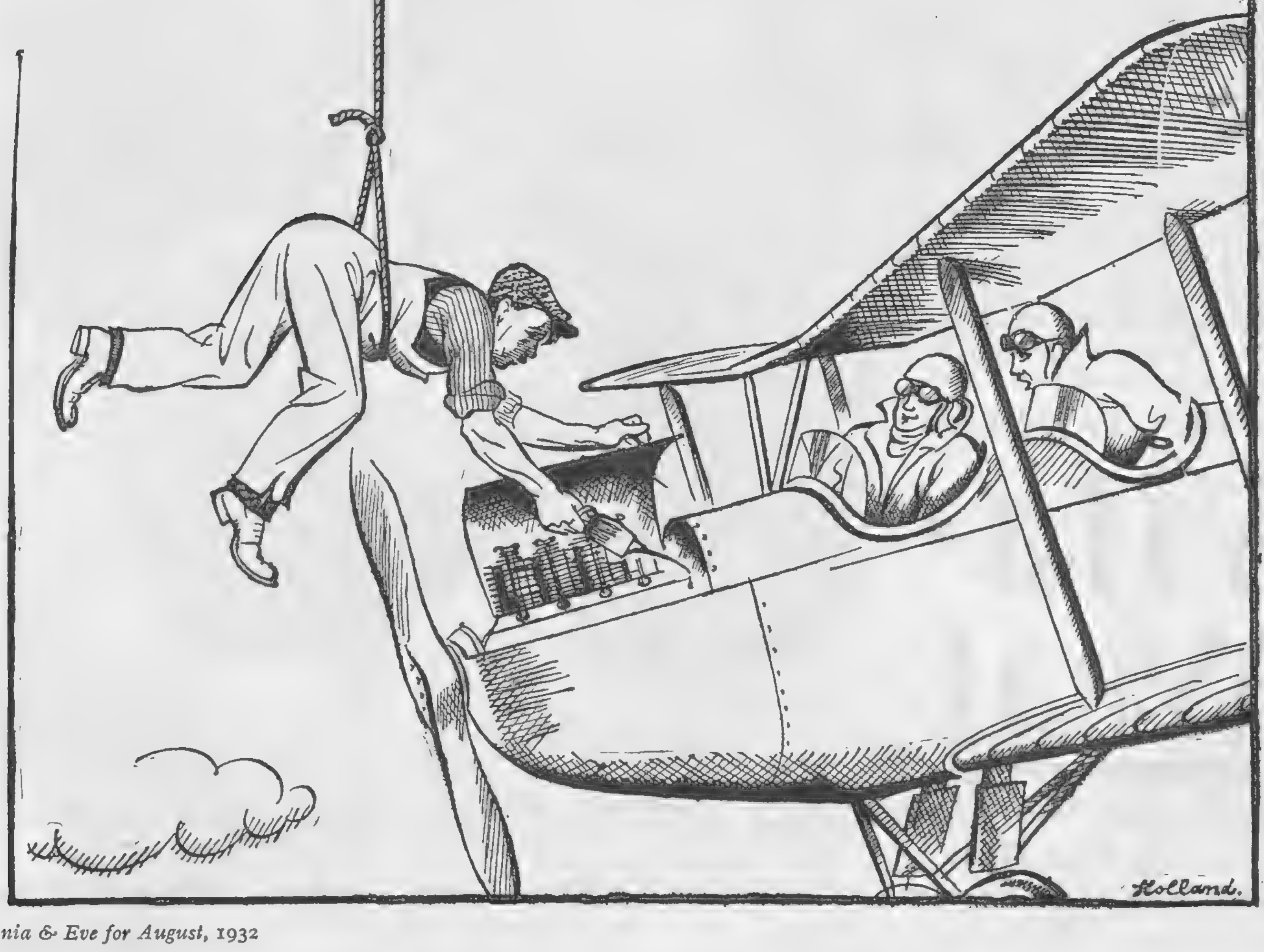

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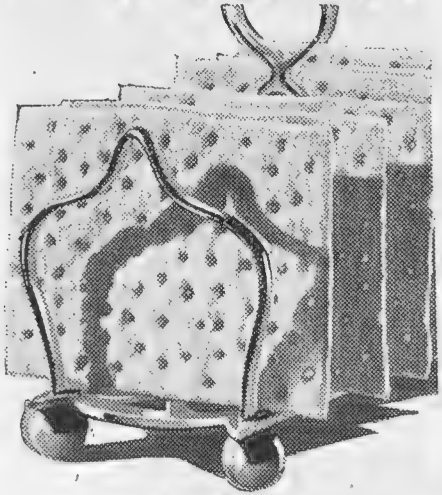

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Azalea Abdicates

(*Continued from page 69*)

noisy and excessively speedy motor-bicycle, Peter had come over from Whale Island, where he was taking a gunnery course, to call on some cousins of his at Bognor, friends of Cecily's. For weeks John had heard nothing of the clandestine affair. Then, suddenly, he had been told that Cecily and Peter were meeting.

"I put my foot down at once," said John.

"Why?" asked Azalea.

"Why? Well, because the lad hasn't a penny piece. He was straightforward, I'll say that for him. Load of debts and so on. I said that if he'd a spark of manly feeling he'd leave Cecily alone——"

"I should have thought the spark would have made him stick to her through thick and thin all the more," observed Azalea.

"You're a dear sentimental person," commented John. "Well, that's how things stood. Days and days ago I had a very serious conversation with Agnes and to-night we decided that our treatment of Cecily—right in nine cases out of ten—had been a shade ill-advised. Rather than have her taken about, gallivanting here, there and everywhere with a married man, I'd vastly prefer to see her married to Peter Cameron."

"I thought you were going to say you'd rather see her dead in her coffin," said Azalea. Then, if you've changed your mind, may I give you a word of advice? Don't go for her. Let this little adventure go by. Give her a kiss and say 'Good-night. Hope you had a good time,' and in the morning tell her to wire for—for Paul—or was it Peter?—so that you can say 'Bless you, my children.'"

As she spoke the door opened and Gavin walked in, stared and ejaculated:

"Hello, John! Do I intrude? Looks as though I ought to ring for pistols for two. Zalea, you look frightfully fetching in that rig, but it's hardly fair on Agnes. John, me boy, I'm surprised at you. What! No drinks. Don't know how I came to make such a rotten landing. Say 'when,' John."

"Nothing for me," said John, standing up. "Where is—my daughter, may I ask?"

"Tucked up in bed, I hope," answered Gavin. "Tired out. We danced till the gunpowder came out of our heels. You two ought to have been with us. Hello, no soda! Shan't be a jiffy."

"Not a word to him, please," said John urgently. "I see now that I ought not to have come to you. We were so perturbed—agitated. I—I apologise. We—er—country cousins look at things so differently. Good-night, dear Azalea."

"Good-night," said she, yawning, "and don't forget about Peter."

"Peter? Oh, yes, Peter. Well, I must think the matter over."

But when John Wheatley saw that Cecily and Gavin did not meet on the following day, he imagined the affair was over and, like Pharaoh, hardened his heart.

TEN days later Azalea called on Agnes Wheatley at the boarding house and had tea. Later on, up in the bedroom, Azalea talked so glibly and amusingly that any of her intimates would have known there was something on her mind, till an untidy maid loudly knocked, put in her bobbed head and said Mrs. Wheatley was wanted on the telephone.

"Me?" exclaimed Agnes. "My dear, who can it be?"

Agnes came back five minutes later, her face the colour of a neglected kitchen-swab, her eyes rounded with horror. To Azalea she stumbled, flung her arms round her and then violently repelled her and ejaculated:

"You—your husband—Gavin and Cecily—they've —run away! They've flown to Belgium! They're in Ghent at an hotel. He's just telephoned. He's going to ring you up—I said you were here—to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. My little Cecily!"

Agnes burst into tears, noisily sobbing.

"My dear," observed Azalea, "it happens every day. And besides it's your own fault. If you'd let her marry the man she loved nothing of the kind would have happened."

"You!" gasped Agnes and choked out "To stand there and sneer! You! With your husband gone—guilty of worse than murder! When at this very moment they may be——!"

"Agnes!" exclaimed Azalea sharply.

Mrs. Wheatley glanced up.

"Can you keep a secret?" demanded Azalea. "No, of course, you can't. Well, babble this one and I warn you you'll undo all I've tried to do. Two months ago I met Cecily in London. She told me all her tale of woe. I could have whipped you and John. Marriage is rotten enough at the best, but when a girl's lucky enough to love and get the worst over while she's still in love, anybody who stops her is a mere devil."

"What are you saying?" asked Agnes, who had flopped into a chair.

"That you and John are devils—damned devils. Fortunately I remembered your hatred of gossip. You thought I rented Beaconhurst to put a few guineas a week into John's beastly pockets, didn't you? You were wrong. I took it so that Gavin could get Cecily talked about, so that you'd writhe and John change his tune. Get me?"

"No!" screamed Agnes, blubbering. "What are you telling me? How d'you mean——?"

"It's all a put-up job, that's how. Peter Cameron's in the know. We hoped the little London episode would do the trick, but John forced us to go one better. Peter is to join them in Ghent so soon as I give the word. Directly John consents Gavin will see they're married. Meanwhile Cecily's in charge of Frau Klinger who was mother's Fraulein in the Dark Ages. You needn't worry a scrap. Cecily's safer with her than with you."

"Meanwhile Gavin is patiently waiting at the Fleur d'Or till John and you give in and Peter turns up. Then he plays gooseberry till Cecily and Peter get married by special licence or somehow at the British Consulate."

"Az-zal-e-ah!"

"Tell John and the whole thing goes phut," said Azalea. "I thought it all out one night at Bradcombe, when I couldn't sleep. The idea flashed at 3 a.m. At 4 I went into Gavin's room——"

Agnes shot an inquiring glance. Azalea broke off, smiled and said:

"Haven't for ages. Only a deaf mute could share a bedroom. I woke him and told him what he'd got to do. He said he'd be damned if he'd do it. I said I dared say he would, but still—there it was. At 5 we were still arguing. He said 'It wasn't done' and I said 'Not yet, but it's going to be.' At six he said he wouldn't touch the thing. For forty-eight hours I never even glanced at him. Then he came to my room about midnight and began with 'Look here,' and I knew the walls of Jericho had flopped. So we sent for Cecily and Peter and talked the plot over. Finally we opened a bottle of bubbly and drank success to crime."

"I can't believe it's all true!" ejaculated Agnes.

At 9.45 the next morning Azalea sat polishing her nails in the room that was normally John's study. At the first tinkle of the telephone bell she seized the receiver and said eagerly:

"That you, Gavin? . . . Yes, me, Azalea. It's all gone according to Cockerly and perfectly Oakly. Last night, while I sat throwing the dumb-with-horror act, John kept bleating to Agnes 'If only you'd let her marry young Cameron,' and pretending he had been all for it all the time. I suggested Peter being telephoned to and packed off post-haste—full gallop—how-we-brought-the-good-news-to-Ghent style. Agnes, in the know, backed me up. Peter's on his way—extra special licence in his pocket. Do they do the trick at the Consulate or where?"

"Haven't inquired," (*Continued on page 94*)

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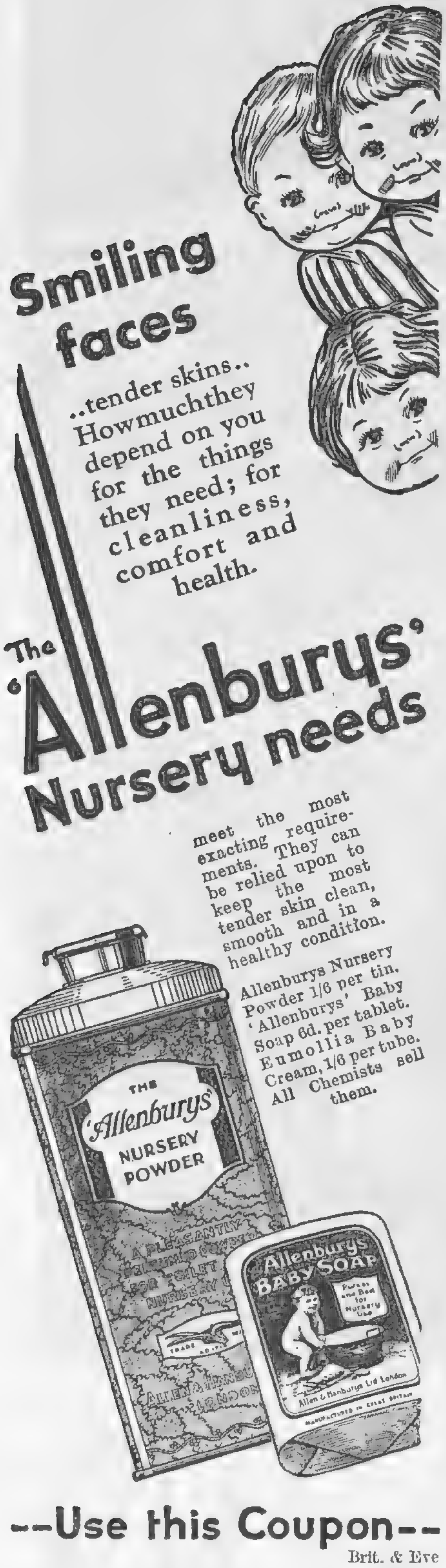

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answered Gavin. "Heaps of time for all that. Azalea, did it ever occur to you that you asked me to do a frightfully dangerous thing?"

"What? Because Cecily's under age? Kidnapping sort of business?"

"It's called abduction," said Gavin.

"Abduction!" echoed Azalea contemptuously. "Cecily's over eighteen. Who's been pulling your leg? Don't be so silly. They'll all want to fall on your neck. Wind up, Gavin?"

"Not a bit. And that wasn't the danger I referred to. Didn't it strike you that a man who's married to a woman who doesn't spell marriage with an 'i,' who fends him away and snubs him and looks upon him as merely the thing to pay and keep on paying, the fool without rights or privileges, just a sort of cast-off garment hanging forgotten in a cupboard, that a chap like that spending days and days with a very young and very pretty girl who thought him older and wiser and told him he was so kind and clever and looked up to him and asked his advice and listened to his opinions as though they were gospel—what's that?"

"Nothing," Azalea managed to say and pressed the chilling tips of her fingers to her cold lips which had involuntarily made inarticulate protest.

"Dangerous?" said Gavin. "God, yes! She suddenly made me see the hell of a waste the last five years had been. I've been happy lately, Azalea, for the first time for years—terribly happy."

He broke off and at the end of a long interval said, "Well?"

"Go on," said Azalea, and was proud of the voice that said the two words so steadily.

"Didn't it ever occur to you that it might be a rather hazardous experiment?" Gavin asked. "It did to Peter. He saw what might happen. Has Peter started?"

"Yes," Azalea said.

"A pity," was his laconic comment.

"You mean——?" whispered Azalea.

"What's that? Mean? Who's mean? Me? Why? You don't want me. If somebody else does, well, good luck to her! I take it you'll—take the usual steps. You aren't dog-in-the-mangerish, I know. In fact, you *do* think quite a lot about other people—everybody—except me. If—to-morrow you saw old Clanson—you know the address, 85, Lincoln's Inn Alley—you could put the whole thing in train. I——Hello!"

Azalea had hung up. For thirty seconds she stared with glowing eyes, green with that patina of fury, at the telephone as though it were her most bitter enemy.

Locked in her bedroom upstairs, Azalea decided to do this and that. Each decision crumbled and slid into ruin like a sand-castle lapped by the incoming tide.

Late in the afternoon, a head-ache the pretext for her non-appearance, she rang for her maid, told her to pack a suit-case for a couple of nights and then order the car to be ready to take her to London.

Azalea, on her way, knocked up the manager of the local bank, compelled him to cash a cheque, then sped to Croydon, then by plane to Belgium.

Early the next morning a car carried Azalea into the heart of Ghent.

Intervention, of course, was by now too late, but Cecily wasn't going to get away with it. Many hours of meditation had given time for fury to flare and burn out. Gavin, Azalea was able at last to think, was "only a man after all."

A loud "Whoa!" startled Azalea just before the brakes went on and the car slewed to the kerb.

"I've been expecting you," said Gavin, putting his head in at the window. "Been hung up? No. Wait. You aren't getting out. I've something to say to you first."

Cecily must be very sure of him, thought Azalea, but she said nothing, only kept her eyes fixed on him as he opened the door, told the driver over his shoulder to drive to the Kouter, stepped in and sat down beside her.

"Well?" he asked belligerently.

"She's—back there?"

"Yes. But leave her out, please. She's not to blame. Azalea, you've ——"

Under the lime-trees, by the band-stand, Gavin stopped the car. By then he had told Azalea exactly what he thought of her. He had loved her. He hoped he hated her. He regretted nothing. If she were hurt or infuriated or both, so much the better. If she had come to make a scene, she could get on with it. But he wouldn't have Cecily disturbed.

"If anybody made her do what she's doing, it's you," he was saying as the car came to a stand-still. "Come on. We'll talk walking."

Obediently and in silence Azalea strolled on beside him.

"Well?" he observed at length.

"I thought I could trust you," she began. "I never dreamt that you were just an animal like other men. I ——"

"Oh, I am," he exclaimed cheerfully. "We all are. That's where you made your first mistake. I didn't marry you just to have the privilege of clothing you. The reverse. But recriminations are futile."

"A very, very young and innocent girl entrusted to you," said Azalea, feeling that she hit below the belt.

"Bunk!" was his comment. "Cecily knows a thing or two. Besides you'd no right to entrust her to any man—let alone a dud bomb like me. Azalea, I feel I must apologise. Your growth, development and distortion are partly my fault. I ought to have beaten you. But I'm not that kind. I expect attacks. I enjoy them. Say whatever comes into your head. Don't mind me a bit. But, of course, I count on your having commonsense enough to realize that nothing you or anybody else could possibly say can make the slightest difference. By the way, hungry, Azalea?"

To her numb dismay she found herself breakfasting with Gavin at the Café des Arcades. Over the little red-and-white table-cloth, she heard him calmly talking of the alimony he was prepared to pay and of their separate futures.

"I'm glad you've been so sensible," he presently observed.

"Gavin," she announced abruptly, "I shan't divorce you."

"Oh!" was his calm comment. "Why not? Just out of wanton cruelty?"

"I don't believe you love this girl," Azalea said impetuously. "Nothing you can say will induce me to believe it. It's just an infatuation. She's about fifteen years younger than you. A girl who could do this with one man could do it again. You know that. Everybody does. You'd never trust her. You'd ——"

"It sounds exciting," Gavin broke in. "Better than being a cabbage married to a slug anyway."

"I don't care what you call me," she retorted. "I dare say anything you say's deserved. I've had a pretty frightful jolt and I don't stand where I did yesterday. I don't think as I'd have thought I'd think. I'd have pictured myself flamingly angry —"

"Just as I did," he put in.

"Well, I was," she admitted. "But I'm not. I'm just sorry. Gavin ——"

"Who's laying herself out to vamp me now?" he asked as she laid the fingers of her right hand on his sleeve.

"Jeer away. P'raps I deserve even that," she said, but her fingers stayed where they were. "Isn't it your fault too? You said you ought to have thrashed me. Well, you didn't."

"You'd have preferred it?"

"Yes, Gavin. You ought to have forced me to—— "

"Like a tonic," he broke in. "'To be shaken before taking!' My dear, I'm not built that way."

"I didn't know how I was built," she went on, "till suddenly you tore everything off me and out of me and left me feeling utterly—nakedly alone and despairing."

"Tosh! You were merely angry!"

"Was I? It shows how little you know—

how little you've taken the trouble to get to know about me . . ."

"I came to—lash out at you and her—anybody. But I won't. I'll go. Only I'm glad I came. You'll never be able to say it was all my fault now."

"It was," he said stubbornly. "Every bit of it."

She came to a stand-still, turned, looked up at him and held out her hand.

"It was," she said unexpectedly. "Good-bye."

He took and held her hand painfully hard.

"D'you think a pose takes me in? D'you think I've not noticed for years your being the dutiful wife in public and the icicle in private?"

"I'm not acting," she said and shut her eyes and shook her head.

"You are," he persisted. "Are you such a fool as to think that a run-away slave crosses the border back into a slave-country because his master holds out a lump of sugar? My dear, no domineering woman's ever going to get hold of me again. In future *I* rule: *I* decide: *I* arrange. And my woman's going to make timid suggestions at most and say 'If you don't mind, darling' and 'May I?' I'd rather be tied to a fluffy-brained bit of gossamer than a—a you."

"I see. Then let go my hand. You're hurting."

"I'm not sure I care. I'm not sure I'm not glad. And you aren't going yet. You're coming with me to do what you set out to do. You're coming along to see Cecily, to make an exhibition of yourself, to let her see how wise I am in having cut the painter."

"It's only being cruel to her," said Azalea, looking up into his eyes. "The mood's gone. I've nothing to say. I see that it doesn't matter to me whether you really love her or not. There's only one thing sure: you hate *me*."

He drew her arm under his and began to walk her back in silence towards the Rue des Champs.

"Nothing would induce me to go in," she said when the Fleur d'Or came in sight.

"If you'd ever cared for me," he said, "your first question—not spoken, p'raps but in your eyes and all of you—would have been 'Am I in time?' Well, Zalea, you—are."

She stopped dead with a staccato, "What d'you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. Suppose there was a wishing-stone, suppose you could make a wash-out of quite a lot of the past—could you change? *Would* you change?"

"I'd try," she said.

"And I believe I'd make you succeed," he observed. Well, come on, then."

"If Cecily's in there," she began, hanging back.

"Is this obedience?" he demanded. "Miss Cecily isn't in here. Come along."

Into the hotel, across the lounge, up the stairs and along a corridor he hurried her to a door, knocked and flung it open.

Cecily and the bronzed young hero of Musical Comedy were breakfasting.

"Hail to bride and groom!" cried Gavin. "Peter, old boy, forgive me butting in. Cecily, don't blush. Though I knew I'd disturb your first connubial breakfast, I couldn't resist bringing Azalea along. She's flown over—to congratulate you both. You owe her everything, so say bless her, my children!"

Half-an-hour later Azalea seated herself on the edge of Gavin's bed and half-an-hour later still, he was saying:

"I never meant to come back. Running about with Cecily did teach me that much. And then I thought, suppose I lie; she'll blaze: she'll come: shocks have been known to kill; I'd like the old Azalea killed."

He went to her, stopped, lifted her to her feet and clasped her very tightly.

"Is she utterly dead?"

When Azalea had nodded, Gavin began kissing her.

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IT *is* difficult to keep the level of one's play consistently up to match standard. But, with Meltonian White Cleaner, there is no difficulty about keeping tennis shoes *always* up to Wimbledon standard. Meltonian White Cleaner completely restores the "new" look to canvas, and gives to shoes a snow-white immaculate finish. It is easy to apply, quick to dry, and stays 'put' all day.

Meltonian Liquid White in bottles complete with zinc saucer and sponge. Price 6d.
Meltonian Solid White in tin with sponge, 3d. each, refills 2d.

MELTONIAN WHITE CLEANER

GET SLIM without dieting

26 lbs. lost without endangering health.

In a recent article, Elizabeth Craig, the health and dietetic expert, advised women to drink a cup of Marienbad Reducing Tea 'Mariaberba' first thing every morning as a sure way to regain and keep a slim figure, and yet be able to eat almost anything. At last you can get slim and keep slim without harmful dieting or dangerous drugs. Miss F. W. writes: **"I have found the 'tea' most satisfactory, and have reduced my weight by 26 lbs. without loss of health."** Don't look old and unattractive. Send 5s. for large packet of 'Mariaberba' Reducing Tea to Drosil, Dept. 29TA, 26, Sun Street, London, E.C.2. Descriptive booklet, by Miss Craig, free. (Advt.)

Pearl Divers

(*Continued from page 25*)

shooting out of the water there is agony stamped on the black and brown features.

The life of the pearl-diver is short. Constant plunging into the Red Sea, striking downward to impossible depths, clutches the heart of a man or breaks his lungs. All these divers suffer from heart disease or phthisis. If they last for ten years they are left blind or deaf or both.

"And do they earn much?" I asked the Greek.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They are all hopelessly in debt. That is why they go on diving. Their fathers were in debt; the sons are trying to redeem it. Invariably they pile the debt a little higher for the next generation of divers."

It is usual for a pearl dealer to finance the dhow and its captain who is going to one of those beds of fortune that lie near the islands of the Red Sea. The dealer issues supplies of rice, dates and a few other necessaries. He knows that his money is safe. Even the dhow captain is invariably in debt, and faithfully returns with a dhow stinking of oyster shells and maybe carrying a few precious pearls.

There is no mistaking the pearling dhow. The smell alone betrays it. And the flat-chested, deaf mutes that board it are another safe indication that here are slaves diving for the pearls that civilisation regards as things of beauty.

THERE are the divers who work in groups from the big dhows. These men have lines and baskets. Before they plunge overboard they utter prayers in the sunlight. They call upon Allah to defend them from sharks. If fortune comes to them, Allah shall have it. "What matters deafness when the oyster speaks not?" "Allah give me great fortune!" Then a row of naked men, each grasping a knife, and with their nostrils clamped, plunge overboard.

It is uncanny the manner in which oysters are sensitive to the approach of the diver. The shell is usually open, creating its own lazy little current of water across its grey back. But let a shadow, a change in the water, even a ripple from an approaching body come near, and the shell snaps tight. Many divers have their fingers trapped in this fashion.

But the depths at which the Arab and African divers work have their own dangers. Under the terrible pressure of sea-water air nitrogen dissolves in the blood. A sudden change sends this bubbling through the body. It causes paralysis in the spinal cord. Vertigo, stoppage of circulation, and the twisted tortured bodies of divers are all caused by working at impossible depths. It so happens that many of these divers, priding themselves on the length of time they can stay below, reach the surface just a moment too late. Their heads come forth with that twisted, agonised expression on them. Suddenly the whole body goes limp. The little air that is left in his lungs dribbles out and the man begins to sink. Only quick hauling aboard by those in the dhow and rapid work at life-saving will bring him back to life.

Divers often dispose of their pearls for ridiculously small sums. The dealers on the coasts see to that. There are no Fifth Avenue prices paid in Zeila, Zanzibar, or Massowah. But ten pounds is a fortune to these fellows, and many a pearl has changed hands at this figure and then sold for twenty times the amount. In October, 1929, an Arab diver in the Persian Gulf brought up a pearl valued at £50,000. The ironical sequel to this is that the diver became raving mad before the dhow reached land again. The fortune that he had picked from the ocean bed was too much for his simple imagination. Black pearls are still the most sought after, particularly the rare greenish black. Other valuable pearls are the pink, the rosy, and the cream. The dead white pearls are not considered valuable to-day.

Next to the pearl divers, the miserable slaves of necklaces, I think the pearl dealers are among the most interesting men I met in the Red Sea region. Most of them are Arabs, and they guard their treasures jealously. It needs much persuasion and drinking of coffee to induce them to clap their hands and have the brass-bound chest brought into the room that contains pools of pearls. I have gazed into these chests and held my breath. One is bowed over glistening, greenish-white pools of fortune. And brown faces surround you, dark eyes gleaming with cupidity, and hands touching daggers at the waist.

These are the men who send the pearls that delight the women of India, Europe and America. The pearl of three deaths that the Greek displayed to me in Massowah will, I have no doubt, adorn some brown neck in Bombay, or maybe a milky white throat in London. And in the pearls that nest in the black and yellow velvet boxes of Bond Street and Fifth Avenue, not one will be stained by the blood that smears them in the region of the Red Sea. There will be a little group of blind men, squatting on a bench in the sunshine. That is all.

END

Gates and Gardens

(*Continued from page 61*)

paving should be ruled out on both counts. It lacks the formality that is desirable in this part of the garden, and, unless it is exceptionally well laid, there are bound to be large cracks between the stones, which would make a sad mess of any feminine heel which might slip into them on a wet evening. Brick and tiled paths are attractive for the cottage type of house. Gravel is safe, but rather uninteresting. A solid concrete path is very practical (and labour saving, too, for it cannot grow weeds), though not particularly pretty. Large rectangular paving stones make far the best type of path. They should be laid close together, on a bed of cement, to prevent irregularities.

Narrow flower beds beside the path are attractive, and are seen to the best advantage with a strip of grass between. They look lovely if planted with tall standard rose trees which give plenty of room for other flowers to blossom below them. A succession of flowers can be obtained, without disturbing the roses: tulips and forget-me-nots, for instance, in the spring, can be followed by a sheet of violas or any of the hundred and one summer bedding plants. The idea of symmetry in this part of the garden cannot be too strongly emphasised. The diminutive formal sunk gardens which are being installed in front of many modern suburban houses are, I think, charming. Shrubs and trees in tubs are good in the front garden and help to establish the formal atmosphere.

A friend of mine told me the other day that she would much rather give her garden a present than buy herself a new frock. It is a pleasant thought—a present for the garden! A seat, a new path, a sundial or, more ambitiously, a fountain or a summer house—the list is unending.

In my experience, the best way to give the garden a present is first to create the necessity for it. The trouble with most dull gardens lies in the planning of them. If you plan carefully, and make the focal point which demands the ornament, you can often pull the whole garden together and make what was formless into a pleasant scheme. It is a golden rule in every part of the house and garden never to buy anything and then wonder where to put it. Put on your thinking cap and do your planning, and then go forth and buy, and good luck attend your hunting! END

The Gentle Art of Losing Millions

(Continued from page 23)

telling misfortunes in a booth on Coney Island. All reg'lar guys are, however, sorry for Mamie Malm, one of the lawful spouses of the Cupreous King, whose fortune vanished as his wife—a Poetic Sun-Bather, by the way—put it, " like the early cloud and morning dew."

The Cupreous King—Old Copper-Bottom, as he is affectionately known in the Bankers' Club—was just heartbroken when Mamie had to do strong woman stunts with the Indian Medicine Man and the Magnetic Lady on Eighth. When Mamie, all the two hundred and eighty of her, after preliminary " barking " by the Indian Medicine Man, appeared coyly from behind the bed-screen which did duty for wings, to the cheers and sobs of her rich friends who had come " to see Mamie mess her stuff," clad only in muslin shorts and half-way stockings with novel bolero bodice, and began to flex her muscles, it caused every heart there to wilk.

Take a slant at Yvonne Yeggs, whom the Beau of New York married somewhere in the late 'nineties out of the Chicago Jungle after she had won national recognition by doing in poor Deadshot Dick (the original of Tarzan).

(This, by the way, was one of those gunshot marriages, with the brother of the bride holding his gun to the side of the eager panting bridegroom.)

But to return to Yvonne, when I saw her the other day in the Yeggs Beauty Parlour of the Secret of Eternal Youth, I scarcely knew her. You'd never think the Beau had once played about with her anyhow.

For she had had her face pulled (" lifted " is now quite out of date, girls), and her hair was a variegated Venetian with just that touch of Titian which, as Yvonne's advertisements say, " makes *all* the difference ! " Her Holy of Holies had been pulled in by the famous " twist-gut process " which guarantees to retract the most recalcitrant tummy and to shove it out behind and to push what's left, up aloft, " to give that graceful young matronly shape." (I am still quoting from the Yeggs' Beauty advertisements.)

The poor dear lady's dial had been "worked over" with a manicure set and a plane and the ears clipped *à la bouldogue*—the mode which Monsieur Mongjoo introduced at the beginning of the Slump in order to secure that cheery perky hallucination so necessary at the time to keep up appearances.

Others, again, are giving lessons in the American language to millionaires' daughters who mean either to be typists or to get married.

And last of all, here is Hollywood under the slump in millions !

For, to put the lid on the kettle, may I add that Little Bongsjou, the ladies' darling, was only offered a rotten eighteen females for his monkey-play in " Get Your Man, Girls ! " instead of the full chorus with whom he had always hitherto monkeyed about. But when they asked Emil Jannings to play " The Way of All Flesh " with a wax model, it might indeed be said that over the lintel of the Land of Hope and Glory the word " Ichabod " had been written. For the glory that was has done a bunk.

WELL, they tell me that the Diddlers are about to make their Fifth Avenue mansion over into a cinema and that the president of the All-Dry League is to turn the league headquarters into a burlesk—which won't need the changes you might imagine, for they are keeping on the old staff, whilst Jawn D. is to come out again as "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

The House of Representatives is to be turned into a zoo and the Statue of Liberty put up for auction. She has, however, it is only fair to say, been repeatedly sold before.

Well, as the B.B.C announcers say, "Good night, everybody—*good* night ! "

END

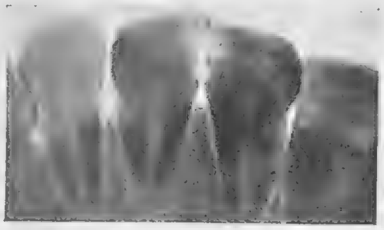
"B-BUT MY TEETH ARE PERFECTLY GOOD!"

"Nevertheless, this X-ray photo proves what I feared," said the doctor. "They're poisoning your system. You must have them out at once !"

MOST people believe that toothache, visible decay, bleeding gums are the sole signals of dental troubles. They do not know that, often, these warnings are absent; that only X-rays can, with certainty, detect the destruction of the bony sockets in which the teeth are held. And such destruction may proceed painlessly but relentlessly until the teeth are lost or health ruined.

A number of things cause Pyorrhœa, that unpleasant and dangerous disease contracted by four out of five past forty. Overfeeding, for instance, and unbalanced diet; slight injuries, too, or crooked, missing teeth; ill-fitting crowns or bridgework. Generally Pyorrhœa starts with neglect, with an accumulation of tartar at the gum-line.

Make no mistake, Forhan's for the Gums will not cure this disease in its advanced stages. Only a dentist can stop its progress then. But taken in time, its regular use will check further development. Besides being a fine cleansing agent Forhan's is the best safeguard to health and appearance. At Chemists everywhere.



Radiograph by A. T. K. Moir, qualified Radiographer.

SEE WHAT THE X-RAYS REVEAL!
This X-ray photograph shows apical absorption of the second incisor, and the early stages of Pyorrhœa. There is also slight exostosis.

By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

Forhan's
MADE IN ENGLAND *for the* GUMS
Sole Distributors:
Thos. Christy & Co., London E.C.4

Left: A "THOROUGHBRED" car. The 20 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam saloon

Below: THE driving position in this model has been well thought out

A Family Car with Sports Model Performance

The 20 h.p. Sunbeam

By the Earl of Cardigan

THE 20 h.p. Sunbeam saloon, which I recently tested under both town and country conditions, is a car which leaves two distinct impressions on my mind. In the first place, it strikes me most emphatically as a "thoroughbred"—the product of many years of careful breeding. It is difficult to explain exactly what I mean by this, or what precise qualities are involved; I can merely say that the first paragraph of this article had formed itself in my brain before I had driven one hundred yards from the Sunbeam showrooms.

This is, of course, as it should be. At £800, this is a moderately expensive motor car. The man who buys it, especially in these hard times, will not say "What a bargain!" as he drives it home. What he will say, and what the Sunbeam company intends that he should say, is, "I'm glad I paid the extra money. A car like this is worth it!"

THE six-cylinder engine is of clean design, and runs with notable smoothness at all speeds

My second impression, which I formed as soon as I got on to the open road, is that here is one of the two or three cars which provide a good and sufficient justification for professional motor racing. The younger generation of motorists may have forgotten that for many years Sunbeam racing cars enjoyed a wonderful succession of victories in all the big international events. One is reminded of this fact, however, when one drives the modern Sunbeam, for the lessons which engineers and designers learned in those days are obviously still bearing fruit.

Here, again, it is not easy to analyse what the Sunbeam does which other cars do not do. Many cars nowadays are built to be driven fast, and a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h. is not phenomenal. On the other hand, it is not every car that one enjoys driving at speeds in excess of a mile a minute. With the Sunbeam I found myself driving at very high speeds and making no effort whatever to "hold" the car squarely on the road. It seemed to settle down automatically to a true course, and to take its corners in the style of a low-built tourer.

TO turn from impressions to facts, the six-cylinder engine is rated at 24 h.p. It is described as a "twenty" to distinguish it from the former "twenty-five," which had an engine of the same taxable horse-power but of longer stroke. The present "twenty," with its relatively short stroke, is no doubt the sounder engine of the two, and has exceptional qualities of smoothness at all speeds.

The gear-box is an excellent one, and the 7 to 1 third gear is a most valuable ratio either for slipping past traffic in town or for tackling hills in the country. I tested its capacity, and also its ease of engagement, by changing "down" at 40 and "up" again at 50 m.p.h. Nothing could have been easier, and the silence of both engine and transmission at this pace was remarkable.

I never, if I can avoid it, drive a car quite "all out," but my estimate of the Sunbeam's speed is approximately 60 m.p.h. in third and 80 m.p.h. in top gear. A member of the firm, with refreshing modesty, tells me that these figures may err on the optimistic side. If they do, which I do not admit, it is by a very small margin indeed.

ACCELERATION is extremely good, certainly equal to that of many recent "sports models," so that one is glad to find that the braking system likewise is above reproach. The foot-brake operates hydraulically on all four wheels, using the Lockheed system, whereby great power and smoothness are obtained, and it is practically impossible for the shoes to be applied unevenly owing to maladjustment. The hand-brake operates mechanically on the rear wheels only.

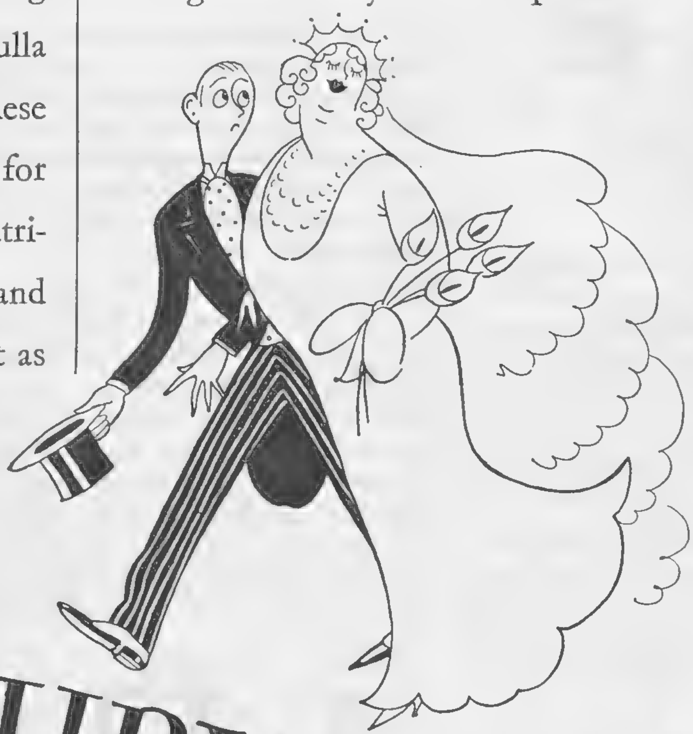
The springing is admirable, and the steering very light and definite. The coachwork is both good-looking and extremely comfortable, and the driving position has been well thought out. Finally, the Sunbeam has a strong suggestion about it of general solidity which, with its established reputation for reliability, should make it a sound, as well as an attractive, investment.

JOYCE DENNY

Abdulla and High Finance

THERE WAS ONCE A PRODIGAL MARQUIS WHO LIT HIS LAST ABDULLA WITH A CHEQUE FOR £10,000.

POSSIBLY it spoils the story to add that the cheque had been drawn by himself and that his banker had already invited him to transfer his overdraft elsewhere. The point is that he would not have to atone for his expensive tastes by marrying the over-ripe daughter of a Californian Soft Fruit King had he waited till the new Abdulla 'Salisbury' cigarettes were out. These cigarettes are made particularly for those whose palates outrun their patrimony. Very choice, very well-bred and all that, but not quite so corpulent as the older Abdullas, and sold at a mere shilling the twenty, Virginia or Turkish. IF YOU are accustomed to pay no more than a shilling for your score of cigarettes, you may hug the thought that to get better cigarettes for the same money is just as gladdening to the soul as any saving of currency is to the pocket.



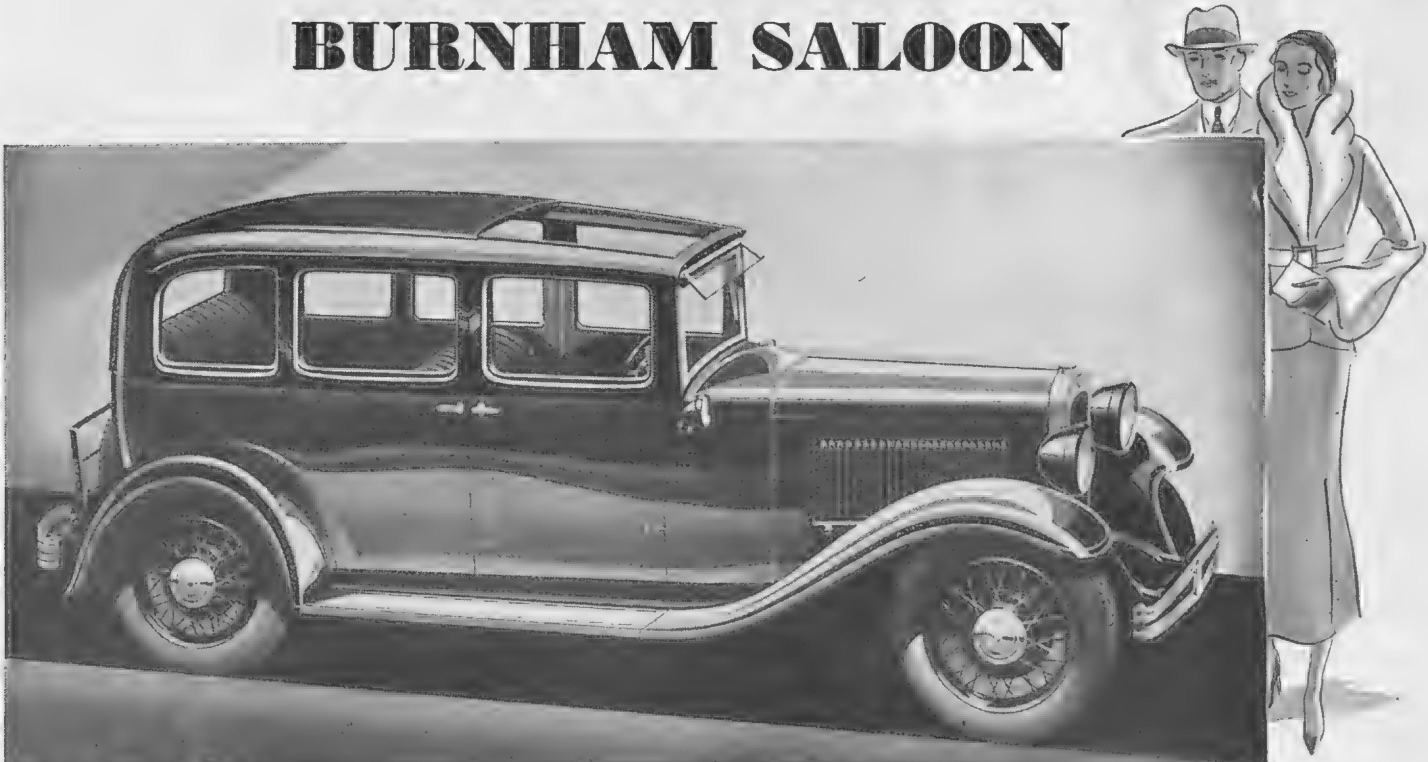
ABDULLA

SALISBURY cigarettes

Virginia or Turkish 20 *for* 1/-

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

There is unusual satisfaction in owning a DE LUXE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON



"The springs on the Burnham, you know, are zinc interleaved—this does away with the need for lubrication and the springs last longer. The shackles, too, have special Silentbloc bushes—and they need no greasing either."

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

There is the satisfaction of owning a car of outstanding dependability—that will not let you down, even after many years of service. There is the satisfaction of owning a car that you can drive into the garage overnight after a gruelling 200 mile run—ready at the touch of the starter next morning, for another journey equally exacting.

There is the satisfaction of owning a car of repute—that is recognised as a definitely 'good' car . . . a car that your friends and neighbours know is good.

There is the satisfaction of possessing a well-built car . . . for workmanship so obviously sound, detail so carefully finished (both seen and unseen) awakens appreciation amongst all who delight in good craftsmanship.

There is the satisfaction of knowing (such is the Burnham's merit) that at any time your car will fetch a higher price in the used car market than any other car of equal initial cost . . . *For these reasons, there is unusual satisfaction in owning a SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON . . .* for these reasons it is one of the most popular 'sixes' sold to-day.

The Sixteen Burnham De Luxe Saloon (as illustrated)—a six-cylinder, five-seater, upholstered in real leather. Twin-Top four-speed gearbox. Four doors, six windows. Adjustable front seats, sunshine sliding roof, folding foot-rests, arm-rests, folding occasional tables. Speeds from 'five' to 'sixty.' Untiring cruising speed of 'forty-five.' Price at works **£335**

The Sixteen Range includes: Westminster Saloon £360; Burnham Drop-head Saloon £335; New Windsor Saloon £308; Tourer or Two-Seater £300. Prices at works. Chromium finish, Triplex glass throughout and Dunlop tyres standard.

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven and Ten-Four:
479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

How Should One Choose a Car?

By Common Sense or Personal Taste?

By

The Earl of Cardigan

A halt by the waterside. A Golden Crossley by the Mill at Boxford in Berkshire. A charming spot and a fine trout stream

A portable home and wireless. A happy trio of holiday makers combining comfort and entertainment with the aid of a four-bunk Eccles caravan and a "Pye" portable radio set

IT so happens that, just recently, I have been testing and reviewing an unusually large number of different cars, and I have been amused to observe my own personal reactions to them. On paper, I set forth my views in the most sober and logical manner, weighing the pros and cons of each new model, and balancing its virtues against its deficiencies or defects. Inwardly, however, I am conscious of sentiments which are quite irrational, being based upon personal whims and preferences.

The worst of it is that, while I pass on to others my logical views as to why this car or that is good value for money, I am regretfully aware that I should not myself buy a car upon any such basis. I can only allay my conscience by realising that it would be absurd for me to hand on my personal fads to the reader who, I doubt not, already has a complete, and quite different, set of fancies of his own. I can only give him some practical observations, which he may be able to interpret in his own way.

Nevertheless, when someone asks me (as people occasionally do, in tones of polite amazement) what induced me to buy the car I am using at present, I find that my reasons were quite definite and, from my own point of view, quite sensible. Unsuitable, and even objectionable, as it would be to most purchasers, it happened to incorporate features which fitted in exactly with my particular requirements and tastes.

This car (the name would probably not be familiar even if I were to give it) has, in the first place, extremely good "lines." To me, this is of very great importance, for it enables me blissfully to overlook the fact that the paintwork is in a disgusting state and the fabric exceedingly shabby. Looked at from a convenient distance—*e.g.*, from the opposite side of the street—it is still, in my eyes, a handsome and distinctive car.

HERE is a point that is worth noting for those whose ideas are in any way similar to my own. Let them never buy a car with bad "lines," or else, as soon as it loses the first glory of bright paint and polished metal, it will begin to offend their æsthetic sense. Let them try from the first to picture it, not as it appears in the showroom, but as it will appear in their own garage after it has done two years' strenuous running.

Another advantage of this car is that it is supremely comfortable. Many people will say that "a young man does not need to be supremely comfortable," and that "a car is a vehicle of transport; not a mechanical armchair." I entirely disagree. When a 200-mile run is to be tackled, over difficult roads and through crowded traffic, I believe that physical comfort can add 25 per cent. to the driver's actual efficiency. I have proved this to my own satisfaction on the road, and, more recently, also in the air. An infallible method of making bad landings with an aeroplane is to be uncomfortably or inconveniently seated.

I believe that a great many of the motorists who say, "One hundred miles is a good day's run; after that one gets tired and ceases to enjoy it," are those who, perhaps without realising it, are seated uncomfortably at the wheel. The ideal driving position, to my way of thinking, must fulfil the following conditions: the body must be supported up to the shoulders, and the legs down to the knees. The right leg must be comfortably extended, and the angle of the accelerator pedal must correspond with that of the right foot pivoting on the heel. There must be space for the left foot to the left of the clutch pedal, the gear lever must be conveniently placed, and the steering wheel must come well into the driver's lap.

My car meets all, or nearly all, of these requirements. In addition, *(Continued on page 102)*

This Month's Motoring Hint

Seeing Round the Corner

IT is generally accepted as a truism that one cannot see through a brick wall. It is quite possible, however, and a very useful achievement from the motorist's point of view, to make a very good guess at what is going on on the other side. Cars often appear suddenly around blind corners, yet frequently there is evidence of their approach for those with eyes to see it.

On sunny days, of course, shadows can be very useful. The shadow of a car will often appear on the road or against the hedge a perceptible time before the vehicle itself is visible, and the moment or two of warning that is given may be of great value.

Pedestrians also, without being aware of it, often give warning of an unseen car's approach. A little boy may be looking down a side alley. What is he gazing at? Very possibly it is the grocer's van about to emerge into the road. An old lady may hesitate to cross a side street. Surely it is an approaching car or bicycle which has aroused her apprehension? All is well if she continues on her way, but, if she steps back hurriedly, have your foot ready on the brake!

Queen Anne
. . the lasting fragrance that whispers romance!

'QUEEN ANNE' Lavender Water lasts fresh for hours. Its fragrance confers youthful charm on every wearer: its modest price pleases the very slenderest purse. A touch of 'QUEEN ANNE' behind the ears . . . under the arms . . . on the hair, keeps you fragrant as a flower all the evening through. 'QUEEN ANNE' can't harm the finest fabric . . . and it will not injure even a delicate skin.

1/-
BRITISH MADE
ACTUAL SIZE
Also 1/9 3/- 5/-
Queen Anne
LAVENDER WATER

The Trial Size at 6d. and larger flaconsat 1/-, 1/9, 3/- and 5/- are obtainable from all good class Chemists and Perfumers, including Boots, Parkes, Taylors and Timothy Whites.

MARLBOROUGH & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.7

Suppress the Bright Young People

(*Continued from page* 45)

such episodes. The latest, at the time of writing, has happily been squashed—a suggested "cat-hunt" in Berkeley Square—but the recital becomes wearisome. The serious side of the whole matter is not so much the things done, nor the way in which they are, by a certain section of the Press, tolerated, even admired and certainly treated as mere ebullitions of youthful spirits—whereas they are exceedingly often (as everybody knows and few people will admit) the result of spirits distinctly less charming than those of youth.

The serious side, I repeat, is less this than the repercussion, not only in England but abroad, of this campaign of featuring the undignified, unintelligent and ill-mannered minority at the expense of the sane, intelligent and well-mannered majority. I repeat, nobody on earth would care *what* these people did as long as they did it together and in private. But when it comes to annoying people whose tastes in life are a trifle—shall we say?—less naïve, it does seem to me that they should be suppressed, and that firmly. And when they begin to be regarded as representative of Society as a whole, of the aristocracy, the fine, well-bred, charming people who really *are* the much-maligned "Upper Class," matters become to my mind definitely grave.

We in London know how unimportant and unrepresentative a minority they are, these Not-so-Bright-Young-People. But they *don't* know in the provinces, in Cardiff, in the North, where the vast working majority live who take their ideas on life and the upper classes from the daily Press! Imagine the feelings of a Lanarkshire miner's wife, poor little soul, struggling to feed four children and an out-of-work husband on a mere pittance, when she opens her precious picture paper and sees, for the four-and-fortieth time, Lady Dahlia Snooper and Lady Louise Must-Snap-'Em basking in the beams of the sun that she never sees, clad in pearls that would feed and clothe her and her children and her neighbours' children too, for a lifetime? And hear her husband—bitter enough, poor devil, since the mine has been closed four months and there is still no prospect of its opening again.

"Blarsted idle snobs! Never did a 'and's turn in their lives. Wait till me and my mates get the reins; we'll show 'em."

Can you wonder that Communism finds fertile ground on which to sow its foul seed? Can you blame him? What would be the use of trying to explain to him that the pictured idlers he reads of, the small group of much-advertised people who are written-up and photographed until, God knows, one gets tired of their silly faces, are *not* representative of the nation's upper classes any more than the drunken idle sot whom he spurns is representative of his own? Useless to tell him the truth, that these are the scum on the social pot, not the good, strong, honest broth below . . . that in every community they exist, but that they are despised and laughed at by the sane and commonsense members of their own world, and that, in any case, their numbers are so small that they are negligible. He would not believe you, for they are all invariably labelled "leaders of Society"; they are practically all the "Society," indeed, that he ever sees mentioned at all: so no wonder he thinks that all of us who don't drop our aitches or actually work with our hands belong to the same useless and stupid crowd.

English Society is well-bred, charming and cultured, and is keeping a stiff upper lip under conditions cruelly difficult; it is working, hard, hard, very hard, keeping over-taxed estates going, running guest-houses, selling frocks and cars, writing—for money, not for fun—and learning, these lean days, to turn its hand to a thousand unfamiliar forms of work . . . I resent that English Society should be represented, as it all-too-surely is, these days, not only to our own people but to the world at large, the Foreign Press, by this small and utterly unimportant section of itself?

They do not advertise the drones of the community in France, in Italy or Germany, those saner countries . . . it is only ourselves and America that make such a pother about the stupid and uninteresting performances of this small section of Society. Why do we do it? Are we blind to the grave consequences to which I have already alluded—the encouragement that this sort of thing gives to Bolshevism. There is absolutely no doubt that this does and must feed the inter-class hatred and jealousy so sedulously cultivated by the enemies of law and order—this perpetual and cruel brandishing of riches, idleness, security, before the eyes of the homeless and the hungry . . . and we shall only have ourselves to blame if results, in the long run, are as grim for England as they were for France in the days of the Revolution, when the peasantry, sickened to savagery by the perpetual flaunting, before their starving eyes, of the gilt and grandeur of their masters, rose and overthrew the State.

Not that I visualise a "bluggy Revolution" in England! We effect our changes less messily than other nations—but we effect them just as completely. Communism is a plant that is being carefully fostered by many alien hands; but when we take the trouble to mulch and water and fertilise it ourselves, well, what *can* one say?

Let the Bright Young People play their imbecile games, say I, if they possess the sort of mentalities that find such games amusing—but let them get on with them without advertisement. For I am certain such advertisement does harm both to real English Society and to the dignity of the country . . . yet, of course, it will inevitably go on. To suppress the Bright Young People would be to throw too many publicity agents out of their jobs, to say nothing of gossip writers, press photographers and so on; so perhaps the Bright Young People may even serve their turn in providing jobs for their superiors.

END

How should One Choose a Car?

(*Continued from page* 101)

the engine, although most unreliable, has the great merit of being at its best at the speed at which I habitually drive. Here is a point which all purchasers of a new car would do well to watch. What is the car's favourite speed, and what is your own? To what extent do the two correspond?

Probably not everyone realises it, but each engine has a perceptible speed at which it seems to run with the maximum of smoothness and minimum of effort. This is often, but not always, around 2,000 r.p.m., and bears no definite relation to the car's maximum speed. I drove a car recently which was capable of 70 m.p.h., but its ideal engine speed was under 35 m.p.h. This would be a real disadvantage to a man who commonly drove 10 m.p.h. faster. On the other hand, it would suit some people excellently.

It is a debatable point, but I am a firm believer in steering gear which has a substantial self-centring action.

It is, however, just as well that these personal views of mine are kept generally in the background. My car, for all that it gratifies my personal tastes, would get very poor marks if I were reviewing it officially. It has bad brakes, bad springing, an unreliable engine, and a disgraceful appetite for oil and petrol. It suits me, but Heaven forbid that I should recommend it to anybody else!

She can race
the Stevens' child—
but she's got to
grow as well

They use *twice* the energy you do

LIFE'S a grand romp for children in summer time. Just watch them tearing round — the effort and energy they put into every little thing they do. And they're on the go from morning until night.

You would not want to have them otherwise, but even sturdy children when they're growing fast run the risk of getting overtired and out-of-sorts in summer.

Unless care is taken, they will lack the extra *energy-food* they should have in order to keep them healthy and strong. Horlick's Malted Milk provides the very energy-creating, body-building elements that growing children must have and which ordinary meals so often lack. Children love Horlick's creamy flavour — besides it helps them to get every bit of goodness out of their other food.

Start today to give your children Horlick's — it increases their chances of being thoroughly healthy and happy all the time.

Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, from 2/-, and water is all you have to add. Horlick's Malted Milk Company Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S
Hot or Cold
Plain or Chocolate Flavoured
BRITISH THROUGHOUT

"WINS ALL HEARTS"
STRIP OFF BAND
W.P. HARTLEY LTD.
LONDON & AINTREE
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HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

Couldn't be better—finest Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar only

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The Loveliest English Fruits

are yours for the asking—packed fresh with all their juicy ripeness, purity and flavour, in perfectly sterilized hygienic tins. Say to your Grocer—I want

Merrie England

CANNED ENGLISH FRUITS

Hollywood-on-Sea

(*Continued from page 35*)

putting on a collar or wearing socks becomes ridiculous. Dolores del Rio and her husband have taken over the house that was built by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, next door to Mr. Colman's abode. Clive Brook and his wife have a nearby house, with a nursery-room built over the garage for their children, and a wide porch that is always thronged with friends at week-ends.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter are close at hand, and the Neil Hamiltons and Louise Fazenda and her husband. One of the features of this remarkable collection of houses is the scarlet and white cottage built by Edmund Lowe and his clever wife, Lilyan Tashman, who is entirely responsible for the decoration and colour scheme, which drives many of her otherwise staunch friends to suicide and despair. Everything in that house is red and white, from the roof and walls to the food that is served and the plates on which it is eaten. Every curtain, every item of furniture, every cup and saucer—even the bathing suits which have been specially made from Miss Tashman's own design—carry out this colour scheme.

Moving south along the coast there arrives Santa Monica, with its cheek-by-jowl row of luxury filled houses, owned by stars of the screen. Here are the homes of Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, of Marion Davies, of Norma Talmadge, of Harold Lloyd, of Norma Shearer, and of George Bancroft. Some, like the house in which Bebe Daniels lives, look like Spanish farms, white of wall, with gaily painted flower pots spilling geraniums everywhere. Others, like the green-shuttered "Hotel" which belongs to Marion Davies, contain bedrooms for sixty guests, ball rooms, swimming pools, tennis courts, projection rooms, like miniature film theatres, completely wired for the exhibition of sound pictures.

George Bancroft lives in a very majestic building, red and white as to its exterior, which was once the home of Norma Talmadge.

Norma Shearer has a new house close by, hidden behind a high brick wall. Here is a vision of loveliness and supreme comfort; a series of exquisitely planned rooms in tones of white and honey, blue and green. There is a *sense* of sunshine in this house, due to the brilliantly skilful use of colour in walls and curtains. Gay parties are given here; table-tennis, quoits, bridge, dancing, and lots of swimming, for Norma Shearer is one of the finest swimmers in California, the home of good swimming.

Not ten minutes further along the narrow coast road the ten storeys of Casa del Mar, the most elaborate club on the California Coast, pierce the sunshine. Here most of filmland may be seen dining, swimming, dancing at week-ends; the ballroom is enormous, and the dining room is built out over the sea, with glass walls on three sides. Then come Ocean Park and Venice, the two amusement centres, where screen stars go for some fun when the lights are blazing and the ballyhoo men yelling.

It is in these Amusement Parks that film stars may be found, in parties of six or eight, trying to win slabs of bacon or jars of olives.

The road to Laguna, through Huntingdon Park, is not particularly pretty, but many film players have bungalows on the hillside above the coast road at the point that is known as Palisades del Rey. Laguna is an artist's paradise; wonderful bays, with pines and palms and rugged rocks, flowers growing like some Persian carpet, and fascinating cottages clinging to the side of the hills.

Emerald Bay and Crystal Cove are famous beauty spots; they have been seen in dozens of films, for Laguna is used for location scenes over and over again. Close to Laguna is the private beach on which is built the permanent Beach Camp that belongs to Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. In a neat row under the cliff stand ten tents covered with orange and red striped canvas. Each tent is fitted with electric light and running water, and has its proper bed (no camp beds here), its wardrobe and dressing table. There is a large marquee which is the dining room, and another which is a games room and gymnasium combined.

Another tent is a kitchen, and Douglas Fairbanks has had an open-air swimming bath rigged up, as the ocean in this part of the coast is often too rough for bathing. When Mary Pickford and Doug. go to their Camp for a holiday they spend the entire day in bathing suits, and do quite a lot of work in the camp themselves. Many famous men and women have been the guests of the Fairbanks at this camp; the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Brecknock, John McCormack, Kreisler, W. J. Locke, Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Charlie Chaplin and most of the leading stars of the screen.

One of the joyous sights at this informal camp consists of Doug. and Charlie Chaplin, in bathing suits, staging a mock wrestling contest on the beach; and at dinner it is not surprising to find Mr. Chaplin clad in traditional waiter's costume, rushing round with plates and dishes, and doing a weird dance between each course. Impromptu speeches after dinner are part of the programme, as a rule; each speaker is given two minutes in which to talk on a subject that is announced only as the speaker rises. Once Mr. Chaplin spoke for over five minutes on the making of Gruyère cheese, a topic on which there was small possibility of contradiction!

The outposts of Hollywood-on-Sea to the north and south are Zuma Bay and Lajolla (which is pronounced La Hoy-ya). To Zuma, then quite undeveloped, fled Laura La Plante and her director-husband, William Seiter, and William Boyd and his wife, Dorothy Sebastian. They did not care for the huddled houses at Malibu, each in the pocket of its neighbour, so they went to newer fields and found this deserted bay a few miles north, where they built houses and where they live in peace and seclusion—so far. Pauline Frederick has a house there now, and Lew Cody, but the crowd is still far away.

To the south there is the glorious little town of Lajolla, at the foot of a pine-topped hill. The flowers there are some of the most wonderful to be found anywhere; they grow along the side of the pavements, and every garden is a patchwork of startling colour.

Victor McLaglen, the English film star, has a bungalow at Lajolla, and thinks nothing of the drive of one hundred and twenty-six miles from Hollywood.

Whether Hollywood goes to the sea on the expensive, crowded stretch of ocean road at Santa Monica, or the curving bay at Malibu, or the flower-scented beaches at Laguna and Lajolla, there is fun and freedom and frolic, and a good time for everyone.

END

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

A Knitted Pullover

(*Continued from page* 76)

Plain back. Decrease again in this row. Plain back. Now decrease 1 stitch each end of every row until 3 stitches remain. Cast off.

Sleeves

Cast on 54 stitches on the No. 11 needles. Work 28 rows in the pattern. Increase 1 stitch each end of the next row of pattern. Work 9 rows of pattern. Repeat the last 10 rows another 14 times, when you will have 84 stitches. Now commence shaping the top of the sleeve by taking the first 2 stitches together and the last two stitches together on every row, until you have 20 stitches left. Cast off. Work other sleeve the same.

Cuff

Cast on 79 stitches on the stocking pins. Work 9 rows of Moss stitch Then work a buttonhole each end, six Moss stitches, cast off 5 stitches, work Moss stitch to within 11 stitches of the end. Cast off 5 and finish row. In the next row, cast on 5 stitches over each space. 40 rows Moss stitch, and Cast off.

To Finish Jersey

Pin all the pieces flat and press them very lightly with a damp cloth and a warm iron. Sew up side seams and the shoulders. Sew on the collar by placing the tips of the collar to the edge of the front opening. Now place the front pleat on to the right side of the opening, and fell it neatly down the side and round the point. Seam the sleeves and sew them into the armholes, placing the seams of the sleeve to the side seams of the body. Sew on the cuffs so that the opening of the Cuff comes to the top of the sleeve. That is to say, that the fold of the cuff comes to the seam of the sleeve. Sew the pocket on to the left hand side of the front, six inches down from the shoulder seam. Sew buttons on the front, cuffs and pocket.

END

Summer Soft Drinks

(*Continued from page* 83)

wine-glass of white wine to a pint of mild ale. Put to this a small lump of sugar, the juice of half a lemon and a quarter of the rind. If you add a tumblerful of broken ice, so much the better; if not, add a quarter of a glass of very cold water.

2. This one does not sound so refreshing as it tastes. Mix equal quantities of soda-water and ale. Just that.

Grape Fruit Cocktail

½ South African grape fruit.
1 South African orange.
1 banana.
Sherry or white wine.
Icing sugar.
Lemon juice.

Peel the grape fruit and orange, and break both fruit into sections. Remove the pips and arrange the sections alternately round the sides of a sherbet glass; add some slices of bananas. Sprinkle with icing sugar, squeeze over it the juice of a lemon, and finish with 1 tablespoonful of sherry or white wine.

A Spa Treatment at Home

The fame of the Carlsbad Medicinal Springs has spread over the whole world. Now, with the demand to "buy British" it is interesting to note that the identical medicinal properties are embodied in a well known English preparation, Kutnow's Powder. These improved Carlsbad salts enable you to take the Continental spa treatment at home without all the expense and inconvenience of a long journey.

Kutnow's Powder should be taken every morning before breakfast. A large spoonful in a glass of warm water preferably with the juice of half-a-lemon. Kutnow's Powder has the commendation of the Medical press and such world renowned physicians as the late Sir Morrell MacKenzie and the late Professor Lawson Tait. Kutnow's Powder not only makes a refreshing drink in Summer but is ideal for the liver and as a cleanser of the intestinal tract.

Osborne

–the world's
favourite

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OSBORNE

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
OSBORNE

Huntley & Palmers Osborne Biscuit is just slightly sweetened. It adds zest to the mid-morning cup that cheers, goes well with cheese after lunch, gives much enjoyment over the afternoon cup of tea.

Only best butter and best flour are used in making Huntley & Palmers Osborne Biscuits.

Price 1/4d. per lb. loose.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

Osborne Biscuits

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
OSBORNE

Buy also Huntley & Palmers
Ginger Nuts, 1/2d. Breakfast Biscuits, 2/-
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Rugby Wafers, 2/5d.

Prices quoted are usual 'pound' prices loose.

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THE SALT OF
LIFE
Cerebos
SALT
Adds flavour to food and zest to life.
SEE HOW IT RUNS!

THE INCURABLE CURED

"Despite his truly awful condition, in a week he was noticeably improving, and in a month he was quite recovered."

READ THIS REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO "SALCA."

It gives me pleasure to put on record the wonderful and apparently lasting cure your preparation "SALCA" has made of a Cocker Spaniel.

This dog had been to a Veterinary Surgeon for over three months with skin trouble, but was eventually returned to his owner as incurable and recommended to be "put down."

The owner of the dog invited me to look at it as he was rather reluctant to take his Vet.'s advice.

When I saw the dog I almost agreed with the Vet., for the dog was in a truly awful condition. Partly paralysed, hair off in big patches, eyes full of pus, and in such a state of abject misery that he bit anybody who put a hand on him.

However, I dressed him with some skin dressing, but advised "SALCA" for internal use. The result was marvellous. In a week he started to take an interest in life again. In a month he was quite recovered and to-day is a healthy, good-tempered dog. It is almost incredible.

Further, I have at the moment a litter of Cocker puppies which have had a little "SALCA" daily since they were about six weeks old. They are the very picture of good health, but what is more, there is no sign of that usual horrid puppy complaint, round worms. True enough, I have seen one or two, but in every case the worm was dead.

In these days of keen competition on show bench and elsewhere, I consider it a handicap to be without this wonderful canine remedy. To my clients, to everybody, indeed, who keeps a dog for any purpose, I most emphatically say "Give him 'SALCA.'"—(Signed) H. Carroll, Delganey Kennels, Killinghall, Harrogate, May, 1932.

TRY A 6d. TIN

If you find difficulty in getting supplied, send 9d. for a 6d. tin. We ourselves will pay postage on a 2/- or 6/- trial tin, or promptly arrange local supplies. Kindly forward name and address of your local Chemist or Corn Dealer.

SALCA

FOOD SUPPLEMENT FOR DOGS

Sold only in Tins, 6d., 2/- and 6/-; none other genuine. From Chemists, Corn Merchants and Stores, including Harrods, Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Gamages, etc.

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PERFECT MACHINE
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PICARDS'
celebrated coffee.
For catalogue and free sample
Apply: 6, Vigo Street, Regent Street, W.1
Mentioning this paper.

Films

(*Continued from page 65*)

arrive in New York. Press men surround the happy couple and they are photographed, Jerry looking fatuously cheerful, Letty with an expression of horror on her face, for she has just caught sight of Renaul.

He pursues her even to her mother's house, threatens and terrifies and forces kisses on her and orders her to come to his rooms at eight that night. Intending to kill herself rather than succumb to him, she takes a bottle of poison with her and goes. There is a scene, verging on the unpresentable, when he makes love to her and, when she resists him, knocks her about. She has poured the poison into the glass of champagne he has given her. But it is the man who drinks from that glass. She watches him die and escapes.

The way in which her presence in his rooms and her connection with Renaul are traced by the police is well worked out, the interrogation by the chief of police and the manner in which Letty is saved by her mother—suddenly and surprisingly softened to her by the fact that she has killed her ex-love!—is dramatic and ingenious, and the last shot, when the fiancé repeats the lie, which has saved her, into the dictaphone after the police have left the family party, is masterly. But what a story! What a moral! No one murmurs. Why? Because it is good entertainment and accepted as such without *arrière pensée*. Joan Crawford has her public, Robert Montgomery has his, and Director Clarence Brown is an expert at the presentation of glamorous impossibilities.

Murder, then, is an acceptable theme as long as it is committed by well-dressed people for romantic reasons. Fritz Lang's melancholy psychopath, forced by some relentless mental kink to murder little children, is a very different affair. "This is a revolting subject—not fit for presentation on the screen," lay critics wrote to the papers. Defenders of "M." were equally wide of the mark. "It is right that it should be brought home to parents and children that such dangers lurk in our midst. Think of the fate of poor little Vera Page!"

Now this film was not made as a contribution to a sociological problem or in the hope of making cities safer when murder maniacs are at large. Lang obviously chose the subject because the Düsseldorf murders had inflamed public imagination in Germany, and it would therefore have popular appeal, and because he saw the pictorial possibilities. The opening sequences are perfect examples of his method and are excellent cinema. The little children at play, singing their murder version of the old rhyme "Out Goes He." . . . The working mothers with the shadow of fear hanging over them. . . . The actual shadow of the murderer on the hoarding offering a reward for his capture, against which the little girl who will be his next victim is bouncing her ball. . . . An atmosphere of suspense and horror is established.

Actually there are no horrors in the film. Until the end, when he is trapped and tried by the thieves, one sees very little of the murderer, nothing of his crimes. He passes like a shadow through the panic-stricken community to the lilting tune of the *Elfandanz* from Peer Gynt, which he whistles whenever he is assailed by his murderous impulses. This unconscious habit, recognised by an old blind beggar, is his undoing.

So far so good. While he confines himself to pure picturisation Lang's film is impressive, but the divagations showing conferences between police chiefs, diagrams and plans illustrating their abortive efforts to track the murderer, are dull and verbose in the extreme. This is unsuitable for screen presentation, not because the theme is gruesome, but because the manner is inappropriate and inartistic and the film ceases to be an entertainment.

THE sermon against war is preached, more effectively than in "The Man I Killed," in "War Is Hell." This picture is built up with a wealth of significant detail. It shows civilisation and humanity in its normal, pre-war state and then the changes wrought by war, both in the personal lives of the protagonists and in the industrial activities of all the different countries involved. Ultimately five men, a German, a Frenchman, and English officer, a nigger who has been a cabaret artist in Paris, and a pathetic little Jewish tailor rendered deaf and dumb by shell shock, are imprisoned together in a dug-out in no-man's-land. We have had glimpses into their private lives in the beginning of the picture, and now we see their characteristic reactions to this strange situation. Here indeed, without any stressing or forced dialogue, is the futility of war exposed. Why should these wretched men, if they survive, go back to the several forces to which they belong and, because of the accident of language and because they happen to wear different shaped tin helmets, deny their common humanity and fight against one another? It is on the face of it a ridiculous solution to political, economic and territorial problems. But what matters is that as a screen play this is interesting and even absorbing, and so helps to prove our point that it is manner rather than matter which counts.

His Majesty's Aeronauts

(*Continued from page 39*)

bank of clouds. Again the balloon began sinking inconsiderably, and Bastien disposed of some more ballast.

When Brigitte awoke with a terrified cry, night had already fallen. A dense fog lay over France and hid it from their sight. Brigitte rose slowly to her feet, lifting her bewildered face to the heavens, then, suddenly, inexplicably, she burst into a passion of tears.

Bastien was sorry to see her weeping. He supposed she felt afraid. "Leave it all to me," he announced. "You are quite safe in my charge."

"I was crying because I was happy," she said. "I have never felt happy before. See! Hundreds and hundreds of stars in the sky! We are flying just like angels."

"You shall never be locked up again, Brigitte, as I am going to protect you. How cold you are! Will you eat something? Let me give you a taste of wine." He smashed a bottle-neck against the side, and she drank from the jagged edge.

"Be careful," said Bastien, "it's very sharp." She passed it back to him. He finished the contents, smacking his lips, then tossed the bottle away.

"Be careful," she echoed, "it might hit somebody down there."

"But I thought you hated everything."

She only shook her head in an astonished way. "The moon and the stars have done queer things to me. I was like ice this morning, but now my heart feels warmer. And yet my body is cold, Bastien. This is really very strange. I wish I could reach that puppy," she sighed. "'Tis a pretty little creature. If I had it snuffling in my arms, I should feel as happy as a queen."

"They have gone to sleep," said Bastien. "We must go to sleep also. The moon will take care of us, I suppose."

"Good-night, Bastien," said Brigitte.

"It might be quite proper to say a prayer. I used to say one long ago."

"I have forgotten," she murmured drowsily.

Bastien had a better memory. "Come—fold your hands," he ordered, "as I am folding mine. Now. *Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux,*" he whispered.

She faltered it after him.

"We may be quite near to the Seigneur Dieu; we may be quite near to Heaven. *Que votre regne arrive,*" he continued gently, "*que votre volunte soit faite.* This means that some day He will rule the world, and the kings will have no more dungeons."

He smiled over this in a satisfied way as Brigitte fell asleep. . . .

During the long night the balloon was blown towards the east. The night was bitterly cold, but they were used to discomfort, and the wind that blew over the top of the basket scarcely ruffled their hair. A grey light came through the clouds at last. The balloon was sinking lower. Some warning instinct aroused the man, and he stumbled up to his feet. When he leaned over the side they were drifting down towards an open plain intersected by a river that flowed towards the south. Bastien realised their increasing peril and freed some more ballast. Only four more bags of sand remained to discard. They rose again immediately, and he breathed a sigh of relief. By the time they were blown over the mountains they were at a safe altitude.

"BASTIEN, Bastien——"

The little man was half asleep on the floor, but that eager voice over his head roused him effectually. He rose to his feet with caution, and saw Brigitte pointing upwards with triumph sparkling in her eyes, and a smile round her wan young mouth.

"I can see two suns. I wanted you to see them too, as I knew you would be pleased."

Together they gazed in a superstitious way at the sun sinking in the west, and a mass of prismatic, tinted rings hanging delicately over it. The inventor would only have been placidly interested over this spectacle of a parhelion, but his aeronauts fell into ignorant rapture over the eerie sight.

The river they had sighted at dawn was the Aube, near Chaumont, the peaks they had crossed some hours later were those of the Vosges. Loftier and whiter mountains lay waiting farther south, but Brigitte and Bastien had never heard of the terrible Juras.

"Mountains," he said over his shoulder. "We have got to rise at once." He stared at the stern white crests below, and decided they could not survive them. "We must throw the dogs over directly——"

"*No*," said Brigitte. "*No*——"

"Then, if we sink any further, I am going over the side."

She clutched at him in a frantic way. "I shall jump after you!"

"Why?" asked Bastien, bewildered again. "That would be very stupid," but he saw she had made up her mind, and gave up trying to understand her. After all, no sacrifice was needed, for the balloon was swept upwards on a sudden gust of wind, and maintained its new altitude for a while.

During the next few hours they were chilled by bitter blasts, then driven further east by a sudden storm that sprang up in the mountains. Gradually those great heights seemed to shift away to the west, and a dazzle of light through the mist aroused their curiosity.

Soon they saw that it was a vast lake glimmering in the sunshine. They were drifting down over Neufchâtel, and thought it was the sea.

Evening had shadowed the Swiss mountains when Bastien realised that the end had come at last. There was no more ballast to empty, and nothing to throw overboard. He looked at the dogs in misery, but Brigitte shook her head.

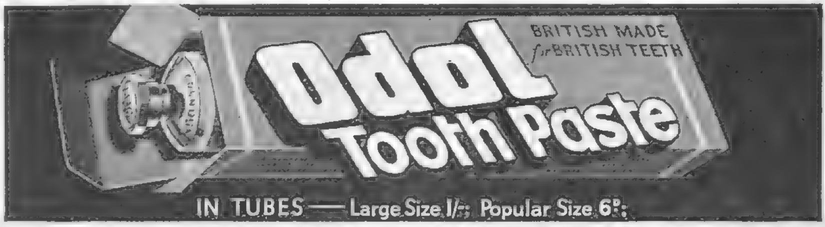
They clung to each other as they sank slowly towards the water. Death seemed a gentle, kindly thing waiting in a beautiful world. They scarcely shrank or trembled when the balloon drifted lower, and the basket, touching the icy lake, arrested their progress. It began to sink in a gradual way, till the water seeped through the floor. The dogs wakened into a terrified clamour, and Brigitte leaned over the partition. She caught at a scrambling puppy, and hugged it to her breast. She felt Bastien reach up to the netting, and grasp it frantically. His other hand seized her clothing, and he lifted her up with him, while the dog splashed about in the deepening water, and its howling broke the stillness. . . .

Bastien's muscles

(*Continued on page* 108)

"You see . . . **Odol** deals gently with children's teeth too!"

"She must keep them clean and if she uses Odol, as you do, there is no danger of damaging the precious enamel." The regular use of Odol Tooth Paste avoids dental trouble and assists nature in the development of a perfect mouth. Odol checks harmful dental bacteria and prevents decay—it is as essential to the cleanliness of young teeth as it is to those of adults.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IN TUBES — Large Size 1/-; Popular Size 6d.

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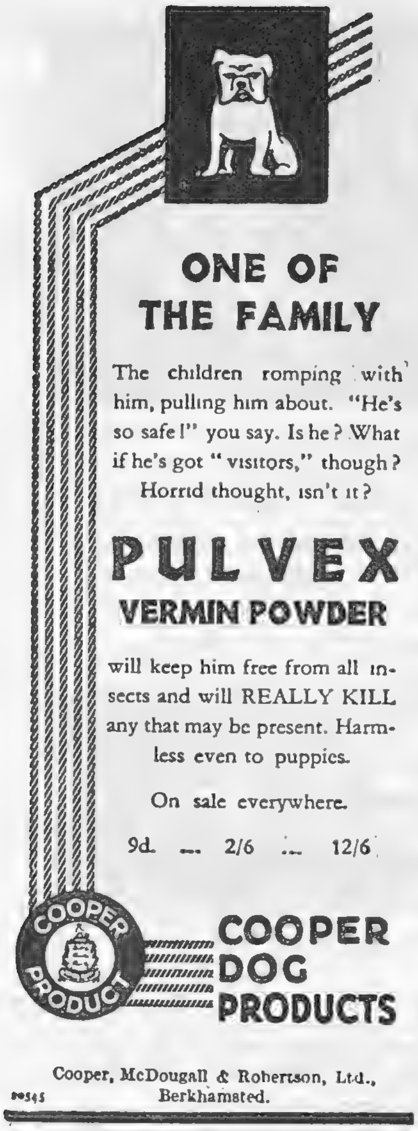

ONE OF THE FAMILY

The children romping with him, pulling him about. "He's so safe!" you say. Is he? What if he's got "visitors," though? Horrid thought, isn't it?

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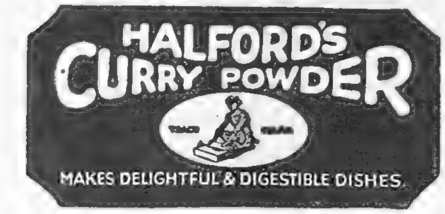

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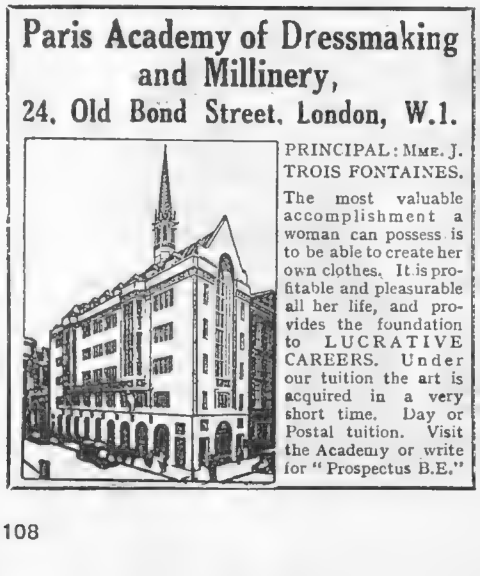

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His Majesty's Aeronauts

were aching with the terrible effort to keep Brigitte's white face above the surge, as it crept gradually up. He knew that all was over now, and that his efforts had been in vain, and yet a deep exaltation possessed his humble spirit. The water rose icily to his throat, his body felt numb and useless. A voice called out of the evening mist. He felt sure that it was an angel. The cold and the wind and the mystery all seemed to slip away.

A long while later he became aware that he must be in paradise, for he was wrapped up in a warm cloak, with his head on a woman's breast. Something was licking his passive hand, and pushing its muzzle against his cheek.

Close by a voice asked "Man and wife?" Bastien turned his head feebly. He found, with a shock of pleasure, that he must be alive, after all, for he was lying in a small craft being pulled towards the shore, and its two boatmen were gazing towards a submerging mass in the water. In the bows sat a good old priest, and the breeze stirred his white hair. It was he who had asked the question that Bastien tried to answer.

"This is Brigitte," he said in a proud way, "and I suppose I love her. I would like to live here for ever, *mon père*, and become just like everyone else."

"He will never be like anyone else," cried Brigitte, as she hugged him to her breast.

Later, beside a warm hearth, they talked in halting whispers of how they were to be married next day, and live in a little cottage. Bastien was to be the priest's servant, and learn to say his prayers in Latin, she was to cook for his master and keep his dwelling clean. The dogs were to be cherished until they forgot their great adventure, and everything was going to happen like some pleasant fairy tale.

"I suppose we should go back to Paris," mused Bastien, "and interview the King, and tell him about the two suns in the sky, and ask him to empty the prisons; but this is a very good place, Brigitte, and we might not find our way back. Yes, kiss me again—I like it so much——"

"I love all the world now!" she said.

Growing up to Beauty

(Continued from page 77)

the "squad"—they are soldiers, you see—fall in for walking exercises.

With the gramophone playing a gay little tune they walk on tip-toe "like fairies . . .," then run on tip-toe and presently march, loud with one foot, soft with the other, in time with the music. It is all very great fun and, to be sure, an even greater factor in the development of natural grace and gaiety.

Strident tones are unheard in this household, where, even in exciting moments, little voices have the tripping sweetness of restraint, and yet so tactfully are these children handled, so softly persuaded, that no hint of irksome restriction clouds their days. Their movements are soft and graceful because their *natural* grace is encouraged and their voices sweet because control is part of the daily curriculum. There *is* a difference, you see, between fun and mere destruction and heedlessness.

In the diet of the average child from five years old upwards milk is not plentiful enough. A quart each day is only an adequate quantity to supply those elements of nourishment which are deficient in other foods. Generally speaking, children are healthier on a smaller quantity of meat and fish than is commonly given and at least twice the quantity of milk and green vegetables.

For the preservation of teeth, brown bread should figure very largely in the menu of children of all ages and sweets should be sparingly given, and never between meals. Dried fruits and raisins are a nutritious substitute, while brown sugar should be used whenever possible in preference to white.

The habit of drinking quantities of water between meals is one to be systematically encouraged as a preventative of many common disorders in after days—disorders of the skin particularly. It is, after all, very much a matter of internal hygiene. The system that is regularly flushed free of impurities is less susceptible to disease and to those minor disorders of the blood which mean the difference between a good and a bad complexion.

Apart from these matters of health alone, the mother who institutes regular habits of grooming in her child is rendering a great service to the woman she will one day grow to be. Hair that is vigorously brushed shines like silk, and the daily habit remains with the little one who has performed the operation herself from early days. Small hands and nails, perfectly tended, are, too, proud possessions of the future—a future in which she will live to bless her "training" in beauty.

The Kurhotel Petersberg, Königswinter

SITUATED in the forest region of the Seven Mountains, high above the Rhine and overlooking its lovely valleys and hills, the Kurhotel Petersberg is the ideal spot for nature lovers desiring a really charming, restful holiday.

The starting point for the Kurhotel Petersberg is the well-known tourist resort, Königswinter, easily reached by express or Rhine steamer. The ascent of the Petersberg can be made either by the funicular railway or by car, up the superb 30-foot wide motor road that leads in bold serpentine curves right up through the beautiful forest to the plateau 1,000 feet high, on which the hotel stands.

The Kurhotel Petersberg affords not only beauty of site and prospect to the visitor, but every comfort and condition that can please and soothe.

The Kurhotel Petersberg is equipped with all the latest developments of hotel comfort and convenience. There are 150 beds, and most of the guest-rooms have a private bath attached. All rooms have hot and cold running water installed, also telephone (house and public) and light-signal arrangements. Separate suites are obtainable on request. All rooms command superb views, whether of the Rhine Valley, the surrounding mountains, or the spacious beautifully kept park attached to the hotel.

Entertainment and variety are provided by daily concerts of the first-class hotel orchestra. Two professional dancers will be at the disposal of guests desiring dancing lessons. Garden parties, song and dance evenings, form part of the other attractions.

Extensive garage accommodation, petrol station and repair work-shop, are available *for car owners.*

Visitors have only to intimate their special wishes and preferences to the hotel and every effort will be made to satisfy them.

The telegraphic address is Petersberg, Königswinter, and telephone: Königswinter 9, 10 and 19.

THE Kurhotel Petersberg

Big Business

(*Continued from page* 47)

which 13 acres are given over to the buildings in which over two thousand people are employed.

A large number of depots separate the German factory from its nearest easterly colleague, on the other side of Asia: for the Dunlop Rubber Company (Far East), Ltd., has its factory at Kobe. The vision represented by the founding of this unit twenty-six years ago has been well repaid of recent years, when the motor car has replaced the rickshaw as the universal means of locomotion.

MOVING southward, we come to the Dunlop Perdrian Rubber Company (of Australia), Ltd., a vast concern; operating three big mills in Victoria and one in New South Wales. Over five thousand employees are kept busy making tyres and general rubber goods for the Australian and New Zealand markets. Every unit in these factories is attuned to the standard of production evolved—and constantly revised—by the laboratory workers at Fort Dunlop, ten thousand miles away.

The next Dominion to have its own Dunlop works is Canada, which has also evolved its own crested trade mark: two open hands. Although so near to another Dunlop factory the Canadian unit is a highly prosperous concern.

This neighbouring unit is that of the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company, whose factory at Buffalo is being developed on typically enormous lines. It is little over ten years ago that the company entered the keenly contested American market. It has been a successful venture. Incidentally, this Buffalo factory derives its power from the nearby Niagara Falls hydro-electric station.

Yes, one might well say that the biggest tyre that Dunlop has made is the one with which it encircles the globe!

And all because little Johnnie had a weak spine . . .

Venetian Glory

(*Continued from page* 33)

should give charity. Old men and old women whose prayers followed the handsome couple.

There were days when Peter and Thérèse drifted down the *Canal Grande*, and, reclining lazily on soft cushions, looked through the soft blue mist of the dying summer at the dream palaces. Palaces around which the ever-restless fingers of history had twined skeins of golden thread.

The Contessa told stories of the palaces. Little stories that thrilled Peter. Stories that dripped passion. There was the thrilling tale of the *Doge* who found that his lovely wife had flirted with a page. The old tyrant thrust the beautiful *Dogaressa* through the palace window, first tying her hair to the iron bars so that she swung in full view of all the horrified folk on the waterway. . . .

IN the last week of September, when the sweet frailty of the dying summer was all too evident, Peter received an unsigned letter. It was written in Italian, and the crabbed penmanship made it impossible for Peter to decipher the words. He crumpled it up with the intention of tossing it into the waste-paper basket, then he changed his mind and thrust it into his pocket.

That day they went to the Lido for a farewell visit. It was too cold to bathe, so they walked along the *Viale Vittorio Emanuele* to the grey Adriatic.

Peter, in an effort to amuse his companion, showed her the anonymous letter he had received that morning. Thérèse read it slowly, then read it again. She glanced at Peter, and Peter was startled at the anger that showed in the wonderful topaz eyes.

"Do you know—do you know what it is about?" she cried.

"Not a bit," answered Peter. "I thought it was some blackhand nonsense. Y'know, some idiot threatening my life if I didn't leave a thousand (*Continued on page* 110)

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lire at the foot of the Campanile. I didn't take any notice——"

"It is about me!" interrupted Thérèse. "It is written to make you aware of—of the kind of woman I am! It—it tells of all the incidents in my life! Listen! I will read them to you! I will——"

"No, no, no!" shouted Peter. "You will not! I'm sorry I showed it to you! I thought it a demand for money! I'm a fool! Give it to me! Dear Thérèse!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. It was the first time he had kissed her. He babbled nonsense into her ear. She put her soft hand over his lips.

"I cannot listen!" she cried. "Let us go back, Peter! The winter is here, Peter! Sweet Peter! Oh, Peter, there has never been a man in the world like you. Never! *Never!*"

PETER retired early that evening, but he was roused from his sleep a little after midnight. The manager tapped at his door and announced apologetically that two officers of the *Vigile Municipale* wished to speak to him. Wondering much Peter put on a dressing gown and came out to them.

The two officers bowed lowly before the Englishman. They excused themselves for troubling him. They were forced to do so. The matter was of great importance. A letter had been found in the hands of a certain person, and the letter was addressed to the *Signor Inglese*. Did the *signor* recognise it?

Peter took the letter from the hand of the officer. It was the anonymous communication that he had given to Thérèse to read.

"I gave this letter to the Contessa Thérèse Spadoni," he said. "The Contessa forgot to return it to me."

The officers nodded gravely. A cold silence crept along the corridor and touched the throat of Peter. He flung out a query. What had happened? The Contessa? Had anything happened to her?

The manager stammered out an answer. "A double murder has been committed in a house on the Calle Goldoni, signor!" he cried. "A man has been found shot through the heart, and a lady—a lady is dead! Someone stabbed her in the back with a dagger!"

"Not—not the Contessa?" Peter's cry rang along the corridor.

"They—they think it is," spluttered the manager. "Yes, they are sure it is! They have arrested a man. He has made a confession. He says that the Contessa Spadoni came to this house and shot a man called Tomaso because he admitted writing this letter to you. A friend of Tomaso, a fiend called Pietro, who was a killer, fearing that his life was in danger, had stabbed the Contessa in the back. It is terrible. The police would like you to come with them to the house. They think you could help."

Peter went. He identified the Contessa. In the shabby salon of the house in the Calle Goldoni the woman looked like a beautiful sea nymph that had floated in through the enchanted waterways. To Peter she seemed the very spirit of Venice, that sad, sweet spirit that haunts the lagoons. Stunned, he knelt beside the couch on which she lay and kissed her fingertips.

Peter identified the man that Thérèse had shot. He was the fellow with the big teeth who had barred their way one morning on the *Riva degli Schiaboni*. He lay on the floor where he had fallen.

A temendous clamour came from the Canal. A dozen police appeared, dragging the murderer of Thérèse. Pietro the killer. A cringing, whining thing who cried for mercy as they dragged him forward.

It was all very sad and terrible. Peter moved like a man in a trance. A police inspector accompanied him on his way back to the Danieli. The inspector was sympathetic. He had often seen the Contessa with Peter. "She was as beautiful as the blessed Saint Catharine," he murmured. "She was as beautiful as Venice itself."

PETER PRYCE HADDINGTON was the only mourner that followed the plumed gondola that carried Thérèse Spadoni to her last resting place in the island *Cimitero*. For, in Venice, one rides to the grave in the lithe black gondolas that carry one to christening and marriage.

Back at the Danieli the sympathetic police inspector brought to Peter a package that had been found in the apartment of the Contessa. It was sealed, and it was addressed to Peter in the handwriting of the dead woman. The authorities, after much thought, had decided to turn it over to the young Englishman.

Peter opened the package after the officer had departed. From the folds of soft tissue paper rolled the green serpent of fire that had brought about his friendship for Thérèse. The emerald necklace around which she had constructed the wonder tale she had related at their first meeting. Pinned to the flashing bauble was a note that ran:

"Peter dearest: I have a belief that I will not see you again. There is a chill in the air that seems to have climbed into my soul . . . I have been so happy in your company, Peter. This had been the golden summer of my life. . . Do you remember the poor artist at Chioggia, Peter dear? You know he saw something bad in me, something that frightened me when I saw it in his sketch of my face. Well, each day I spent with you helped me to make that which he saw disappear! Do you understand? It was a stain on my soul, Peter, and you have washed it away. . . .

I am sending you my necklace. If I die I wish you would take it to St. Mark's and slip it into one of the big poor-boxes. The story I told you about it is false, and that lie might be wiped out if I gave it to the poor. Do this for me. Peter, Peter, best and bravest of men, goodbye!"

It was dusk when Peter slipped in through the great doors of St. Mark's.

He found an enormous poorbox, polished by the hands of the generous, and through its maw he slipped the necklace of the Contessa Thérèse Spadoni. He listened as it struck the bottom. He thought that the emeralds settled down with a soft, long-drawn sound that was curiously like a sigh.

Peter returned to the Danieli and gave an order to his valet. "Pack immediately," he said. "We will leave for England in an hour."

END.

Real Robinson Crusoes

(Continued from page 27)

looking, we are told, "as wild as their original wearers."

But, overjoyed as he seemed to see and speak with his fellow men, he hung back at first from going back with them to the ship.

"Was a certain officer on board?" he asked, mentioning him by name: and when he heard that he was, he expressed his resolve to stay on the island rather than put himself under the authority of this man, about whose identity there is a certain amount of doubt. However, being assured that his enemy, though on board, was not in a position of command, he consented to leave with the boat.

His dwelling during the past three years had been two small huts "indifferently built" situated in a pleasant spot of ground, full of grass and furnished with trees." In the lesser of the two—which may have been that built by his predecessor, the Mosquito Indian—he kept and cooked his food, and in the larger he "slept and employed himself in reading, singing psalms and praying, so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he ever should be again."

The only ship which visited the place during his stay was a Spaniard, and having no wish to exchange his solitude for a prison, he hid in the woods until she was gone. Otherwise he never heard a human voice, with the result that through lack of practice he had almost forgotten how to talk, and "spoke his words in halves." Most surprising of all to the crew of the *Duchess*, he had lost the art of splicing the main-brace, a nautical operation to which privateersmen were generally far from averse.

A few days later he looked his last on the wooded peaks of the island where he had passed so many lonely years. And who knows but he felt a passing pang of regret as it was lost finally to sight below the horizon's rim?

On the whole, the Crusoes of Juan Fernandez had not, all things considered, too bad a time. But there have been others of whom a different tale can be told.

Bleak, barren and forbidding, the lonely cliffs of Ascension heave themselves, sheer and abrupt, out of the wide waters of the South Atlantic Ocean. The islands of the Atlantic are not, for some reason, so attractive as those of the sister ocean, and Ascension, which on account of its lack of water was never in the days of sail a "sea inn" like St. Helena, is perhaps the most uninviting of them all.

In January, 1725, some sailors landed there from a British ship, the *Compton*, probably to hunt turtles, with which then, as now, the island abounded. They found there a tent and a diary written in Dutch; the latter was translated into English, and the tale it tells is as poignant a record of tragedy as any in the annals of the sea.

Here, briefly, is the pitiful story:

One morning in May, 1724, a Dutch man-of-war hove to off Ascension and sent away a boat to the island.

Its business was not the usual one of turtle-hunting. A man had been sentenced by court martial to the punishment of marooning, and the boat's errand was to put the delinquent ashore, there to spend the remainder of his days unless he were taken off by some passing vessel. The penalty has probably been known as long as men have trafficked by sea; and while it certainly gives the offender a sporting chance of life, there were many cases when it would have been a good deal more merciful to run him up to the yard-arm without delay.

The man was set on the beach, together with a cask of water, a couple of buckets, and an old frying-pan. The boat returned to the ship. The shrilling of pipes, and the sound of men singing out at the sheets, came faintly over the water, as the ship was squared away again on her course. Soon the lonely watcher on the beach saw the last gleam of her departing sails drop from sight below the far rim of the sea.

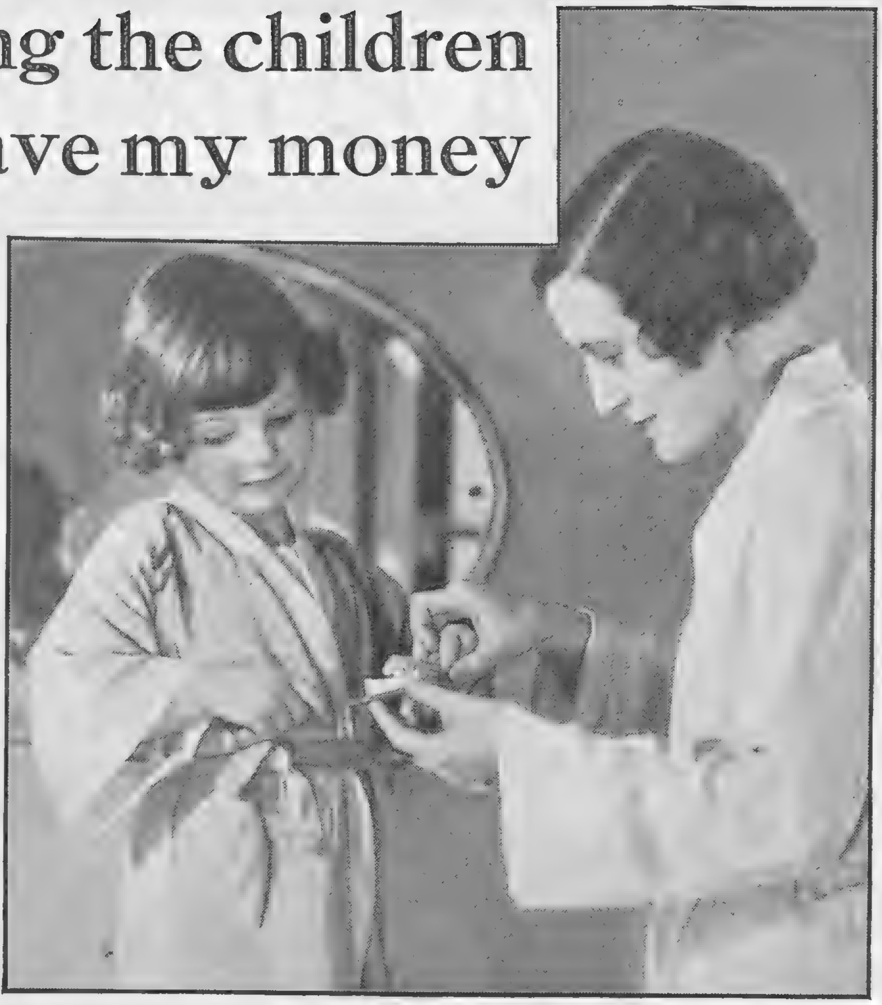
One cannot help the feeling that this nameless Dutchman—who seems incidentally to have been a man of some education—was rather a poor resourceless sort of creature. He had a gun, but no powder and shot; but, unlike the Indian of Juan Fernandez, he could think of no better use for it than as a flagstaff on which to hoist his signal of distress. He bungled the job of broaching his cask of water, so that he lost a good deal of the precious fluid; and next we find him setting his tent on fire by leaving his tinder-box alight on the bed, and so losing some of his possessions, and, more important still, some more of his supply of water in putting the flames out.

After a time the water in his cask was reduced to two quarts, and that so thick and muddy that it had to be strained through a handkerchief, and by the 10th of June it was all gone. Digging in the arid soil produced no sign of moisture; and the castaway's delight may be imagined when during his aimless wandering about the island he came upon a clear spring of water welling out of a hollow in the rock. "I thought I should have drank till I burst," he writes; and immediately he set about carrying a fresh supply to replenish his cask.

(*Continued on page 112*)

"I'm teaching the children to save my money

—while safeguarding their teeth"



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MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

Real Robinson Crusoes

To the lonely island castaway, the constant occupations entailed by the struggle for existence were a blessing in disguise. During the day, they left him little time to brood upon his lot. But, when the night came, with the louder sighing of the sea, and the cry of the homeless wind under the immensity of the star-sown sky, and the desolate calling of innumerable seafowl, then the naked soul of man lay shivering and bare.

His food was raw turtle meat and salted boobies. He had now been six months on Ascension, and he began to suffer greatly from thirst, aggravated by the salty nature of his food.

On October 7th comes the entry " I cannot live long, and I hope the Lord will have mercy on my soul " . . . and then silence !

More cheerful reading is the story of Philip Ashton, and his sojourn on the island of Roatan, in the Bay of Honduras.

Ashton was one of those who chose solitude. He had good reason for doing so.

He was a young New England fisherman who was carried off by the notorious Ned Low in 1722, and after vainly trying for several months to sever a connection which the lapse of time made no less distasteful, he saw and seized his chance.

The pirates had gone ashore to fill their water casks at a spring, and Ashton asked and obtained leave to go with them, when he slipped away into the woods, and lay hidden.

He lived for nine months in unbroken solitude. He ate his food raw, having no means of making a fire. Curiously enough, none of these castaways seem to have mastered the art of getting a light by friction.

So things went on until a day came when he saw a man in a canoe approaching the island. The stranger proved to be a Scotsman who had fled to the islands in order to escape from the Spaniards on the mainland, who had avowed their intention of burning him. He only remained three days. At the end of that time he left to go to a nearby island, and never returned, having presumably been lost in a hurricane which sprang up soon after his departure.

Ashton was now left alone again. But he had one priceless new possession, namely, flint and steel. He could light a fire and cook his food.

Not long after a convoy was driven by a hurricane to put in to harbour among the islands. One of the vessels sent ashore to get water, and, to Ashton's great joy, he recognised in her captain an old acquaintance and a friend of his father, who willingly gave him a passage home.

Case Thirteen

(Continued from page 15)

visits of such holy men as designed, for inscrutable reasons, to accept hospitality. A very suspicious village, it delighted to be talked to and not questioned.

Opposite the babu, in a shrine between two mud-walled huts, a village god-let, very crudely carved of wood and plentifully smeared with red and yellow pigment, stared with owl eyes made of coloured glass. It was a small shrine, hardly bigger than a beehive, set on a square mud pedestal protected by a thatched roof. Suddenly the babu jumped to his feet. He made incomprehensible gestures. He strode through the midst of the villages, seized a dung-cake, broke it into pieces and then laid the pieces as a tribute on the threshold of the shrine.

O'Hara, watching him with the alertness of a conjurer's assistant, guessing rather than detecting any signal, put the ocarina to his lips. He began to improvise. Then suddenly the laughter in him almost broke bounds—almost wrecked all chance of reaching Lalla Lingo.

Chullunder Ghose danced. Naked, enormous, incredibly agile, and thoroughly versed in the sacred traditional posturings of Hindu gods, as represented by the temple images and imitated by the nautch, he danced the Dance of Siva, to a tune invented by O'Hara that was more than faintly like the strains of temple music. Absolute absurdity ran riot, emphasised by the exact perfection of his technique.

None had seen such dancing. If his belly hove like blacksmith's bellows, and the sweat ran streaming off him as he came back to his seat beside the tree, that merely stirred more village wonder that a holy one should take such trouble to instruct, and edify and give delight.

It was fifteen minutes before Chullunder Ghose could breathe again without labouring, and all that while O'Hara kept the ocarina going until the sun went down below the mountain and the women lit the fires in purple shadow. It occurred to no one that such holy people might prefer to sleep indoors, so there was nothing said about accommodations. And it certainly occurred to no one that the strong men of the village would be up all night and toiling. But the babu's plan, from nothing but a spark of humour, was developing. At milking-time he had a chance to whisper to O'Hara, under cover of the lowing of the cattle and the milling of the hooves in pungent dust :

" At sunset, sahib, one risk will have vanished. After that no signalling to Lalla Lingo unless they use fire-signals, and I don't believe they do. What we have to do now is to cash in on our credit, same as get-rich-quick financiers."

It was in the crimson glow of bonfire-light beneath the big tree, with the eyes of all the village shining in a semi-circle, and the women in the background crooning hymns as old as India, that presently the babu " cashed in," as he called it. He and O'Hara sat side by side, on a mat provided by the village.

" Who is Lalla Lingo ? " he demanded suddenly. And such a silence fell as only happens when a great dread grips the consciousness of many men at once.

" I have asked, who is he ? "

" Holy one, we may not speak of him," said someone.

" Why not ? "

" Lest we perish."

" If I curse you, what then ? "

" Holy one, we are a little village, and we are poor men, all of us. We have done no evil. What is it to you that we should be silent about that which concerns us in no way at all ? "

" So that is it ? Am I to say to Lalla Lingo that this village is not concerned about him ? Shall I say to Lalla Lingo that ye sullenly refuse to take us to him, each in a litter borne on strong men's shoulders ? "

" Holy one, we dare not. In the night he turns himself into a devil, having dark wings, and his eyes see all that happens."

" Did you think I do not know it ? " asked the babu. " Do his ears not hear what happens, also ? "

Somewhere in the darkness, out beyond the dancing crimson firelight, a woman cried out and would not be silenced. She was beating her breasts.

" Is she a widow ? " asked the babu.

" Holy one, a new young widow."

" Bring her to me."

Sullenly the woman came between two male relatives, who cuffed her into silence.

"Tell me," said the babu. Suddenly the woman wailed and beat her breasts again, then burst into a torrent of lament.

" Widow—widow—widow—do you hear me ? Childless—and now no child, ever.—He did not harm—he did what they told him to—he took a message—took it in the night-time." Unintelligible torrents followed, and then : " Some say my man found him changed into a devil. Some say that he ate him. Some say that he turned him into a hyena. But he came not back to me. Oh, ay-ee-ay-ee-ay-ee-ee——"

She buried her face in her dingy sari and was hustled away by the men.

Suddenly the babu let loose such a yell that all the women in the gloom beyond the firelight screamed, and some ran :

" Now will ye send a messenger ? If he should turn you into tape-worms in the bellies of abominable dogs, how lightly he would let you off for being such fools ! Who are WE ? Do ye know ? I say, who ARE we ? Speak up. Ye have heard a widow tell her story. Who shall count your widows, if ye order not your strong young men to carry us to Lalla Lingo ? "

In another moment there was tumult, every woman shouting to her man, and each man telling her to hold her peace.

" And now what ? " asked the babu.

" It is too far," said an elder.

" O thou measurer ! That measure trouble ! " said the babu.

That same elder shouted to the women to get busy making litters, and the babu whispered to OHara while the men-folk quarrelled as to who was strong enough to lay a shoulder to the poles.

" Sahib, are you superstitious ? This is case thirteen that we have worked on, you and I together. Sahib, if we fail ——."

" Fortune of war. We'll be scuppered, that's all."

" It is not all. Lalla Lingo will escape and punish this village."

" Let's not fail then. But for God's sake borrow me a sari."

" And remember, sahib ; that to capture him is ten times better than to kill him. How the devil shall we do it ? This abominable babu has a fit of willies."

" Comes of being naked. Get two saris."

So the babu remonstrated with the women who were twisting withes on long poles by the aid of firelight. Would they suffer two such holy mendicants to travel naked in the night-time ? Would they bring such shame upon a hospitable village ? And the women loaded them with saris, begging only that their sons and husbands should be sent home safe at daybreak.

IT was probably not yet ten o'clock when the thorns were removed from the village gate and the procession started. Eight men grunted underneath the babu's litter ; four men bore O'Hara.

Chullunder Ghose lay snoring like a regiment in barracks. It was long past midnight when O'Hara wakened him by slapping the backs of his hands.

" No noise now. Take a look at this."

There lay the skeletons of fifty head of cattle, in a shallow basin formed by two spurs of a high cliff. An enormous full moon flooded light into a pass between two granite shoulders. On the left hand lay what recently had been a village.

" Get this. We are fifty miles from railhead," said O'Hara. " This has happened, and not even a rumour reached us. Lalla Lingo must have found a new way of imposing silence."

" Sahib," said the babu, when at last, about three in the morning, or nearly that, they reached a narrowing ravine that lay in the shadow and the bearers once more halted, vowing they would rather die than go one step farther, " you and I are lunatics. This business needs cavalry, two generals, a mountain battery and lots of ambulances."

" All right. We're the generals," O'Hara answered. " Let's dismiss the baggage-train. They've done their job. I noticed hoof-prints on the track a yard or two before we entered shadow. Where there are horses there's a chance for any man. Dismiss 'em. As soon as they're out of sight I'll get my clothes on."

The stretcher-bearers turned and fled back home, not pausing to be praised. O'Hara presently stood straight-backed in a khaki uniform.

" Are you chilly, babu-ji ? "

" Have wind up."

" So have I. That makes it even. Drape yourself in all the saris. They'll come off quick. Bring along *(Continued on page 114)*

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At the far end of the narrowing ravine ahead of them a light burned dimly.

"I smell horse," said O'Hara sniffing.

"Then for God's sake, silence, sahib !"

"Wait here—in that shadow."

O'Hara vanished ; and a white man, fit and thoughtful, makes less noise with boots on than without them. He had counted eighty paces forward into velvet darkness when he heard a horse snort. Ten more paces and he felt his way into the midst of six mares tethered to a picket rope. He waited. One of the mares missed him with a vicious hind-leg, tried to bite him and then squealed. A man's voice swore at her in Hindustan. Someone drew near to investigate. O'Hara waited for him, saw his outline, sprang and sent him spinning with a haymaker under the jaw. He pounced on him—a sais—the smell was unmistakable. He dragged the fellow's turban off and made a noose of it around his throat, then spoke at last :

"Go ahead. Make a sound and I'll choke you."

Counting paces, he returned to where the babu waited, jerked at the noose to keep the sais obedient.

"How many of you ? he demanded.

"No more, sahib. Six mares—one sais."

"Whose mares ? "

The sais reeled off a list of five names, none known to O'Hara, but the babu recognised the first three.

"Younger sons of rich men, sahib. Mischievous young idlers."

"Right. We'll keep after the big one." O'Hara drew his pistol—thrust its muzzle in the sais's face. "Want to hang ? " he asked him. "Shall I tie you up and take you off to prison ? "

The sais pleaded. Suddenly O'Hara walked away into the moonlight, tore a leaf out of his notebook, wrote and folded it. He strode back.

"Can you read ? Well, I have written that the bearer is excused from arrest if he reaches railhead before noon. Can you find your way ? "

"Yes, sahib."

O'Hara took him back toward the picket-line, the babu following.

"Which of these mares can carry weight ? "

"That one ? And which are the next best ? That and that one ? Very well then, take those other three and ride until you find a burra sahib in a camp near railhead. Give him that message. If, by noon, some mounted men have started on their way to meet me, you go scot-free."

The sais mounted and O'Hara loosed from the picket three mares, one on either side of him. The sais was gone in a moment.

"Risky," said O'Hara. "What else could we do, though ? "

"No risk," said the babu.

"And we have three mares now. Mount that end one. Do you need help ? "

No one was less helpless than Chullunder Ghose. He mounted ; and O'Hara loosed the three mares, leaving the picket-rope where it was. He mounted one mare, led the other.

O'Hara rode up the ravine until the light showed plainly as a lantern hanging from a wall. He drew rein until the babu overtook him. He sniffed at the air. He listened.

"Can't be a village. No dogs."

But a dog barked suddenly, and twenty others yelped in chorus. Then the moon rose high enough to show the roofs of a fair-sized village on the left-hand side of the ravine. O'Hara turned toward the right-hand, where the shadow was the deeper for the moonlight opposite. The horses' keener senses found a path ; he let them follow that until they brought up at a stake-and-rock enclosure reeking of goat and cow-dung, but it was empty now. He hitched all three mares in the deepest shadow, inside the enclosure.

"I smell luck," he said then. "Come on."

They returned to the bed of the ravine that narrowed rapidly toward the lantern light, and it was easy now to see the moonlit outlines of at least a hundred huts, set high up, like the nests of mud-wasps, on the steep slope on the left hand. Nine men, one man carrying a light, filed slowly along a track below the lantern and then up-hill to the village.

Beneath the lantern, seemingly in mid-air, silhouetted, was a bat-like monster with a flat head. It was as black as a bat, and as big as a man, but it opened and closed its big wings like a penguin. Suddenly O'Hara stepped aside and pulled the babu after him. A man came running like the wind. He passed as if devils pursued him. A moment later one wing of the bat-like monster reached up to the lantern, and out went the light.

"Now neck or nothing !" said O'Hara. "If he counts on that disguise to keep him safe, he probably keeps its secret from his men. If so, he'll have no servants near him, and no body-guard. That may have been his body-guard we saw returning to the village. We must chance that."

In a hurry now, because the dawn might soon discover them, O'Hara led, the babu following and making even less noise than his leader. Suddenly O'Hara stood still and the babu almost cannoned into him. There were footsteps. Light, very near on the right hand flashed and vanished as a door behind a thicket opened and was slammed shut.

"Probably a window on the far side," said O'Hara. "Babu-ji, strip naked. I can see you better that way. And if you're seen by him or any of his men they may mistake you for a fakir. If they do, they'll hesitate to kill you. That'll give me time to put up some sort of a show. You scout. I'll cover you."

The babu stripped and vanished into total darkness. Listening—sniffing the air—O'Hara walked straight forward, carrying the babu's saris, until he saw light streaming from a slot-like window at the far end of a big, square hut. It was easy enough in that yellow stream of light to see the babu's naked body as he crept along the wall, then raised his head and peered in. Five minutes passed, or more, before he left the window and came looking for O'Hara.

"He is in there, sahib. Five men came to visit him, and they have slain one."

"What else ? "

"He who just now passed us running is a messenger who brought word that the Burra Sahib is at railhead. Lalla Lingo said so to the others. He advises them to go home and be quiet. He is telling them to take the dead man's body and to hide it somewhere on their way home ; but they say he killed the man and therefore he should do that."

"Is he still disguised ? "

"No."

"Then he probably returned that costume to his house. If so, we're close to it. Let's go, look."

O'Hara led. He found a path that led uphill, around a bulging cliff-face and beneath the extinguished lantern that had guided them up the ravine. As the path turned and entered a pitch-dark space enfolded by a hill that blocked the end of the ravine they heard the hut door slam again. They hurried. There was no house visible. A candle lantern burned within a big tent—almost a marquee. Its front was open. It was furnished plainly. Three of its walls were lined up to the eaves with wooden boxes, locked and suitable for transport on a mule's back or on a porter's head. Evidently Lalla Lingo was a migratory bird. There was a plain cot—a table—a chair ; and on the chair-back hung a plain black college gown ; the mortar-board to go with it lay on the table, float side downward.

"He is coming, sahib !"

There was no time to prepare an ambush ; they could only duck into the deepest shadow. Lalla Lingo passed within ten paces of them, striding rapidly. He laid two automatic pistols on the table, tossed the mortar-board aside, and sat down, facing the tent opening with his elbows on the table and his face ten inches from the lantern.

"He won't be taken alive if he can help it," O'Hara whispered. "Sunrise pretty soon, and we'll be too late. Creep up. If he shoots at me, you swat him. If he shoots at you, I'll do it."

Crouching near the tent O'Hara whistled softly. Lalla Lingo picked his pistols up. He listened, then put out the light. He left the chair and came toward the opening so silently that he was actually outside before O'Hara knew it. Then he spoke in Hindustanee :

"So you followed, did you ? Thought to kill me ? Brave men !"

He began to peer and listen—not still—moving to and fro—a coal-black shadow in a pitch-dark hollow between overleaning crags that almost shut off starlight—not an easy target. O'Hara snapped his fingers quietly. He turned—one could hear him turn. And like a big fat-bellied devil from a trap the babu sprang at him, feet first, and knocked him over backward, falling on him, crushing him with legs like iron tongs. O'Hara seized both arms and twisted them until the pistols fell from his useless hands. The babu sat on him and crushed out his remaining breath. O'Hara snatched his turban off and gagged him with it. Then they tore the babu's saris into strips and trussed him.

"Hold him while I get that tent-pole," said O'Hara.

Down came the front of the tent as he slackened the guys and wrenched the pole out. It was nine feet long. O'Hara groped for tent-ropes, slashed them with his pocket knife, and tied the prisoner to the pole. Then he and the babu shouldered it, O'Hara leading.

As they passed the hut where Lalla Lingo had been interviewing four men and a fifth lay murdered, suddenly the door swung open and the light poured through it. But the night lay dark and deep six paces from the yellow beams. They crouched, and four men, spurred and booted, passed so close they might have touched them.

"Why did we leave the horses so far off ? " The first of them complained in Hindustanee.

"That treacherous devil might have stolen them if we had brought them nearer," someone answered.

"Lucky he didn't lay an ambush and destroy us all."

"Careful ! He may do that yet. If I get out of this alive, I'm through with politics for ever."

"Too bad that we didn't kill him."

"Well, it's too late. And besides, his bodyguard were outside. They'd have caught and tortured us."

"Keep quiet."

Noisily, because of boots and spurs, they trudged away in search of horses and a sais. O'Hara and the babu picked their burden up and carried him to where three horses actually waited. There they hoisted him into a saddle and tied his legs securely underneath the horse's belly.

"Thirteen ? " said O'Hara.

"Thirteen," said the babu.

"Rotten bad luck, babu-ji. It means you're going to have to ride stark-naked until someone meets us, or until we reach headquarters. Nothing of Lalla Lingo's or of mine would fit you, and we can't go hunting for your shirt now."

Babu Chullunder Ghose, in a coppery-ivory birthday-suit, adjusted a pair of stirrups and then climbed into the saddle.

"May that be the only bad luck," he retorted. "We have yet to pass those four conspirators. You manage it."

So O'Hara walked the horses, spreading them apart to avoid the clash of stirrup irons until they heard the cursing of the men whose mounts had vanished and could see them in the faint light of the false dawn, seeking higher ground to hunt for what was not there.

"Last chance for the number thirteen, babu-ji ! Ride—trot march ! Gallop !"

Four wild pistol shots pursued them as they raced out of the shadow of the mouth of the ravine and all four owners recognized their horses. Then, a minute later :

"Easy—let 'em lope now. Thirteen is left at the starting post. Say, Babu-ji, you look about as holy as a Satyr. Let us hope we meet no women !"

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COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, May 16

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to W. K. Mitchell, G.C.S. 5857. Hon Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5496; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S., 5843; S. Cochrane, G.C.S. 5882.

Literature Competition.—Letter Announcing Your Engagement. Prize 10s. Awarded to K. V. Bramhall, G.C.S. 5907 Hon. Mention: Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730; Ann Hannay, G.C.S. 5898; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573.

Needlework Competition.—A Pincushion. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784. Hon Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to Well-known Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 1346.

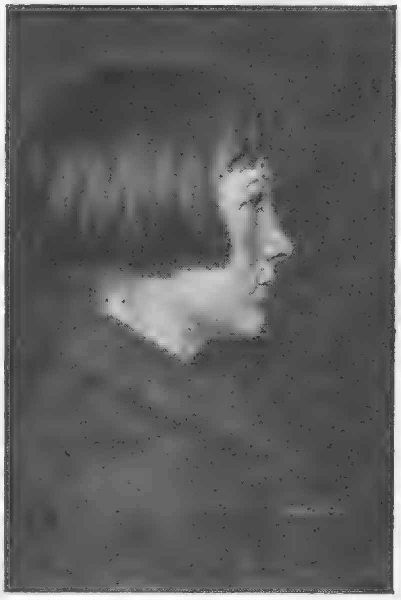
Literature Competition.—Review a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. Anthony Hern, M.C.S. 3322. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Audrey Fryer, M.C.S. 3061.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition. — Pencil Sketch of a Tree. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Taylor, A.C.S. 1520. Hon. Mention: Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Literature Competition. — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275. Hon. Mention: Joan Guillaume, A.C.S. 1436; Patricia Gorges, A.C.S. 1461.



A fine piece of portraiture by Hilary Browne, G.C.S. 5706, which captured a prize in a recent competition

Award of Prizes, June 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5496. Hon. Mention: G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465; Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905.

Literature Competition.—"Does Make-Up Matter?" Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy Read Russell, G.C.S. 5743. Hon. Mention: G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; K. Holland, G.C.S. 5868.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783 and Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242.

Members' Circle

Art Competition. — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Brenda D. Milligan, M.C.S. 3345. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930.

Literature Competition. — A Triolet or Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060; Claribel Ireland, M.C.S. 3154.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon Mention: D. Picton-Seymour,. A.C.S. 1452.

Literature Competition. — A Paper on Butterflies. Prize 5s. Awarded to Norah Whittaker, A.C.S. 1444.

Result of Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Grace Hickling, G.C.S. 5910.

Second Prize 5s., . Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060.

Hon. Mention: G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(August—September)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Design for a Cretonne. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Landscape Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. Letter from an Applicant for a Well-Paid Administrative Post. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Short Poem.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. A Novelty. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. Anything in Wool. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Study of Trees. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Design for a Book Jacket.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. Description of a Village Called "King's Perryworth." No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Sonnet Entitled "September Days."

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Pencil Sketch of a House. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Design for a Cover to a Fairy Tale Book.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. "A Day from My Holiday Diary." No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Short Poem.

Open to All: Age Specially taken into Account

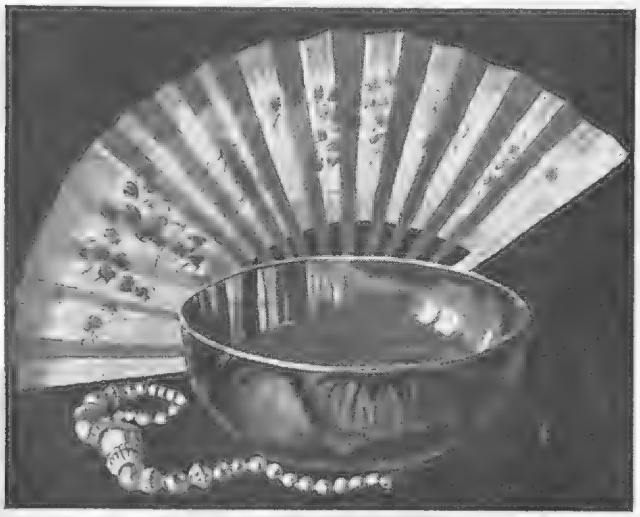
Snapshot Competition.—Closing date, September 1st. Subject left to Competitor.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

OUR 42nd Annual Competitions have now been fixed to take place on Saturday, October 29th, at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge. Leaflets explaining everything are now available, and all Saloners interested should write as speedily as possible for these particulars to be sent. There will be sections for Art, Literature, Music, French, Dancing, Elocution and Needlework; there will be famous men and women to judge your work and make the awards, and it will be one of the jolliest days of the year. So, after you have read the leaflet, make up your minds quickly what subject you would like to take and let us know.

* * *

The £5 Quarterly Prize for February, March, April, is awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 584. Our hearty congratulations to Audrey who has, I believe, never missed a competition—or certainly not more than one—since she joined in 1928. Next in order of merit: Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846; Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683; Oliver Lawton, M.C.S. 3060; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242.



Good colour was a feature of this still life by May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Awarded an hon. mention

CORRESPONDENCE

(*May* 16)

Patricia Taylor.—Excellent in its grip of big facts. A softer pencil would assist you in recording subtle varieties of tone. Promising work.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—Yes, I think there would be greater reticence, although the tone of the letter as a whole justifies such confidences. Actually the consciously reticent letter was the type I wanted. But I haven't got it!

G. Anthony Hern.—Very well done. You have summed up the failings of the book very neatly and truthfully. I believe I read a good review of it by someone who should have known better!

Penelope Burra.—Pleasant in general effect but the growth isn't quite characteristic of this tree. If you had analysed the line of a single branch in a preliminary sketch you would have secured a more truthful result. Still, big facts are here and you have used your pencil stylishly.

Joan Wyatt.—An excellent notion to tackle the idea from this angle. Too brief, however.

Marjorie Naylor —Not enough feeling for reverberated daylight in your colour, and a tendency to blackness in shadow. A very exacting subject, with excellent bits. Rather damaged in post.

May W. Harrison.—A brilliant bit of tempera, though the objects afloat in blackness lose reality. Circle slightly ovalised. Charming in handling, strength, colour and composition.

W. K. Mitchell.—A delightful bit of colour and technique, its defects being no projection in lemons, little solidity in ground plane and circular colander appearing to hang on retiring wall. Obviously, in such assured work, the result of omitted accents. Work of remarkable power.

I. McClure.—Excellent in tone and colour but rather tame in technique. Your brushwork should indicate textures more definitely. Ground plane lacks solidity.

Violet Horn.—A very vivid and direct bit of work, a bit dazzling in effect from slight neglect of relative values, but very accomplished in all other respects.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A delightfully original group with great colour charm. You have forced the strong note of the polyanthuses beyond the rest of the scheme and left them in the air, but, otherwise, subtle and full of light.

Pamela Searight.—A clever semi-decorative little composition in which the interest is incidental and a little stiff, and the feeling for light and colour the best point. Graceful work.

Betty Weir.—Good feeling for subject and character, but rather one-sided in composition, with the very small tepee, the fir trees and figures all to the right. The reflections could not be lighter than the source.

Zenobia H. Forster-Brown.—Rather pale in tone but good in effect of sky and terrain. The rather impossible tree in the foreground is well placed and good in effect but should be an actual study to hold its place. Excellent landscape feeling. An enthusiastic review must be more subtly suggested to arouse the confidence of the reader—especially in these days. Still, interestingly done.

Peggy B. Tansley.—An ambitious composition with a good deal of accomplishment and feeling. Against so bright a sky the group would be a silhouetted mass lit by bright glints. Should not the charger be more of a weight carrier? Work of unusual intensity.

Desiree P. Seymour.—Remarkably stylish for your tender years and carefully observed into the bargain. But the almost poster-like technique is better avoided for such a study.

Audrey Fryer.—A very dainty and capable entry. Both pattern and stitchery are charming and I can find nothing to criticise.

Olwen Lawton.—With such a subject a more careful analysis of the book's incompatible features would have been very well worth doing. You excite one's interest without quite satisfying it. The gloves are very neatly knitted, but the needles were too large. These items are far too big for a young baby.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The dash and verve are characteristic and the letter is lively if a little lacking in any suggestion of a serious undercurrent. The still life is interesting as regards colour, but an attempt should be made to carry things beyond this stage. Your talent and artistic flair need the discipline of some well-directed and consistent study.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Conducted by "LEVANA"

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*

2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*

3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*

4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*

5. *Prizes must be applied for.*

6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

and CRITICISMS

Patricia Gorges.—The narrative is very well sustained and the end neatly contrived. The metre varies more than it should, but as a whole the effort is distinctly attractive and promising.

Dorothy Lake.—Interestingly done. Rather coldly expressed, perhaps, but well argued, although too short for a competition.

Peter Recaldin.—The main facts are here but a better appreciation of the actual shape of the boughs might have been attempted. The bold masses and the proportions are well realised and recorded.

Ann Hannay.—Unusual and amusing as to matter, but not very well put. If you could have handled your idea better this would have scored heavily.

G. M. Kaye.—A jolly little notion and very well and neatly carried out. Just the thing for presentation to a keen sportswoman!

Dorothy Guillaume.—Your figures are all charming, but the landscape doesn't quite explain itself. The intersecting paths and earth patches need much more careful study from these items themselves.

Marit Guinness.—Your ideas are a little ahead of your power to express them, but this has some charming moments and you should do interesting work presently when you have more experience.

Douglas Burton.—Only one entry can be dealt with in each competition. I have chosen the short story this time. There is the germ of a good yarn in this. The plot is curious but not too improbable and with a little more explanation, but by no means too much, would be quite acceptable.

Mary Gordon.—Very well done. This composition shows a distinct sense of style and is interesting into the bargain. It might have been less brief with advantage.

Marjorie Webb.—The matter is very good but it is put together in a somewhat too casual manner. Keep your sentences a bit shorter and make sure they are properly constructed before you make your final draft.

Rena Recaldin.—Though interesting as a composition I do not think it illustrates the poem chosen. Indeed no drawing could! Still, the ambition is all in the right direction.

Patricia Baldwin.—I imagine the downward reaching branches fell more gracefully, but as a whole this is a pleasing and accurate drawing, and the big sweep of the chief lines is full of promise. Send in regularly.

Nora Reed.—Much fine colour and good detail, but all unrelated. Scale is of the first importance. Use a much softer pencil for your first lay-in.

Florence Cook.—Delighted to see you competing again. I hope you will now send in more often. You have certainly seized on salient points, and the quotations are well selected; but composition, though in the right manner for the subject, is a bit too careless.

Norman F. Bunker.—The first sentence is a bit clumsy; after that the review improves steadily until the last paragraph is reached. This, again, opens rather carelessly. I think you will see what I mean if you look at it again.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The attitude of the "warrior" suggests death rather than sleep; but otherwise this is well composed. The method is a bit stiff, however, and the "colour" rather grey.

Mary K. Bacon.—Remember that a tree has considerable depth as a rule. This is much too flat, and the effect isn't helped by the lack of branches. Half close your eyes to secure the big impression.

Bridget Hill.—This has nothing like the skill of your fiction. You make some excellent points, but fail to arrange it so that it scores.

Hilda Barrow.—This runs naturally, but a rather more subtle composition is necessary for a competition. Something of the character of the writer should be revealed.

Amy G. Haydon.—A delightful little affair, dainty and charming in colour as well as very neat in execution.

Sylvia Reed.—The absence of almost any shadow, particularly in the grouped items, gives the whole scheme an air of unreality. The colour is charming and the method interesting, in spite of radical errors.

Kay Holland.—Some slight mistakes in the typing spoil the effect. Correct carefully before dispatching. The tense condition of the young lady is well portrayed, and you might even have underlined this characteristic a little more. It would have increased the interest.

Olive Dockree.—This self-laudation is rather curious unless these lines are intended to be written by one in delirium. If this is so, then some indication should be given.

Ursula Scott Morris.—This is excellent in spite of the end coming rather abruptly. It shows great progress, and if you can keep this up you ought to do very well indeed later on. So sorry the arm has given you so much trouble.

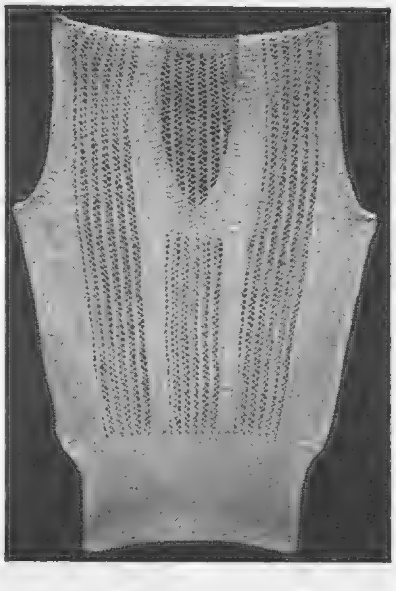
Margery Hall.—Very thoughtful and interesting, but marred by its rather graceless prose. Cultivate a clearer style and correct typewritten errors carefully.

Veronica Price Harris.—The pattern of the branches is nicely rendered, and the attempts at a third dimension are successful in main branches, but the smaller ones are rather flat. The perspective of a tree is a very interesting study.

S. Cochrane.—Good clean colour in the high lights, but darker shades are a bit muddy, and the candlestick is a bit weak in drawing. Still, strong individual work, as a whole.

Claribel Ireland.—You have analysed the unusual theme in an interesting manner, but the English leaves something to be desired. The use of the word "beginning," as employed here, is a mannerism best avoided.

K. V. Bramhall.—A refreshingly unusual interpretation of the theme, as set. This being the case, rather more effect should have been obtained, but high marks are due to you for getting off the beaten track so cleverly.



A prize-winning pull-over in the Graduates' May 16 Needlework Contest. Submitted by G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784

Evangeline Weir.—The picturesque aspect is cleverly done, but an impression of this type must be better backed by sound draughtsmanship. In the verses, also, the big effect is good, but metrical slips abound, and one or two lines are rather extravagant in sentiment and scarcely consistent.

Alice White.—The tone of this letter is curious—perhaps with intent, but the reader requires to feel rather more certain that that is so. It has character and is interesting, but not satisfying. Probably that was not intended, however!

Rachel Cunningham.—A study of considerable charm, but one imagines the detail is out of scale. This is always an important matter.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—There is dramatic force in the real steed and his riders, but the composition of the illustration as a whole is too weak. The sinister figure in the sky loses power by being almost behind his victims.

Marjorie Griffiths.—Lack of a dividing line between horizontal and vertical almost suspends this study in mid-air! Such an effect should always be avoided. The absence of shadow in the group accentuates the appearance of unreality. A very little would greatly improve this otherwise painstaking effort.

Jean Weir.—An excellent attempt at truth of form. Allow yourself more room another time. This "scrap of paper" doesn't give you very much assistance.

Florence E. McCoy.—Rather short, if sweet! It was a good opportunity for a real letter. This confines itself too much to a purely surface announcement.

Doreen Reilly.—Light, but charming, and one feels that it would illustrate most happily. A graceful, even if a rather too slight, effort.

Joan Guillaume.—One of the best things you have submitted; the rhymes are neat, and this truthful outlook, with a touch of humour to enliven it, just right. Pay more attention to metrical matters, which should be very much "in order" in verse of this type.

Trixie Ford.—Decidedly dainty in scheme, but not quite satisfactory as an essay in needlework; the test is too slight for a competition.

Dinah Ginsburg.—This is scarcely up to your own good standard. It is clear what you mean, but you have not quite succeeded in achieving its expression.

Irene McCoy.—Rather brief, but quite good from the second paragraph. The opening, even if natural, is a tiny bit commonplace for the purpose of a competition.

P. Baldwin.—Never use a long or unusual word a second time in the same sentence except for the purpose of emphasis. Our language is so rich in synonyms that a second choice can almost always be found. Otherwise a promising little essay.

Stella Bull.—Your writing is becoming difficult to read. Don't let illegibility get a grip! Criticism of such a book needs to be very well informed and experienced. The fact that you are a bit out of your depth accounts for the halting manner, I think, but I give you marks for sincerity.

G. Bertelsman.—The explanations given to Primrose are rather meagre. Unless she knows more than is stated, in which case this should be made clear, so peculiar a state of affairs is not easily to be understood. With a little more enlightenment this might have scored heavily.

Joan Hunton.—The lady is mounted on the wrong side and does not suggest the eerie character for which she is so famous. All the more curious as the landscape is well charged with this necessary quality and is charmingly painted.

(June 1)

Betty Metchim.—For such a purpose, clearly, the lettering needs to be more readable, also the title cuts a bit awkwardly into the otherwise fine design and attractive colour scheme.

Kay Holland.—The spirit of the original has been cleverly caught. The last line, however, does not do the rest justice and ought to be eliminated.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—This is a good argument for your particular point of view, even if it may not be fundamentally sound. Better, one presumes, to aim at a race so fine that these measures could be dispensed with

"Put Us in the Picture, Please!" Oliver Lawton's interesting prize-winning snapshot

The Children's Salon
COUPON

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Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, August 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best imaginary news paragraph of about 200 words, beginning "Last evening a balloon, which appeared to be empty, was——"

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—August 15

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post August 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem to the title "Harvest Moon."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—August 29

Results of 130th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to "Radio."

Hon. Mention: G. M. Hudson, F. A. Edinborough, Evelyn Heaver, "Hannah May," Isabel M. Smart, "J. A. 13," May Belben, Marjorie Daniels, G. R. Rowe, D. G. Holland, Gertrude Pitt, G. B. Whitcombe, B. Gibbs, Oliver C. Gilbert, H. J. V. Culley, Mabel Asher, K. Gandy.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short song suitable for setting to music, entitled "If Yonder Bird"

Awarded to Catherine Lawrence.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," Mabel Asher, Marjorie Daniels, Madeleine de Camera, Zenobia Forster-Brown, J. H. G. Gibbs, F. A. Edinborough, D. Seth-Smith, May Harrison, "M. D.," Julia Binfield, "G. G."

Results of 131st Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Margaret Stewart.

Hon. Mention: Mervyn Hughes, S. Christine Straker, F. A. Edinborough, Isabel M. Smart, E. B. Mackeally, Gertrude Pitt, B. Gibbs, D. G. Holland.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from Shakespeare suitable for inscription over entrance or on the walls of a cinema.

Awarded to Julia Binfield.

Hon. Mention: B. Gibbs, "J. A. B.," May Belben, J. H. G. Gibbs, May W. Harrison, Trixie Ford, G. Phillpotts, A. M. Waters, M. Scott Morris, Catherine Lawrence, "Una."

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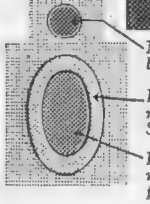

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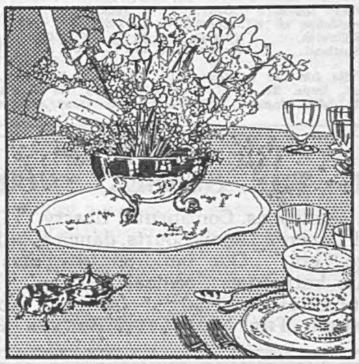

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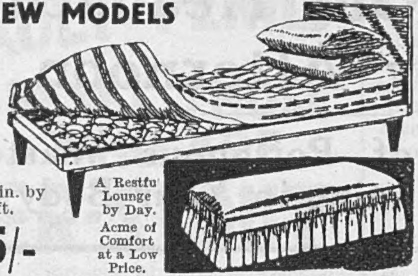

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AUGUST, 1932.

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

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Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8,9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

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Monthly for....................months commencing with the......................issue.
for which I enclose ....
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Date..................................1932

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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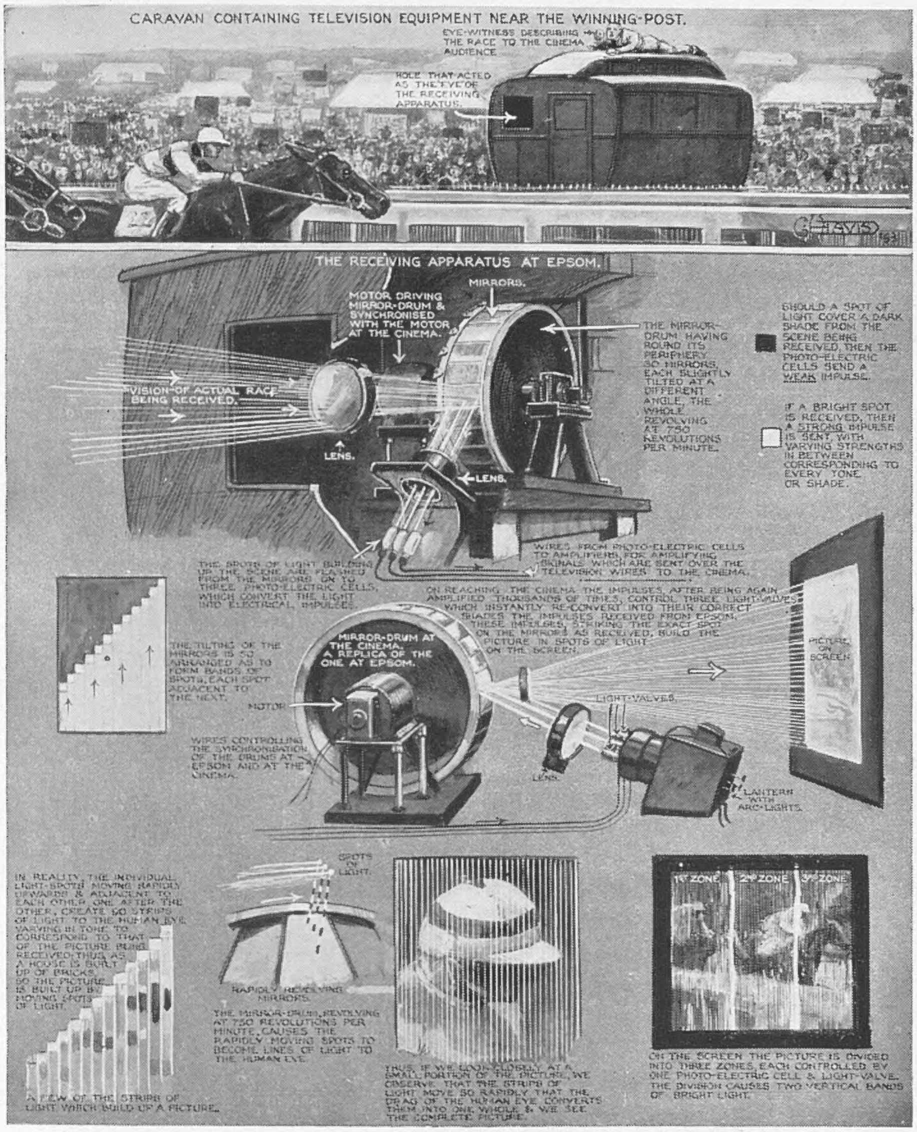

CARAVAN CONTAINING TELEVISION EQUIPMENT NEAR THE WINNING-POST.
EYE-WITNESS DESCRIBING THE RACE TO THE CINEMA AUDIENCE
HOLE THAT ACTED AS THE EYE OF THE RECEIVING APPARATUS.
THE RECEIVING APPARATUS AT EPSOM.
MOTOR DRIVING MIRROR-DRUM & SYNCHRONISED WITH THE MOTOR AT THE CINEMA.
MIRRORS.
THE MIRROR-DRUM HAVING ROUND ITS PERIPHERY 30 MIRRORS, EACH SLIGHTLY TILTED AT A DIFFERENT ANGLE, THE WHOLE REVOLVING AT 750 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE.
SHOULD A SPOT OF LIGHT COVER A DARK SHADE FROM THE SCENE BEING RECEIVED, THEN THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS SEND A WEAK IMPULSE.
IF A BRIGHT SPOT IS RECEIVED, THEN A STRONG IMPULSE IS SENT, WITH VARYING STRENGTHS IN BETWEEN CORRESPONDING TO EVERY TONE OR SHADE.
VISION OF ACTUAL RACE BEING RECEIVED.
LENS.
LENS.
THE SPOTS OF LIGHT BUILDING UP THE SCENE ARE FLASHED FROM THE MIRRORS ON TO THREE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS, WHICH CONVERT THE LIGHT INTO ELECTRICAL IMPULSES.
WIRES FROM PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS TO AMPLIFIERS, FOR AMPLIFYING SIGNALS WHICH ARE SENT OVER THE TELEVISION WIRES TO THE CINEMA.
ON REACHING THE CINEMA THE IMPULSES, AFTER BEING AGAIN AMPLIFIED THOUSANDS OF TIMES, CONTROL THREE LIGHT-VALVES WHICH INSTANTLY RE-CONVERT INTO THEIR CORRECT SHADES THE IMPULSES RECEIVED FROM EPSOM. THESE IMPULSES, STRIKING THE EXACT SPOT ON THE MIRRORS AS RECEIVED, BUILD THE PICTURE IN SPOTS OF LIGHT ON THE SCREEN.
THE TILTING OF THE MIRRORS IS SO ARRANGED AS TO FORM BANDS OF SPOTS, EACH SPOT ADJACENT TO THE NEXT.
MIRROR-DRUM AT THE CINEMA. A REPLICA OF THE ONE AT EPSOM.
MOTOR
PICTURE ON SCREEN
LIGHT-VALVES.
LENS.
LANTERN WITH ARC-LIGHTS.
WIRES CONTROLLING THE SYNCHRONISATION OF THE DRUMS AT EPSOM AND AT THE CINEMA.
IN REALITY, THE INDIVIDUAL LIGHT-SPOTS MOVING RAPIDLY UPWARDS & ADJACENT TO EACH OTHER ONE AFTER THE OTHER, CREATE 30 STRIPS OF LIGHT TO THE HUMAN EYE VARYING IN TONE TO CORRESPOND TO THAT OF THE PICTURE BEING RECEIVED: THUS AS A HOUSE IS BUILT UP OF BRICKS SO THE PICTURE IS BUILT UP BY MOVING SPOTS OF LIGHT.
A FEW OF THE STRIPS OF LIGHT WHICH BUILD UP A PICTURE.
SPOTS OF LIGHT.
RAPIDLY REVOLVING MIRRORS.
THE MIRROR-DRUM, REVOLVING AT 750 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE, CAUSES THE RAPIDLY MOVING SPOTS TO BECOME LINES OF LIGHT TO THE HUMAN EYE.
THUS, IF WE LOOK CLOSELY AT A SMALL PORTION OF THE PICTURE, WE OBSERVE THAT THE STRIPS OF LIGHT MOVE SO RAPIDLY THAT THE DRAG OF THE HUMAN EYE CONVERTS THEM INTO ONE WHOLE & WE SEE THE COMPLETE PICTURE.
1st ZONE
2nd ZONE
3rd ZONE
ON THE SCREEN THE PICTURE IS DIVIDED INTO THREE ZONES, EACH CONTROLLED BY ONE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL & LIGHT-VALVE. THE DIVISION CAUSES TWO VERTICAL BANDS OF BRIGHT LIGHT.
G. H. DAVIS 1932

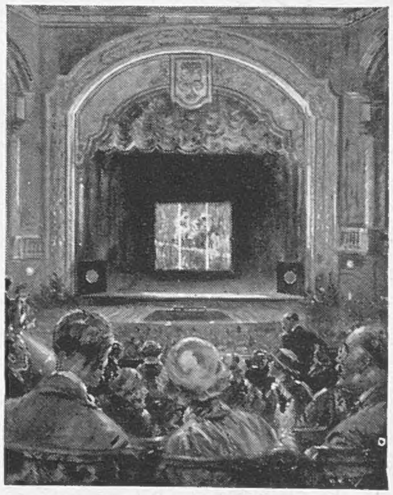
SEEING THE DERBY FINISH 14 MILES AWAY

"The progress made in Television was well illustrated during Derby Week, when there were two notable demonstrations in the Metropole Cinema, Victoria. On Derby Day the runners in the great event were seen on the screen as they were parading some fourteen miles away at Epsom, and the finish of the race was shown as it happened, April the Fifth winning. On Oaks Day the fillies' classic was shown in the same way. Perfect representation has not yet been attained, but it can be said with truth that a considerable step towards perfection has been taken. The Baird television system was used, and the results achieved were cheered by the large audiences. As to the technical side, the following notes should be given. At Epsom, near the winning-post, and opposite the stands, there was a caravan containing the receiving television apparatus, an important item of which is a drum containing thirty mirrors, each scientifically tilted at a different angle. When the drum revolves, each mirror catches a spot of light reflected by the scene which is being televised—in fact, the whole scene is scanned by the mirrors spot by spot. From the mirrors the spots of light are projected on to three photo-electric cells capable of changing the light values into electrical impulses which vary in intensity according to the tones of the light received. The electrical impulses, after being amplified, reach the projecting instruments behind the screen at the cinema, where there is a drum which is a replica of the one at Epsom and is synchronised with it. The impulses from the photo-electric cells at Epsom control three light-valves, and these in turn modulate the light from three arcs. Thus, every varying impulse received is reproduced again as light, and is thrown on to the mirror-drum in exactly the position it momentarily occupied on the recording-drum at Epsom. Although the picture on the screen is built up by a series of flickering spots, actually the audience sees the picture evolve amongst a number of vertical bands. At present, as shown in our illustrations, the picture is divided into three zones by two white bands. A running commentary by an eye-witness at Epsom was reproduced by loud-speakers in the cinema."

From the "Illustrated London News," June 11, 1932.

Sir Henry G. LYONS, Director of the Science Museum, South Kensington, in congratulating the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS on its 90th Birthday, writes:—

> "Besides the social record of our times which its pages have preserved for nearly a century, it has earned the special gratitude of many by the wonderfully perfect reproductions of many objects of special interest which have been produced. These have not been restricted to art and archæology, where many suitable objects are to be found, but modern science and technical industry have also been included most successfully. In this way it has rendered valuable service in bringing to the notice of many readers much that otherwise would have escaped their notice."



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